BELL'S READER'S SHAKESPEARE

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THE

READER'S SHAKESPEARE:

HIS DRAMATIC WORKS

CONDENSED, CONNECTED, AND EMPHASIZED

FOR

SCHOOL, COLLEGE, PARLOUR, AND PLATFORM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

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VOL. II.

TRAGEDIES,

AND

ONE ROMANTIC PLAY—

"THE TEMPEST."

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

This Second Volume of "The Reader's Shakespeare" contains all the Tragedies, with the addition of one Romantic Play, "The Tempest"—which is here inserted to equalize the size of the volumes.

As in the Historical Plays, the Tragedies are condensed by the omission of all unnecessary or objectionable scenes and words—retaining, however, (as much as possible,) all the poetry of expression, with the interest or humour of situation and action. The Original Readings—marked in the notes O. R.—(the text of the First Folio being generally given, although that of the earlier quartos has been sometimes preferred,) have been carefully followed: obsolete and difficult words and allusions are briefly explained, and the punctuation is regulated. The Editor's aim has been, not to restore or patch up a corrupted version, by any conjectural emendations; but to give to every retained passage a definite meaning—at once intelligible to the Reader, and appreciable by the Auditor.

The Connecting Narratives have been drawn up, as well as the Explanatory Notes, with determinate brevity.

The Emphatic and Principal Words are denoted by an "unobtrusive" diacritic mark placed 'before the word, (although the stress is chiefly manifested on the ac'cented syllable.)—One additional mark has been retained [. . .] to note an expressive or emotional pause.

Several Correspondents have inquired, On what principle is the "little diacritic" introduced? A reply, extracted from "The Standard Elocutionist"[a] (p. 11) is here given:—

"Every sentence, or association of words or clauses making up a proposition, has a principal *idea*, the word chiefly expressive of which should be distinguished from the subordinate and accessory words.

In phrases or sentences, all words that express ideas new to the context are distinguished by accent; and all words that have been previously stated or implied are unaccented. In Reading at Sight, all meanings, (words, or phrases,) that may reasonably have been anticipated—that are repeated—that are subordinate—that are a logical sequence,—or that, in any way, may be concluded or inferred, or that appeal to the auditors' foreknowledge,—should be read without any force of emphatic stress.

[a] "The Standard Elocutionist, pp. 600—the 179th thousand—by David Charles Bell and Alexander Melville Bell: London, Hodder and Stoughton: New York, Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Any word used in *contrast* to a preceding term is rendered prominent by superior accent; and any word used in contrast to an antithesis that is *not* formally expressed, is pronounced with a stronger degree of emphasis to *suggest* the contrasted idea."

The Third Volume will contain Condensations of all the Comedies

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The Editor is desirous to make a record here—that, in his first attempts to condense and arrange the Plays of Shakespeare for Public Reading, (more than fifty years ago,) he had the co-operation of his father, Professor Alexander Bell,[a] a profound Shakespearean scholar: and that, more lately, he has been indebted to his brother, Professor Alexander Melville Bell,[b] for many important suggestions.

1517 THIRTY-FIFTH STREET,
WEST WASHINGTON, D. C., *July*, 1896.

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[a] Professor Alexander Bell, author of many valuable works on Elocution and Impediments of Speech, died in London, 1865, aged 76.

[b] The Inventor of "Visible Speech," and Author of many popular professional works.

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MERES' LIST.

(Reprinted for convenience of reference, from Vol. I, p. 8.)

In "Pallsdis Tamis, or Wits Treasury," printed in 1598, Meres thus writes:

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines; so Shakespere among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witnes his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labors wonne*, his *Midsummer night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy his *Richard the* 2, *Richard the* 3, *Henry the* 4, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet.*"

This Table shows, as correctly as can now be ascertained, the

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF TRAGEDIES:	When performed	When printed.
1. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE	1589	1609
2. TITUS ANDRONICUS	1594	1600
3. ROMEO AND JULIET	1595	1597
4. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA	1602	1609
5. HAMLET	1602	1603-4
6. OTHELLO	1602	1622
7. KING LEAR	1606	1608
8. CYMBELINE	1610	1623
9. MACBETH	1610	1623
10. TIMON OF ATHENS	1610	1623
ROMANTIC PLAY.		
11. THE TEMPEST	1613	1623

Fourteen of Shakespeare's Plays were surreptitiously published, several without the author's supervision; these are known as the Early Quartos: of some, no copy remains—Stationers' Hall having been injured in the Great Fire of London, 1666.

The First Folio was printed in 1623, the Second Folio in 1632, and the Third Folio in 1664. The Second and Third Folios are so carelessly edited that their authority is worthless. But the Third Folio, contains Seven Plays, not hitherto included in Shakespeare's Works:

LOCRINE, SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE,
THE LONDON PRODIGAL, THOMAS LORD CROMWELL,
PERICLES, THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY,
THE PURITAN.

Of these Plays "Pericles" is the only one received by English editors; the others have been admitted by several German commentators.

Besides Thirty-Seven Plays, Shakespeare is author of the following Poems:
VENUS AND ADONIS, 1593. THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, &c., 1599.
TARQUIN AND LUCRECE, 1594. SONNETS (154 in number), 1609.
Many of the Sonnets must have been written before 1598: for in that year, Meres, in his "Pallsdis Tamia," thus writes—implying that he was personally acquainted with Shakespeare:—

"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespere. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends," &c. (Wits Treasury, p. 282.)

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

In this Chronological Arrangement of Shakespeare's Tragedies, the earliest place is assigned to "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." On reference to Meres' List (see page 6), the first non-historical play is "Titus Andronicus": but a later authority, John Dryden—the greatest poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century, a man well versed in all the traditions of the stage, the friend and associate of Sir William D'Avenant,—has left this record[a] of his great predecessor—

> "Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore:
> "The Prince of Tyre is older than the Moor."[b]

There is, however, little doubt that this tragedy, like several of the earlier plays, was merely a reproduction of an older Drama, revised and retouched by the youthful hand of Shakespeare, (particularly in the Fifth Act). No publication exists of this old drama, but it was once very popular. In 1596, the writer of "Pymlico, or Runne Redcap," refers to it as a well-known and attractive play prior to that year:

> "Amazde I stood to see a crowd
> Of civil throats stretch'd out so lowd;
> (As at a 'new play,) all the roomes
> Did swarme with gentiles mixed with groomes;
> So that I truly thought all these
> Came to see Shore, or Pericles."

Shakespeare's first attempts at dramatic *alteration* belong to about 1589; and rapidly in the following years, he became celebrated as an *author;* and then (when his fame was established) the successful Poet's earliest effort was eagerly sought for and produced. Therefore it was not till 1608 that this Play was entered in the Stationers' Register; and in 1609 it was first published, with the following title-page:—

"The Late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, the no less strange and worthie accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiestie's Seruants, at the Globe, on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. . 1609."

Another edition followed in the same year, and again in 1611 and 1619. Notwithstanding its undoubted success and repeated publi-

[a] See Dryden's Prologue to Charles D'Avenant's Tragedy of "Circe" (1675).

[b] Aaron the Moor is the chief personage in "Titus Andronicus," generally considered to be Shakespeare's earliest tragedy.

cations, it was not printed in the First Folio of 1623: and it was not till the production of the Third Folio (of 1664) that it was included in any edition of Shakespeare's Works.—"Pericles" is, in regard to literary merit, greatly inferior—except, perhaps, in the Fifth Act—to any of his early tragedies; while the text is often so corrupt as to baffle the most ingenious of conjectural commentators; who have proved the poetic axiom, that

"True no-meaning puzzles more than wit."

There is no doubt that the alleged author "did not oversee his owne writings," but that the public were again "abused" with "stolne and surreptitious copies."[a]

The story of "Pericles, Prince (or King) of Tyre," is found in the "Gesta Romanorum," and similar collections of old tales. It was the subject of a metrical romance by John Gower, (died 1402,) entitled "The Story of Appolonius the Prince of Tyre," in the "Confessio Amantis, or Stories of the Seven Deadly Sins," first printed in 1483; and of a Novel, by Twine, called "The Patterne of Painefull Adventers," published in 1576. The dramatist, however, is chiefly indebted to Gower's poem.

This Play, illustrating the vicissitudes of fortune, is essentially one of action, extending over many years, and into various countries. The author has therefore skilfully introduced the old Poet, John Gower himself, as a kind of Chorus,—to connect, by a rhyming narrative, the widely-separated Scenes and Incidents.

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are:

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*[b]
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*[c]
HELICANUS, } *Two Lords of*
ESCANES, } *Tyre.*
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*[d]
CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus.*[e]
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*[f]
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*[g]
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
DIANA, *Goddess of the Temple.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

Scene—Dispersedly in various Countries.

---

[a] See "Preface of the Players," first folio, 1623.

[b] Antioch, a city of Syria, on the river Orontes. [c] Tyre, a seaport of Syria, on the Mediterranean—the ancient Queen of the Sea. [d] Pentapolis, an unlocalized city, belonging to poetical geography. [e] Tarsus (O. R. Tharsus) the ancient capital of Cilicia, on the river Cydnus. [f] Mitylene, the ancient capital of the Island of Leshoe, in the Grecian Archipelago. [g] Epheseus, once the most splendid city of Asia Minor, (on a bay of the Egean sea)—now a miserable Turkish village.

Before the Tragedy commences, while we are viewing the exterior of the Palace at Antioch, the Chorus-Poet approaches to deliver an explanatory Prologue :

Gower. To sing a song that 'old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower[a] is come,
Resuming[b] man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;[c]
And lords and ladies, in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
If 'you,—born in these latter times,
When wit 's more ripe,—accept my rhymes,
And that, to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I 'life would wish ; and that I might
Waste it for 'you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up ; this city was his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria,—
(I tell you what my authors say.)
This King unto him took a fere,[d]
Who died—and left a female heir
So buxom, blithe, and full[e] of face,
As Heaven had lent her all its grace.
Bad 'child, worse 'father! To entice his own
To 'evil, should be done by none.—
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many Princes thither frame[f]
To woo her : but he made a law,
(To keep 'her still, and 'men in awe,)
That, whoso asked her for his wife,—
His 'riddle told not,—lost his life :
So, for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now 'ensues, to the judgement of your 'eye
I give,—my cause who best can justify.[g] [Exit.

The old Poet must be supposed to point to the heads of the unfortunate lovers exposed on the gates.

The First Scene discloses a Room within the Palace at Antioch. Antiochus, the Emperor, had been implicated in a secret crime, the nature of which is contained in a perplexing riddle. The Emperor's daughter, a princess of remarkable beauty, has been sought

[a] John Gower, born about 1325, died 1408. [b] O. R. assuming. [c] O. R. holy days.
[d] (pheer) a mate or companion (O. R. feer). [e] beautiful. [f] proceed, resort.
[g] defend, acquit from blame.

for in marriage by many neighbouring princes, who, failing to solve the lady's mysterious statement, have already lost their lives. Pericles, the young Prince of Tyre, is the latest candidate; and he is thus reminded, by Antiochus himself, of the fatal consequence of failure to penetrate the hidden meaning of the enigmatical scroll:[e]

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large[a] received
The 'danger of the task you undertake?
Per. I have, Antiochus; and, with a soul
Emboldened with your daughter's praise,
Think death 'no hazard in 'this enterprize.
Ant. Yon sometime[b] famous Princes, [pointing to the heads impaled over the gates]—like thyself
Drawn by 'report, adventurous by 'desire,—
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering—save yon field of stars,—
'They here stand 'martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And, with dead cheeks, advise thee—to desist
From going in[c] Death's net, whom none resist.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know 'itself;
And, by those fearful objects, to prepare
'This body, like to 'them, to what I must:
For death, remembered, should be like a mirror
That tells us, Life 's but breath,—to trust it, error.
I 'll make my 'will then; and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see 'heaven, but, feeling woe,
Grip not at 'earthly joys as erst[d] they did:
So, I bequeath a happy 'peace, to 'you
And 'all good men, (as 'every prince should do);
My 'riches, to the earth from whence they came;
But to your daughter my unspotted 'love:
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
Ant. Scorning advice!—Read the conclusion[e], then; [Giving a scroll.
Which, read and 'not expounded, 't is decreed—
As these 'before thee, thou 'thyself shalt bleed.
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume[f] the lists,[g]
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

---

[a] in general terms. [b] formerly. [c] O. R. for going on. [d] formerly.
[e] The dramatist's riddle (which this arrangement of the play does not require to be read) may be modified thus:

"I am no viper, yet I feed — He 's father, son, and husband mild;
On mother's flesh, which did me breed. — I, mother, wife, and yet his child.
I seek a husband; though, I fear, — How they may be, and yet in two,
I lose by him a father dear: — As you will live, resolve it you."

[f] undertake, enter. [g] enclosed ground for combatants.

The Prince silently peruses the riddle, and shrewdly interprets its meaning, which involves the fame of the fair Princess: he at once declines to proceed with his suit; suggesting, rather than explaining, his reasons.

Per. Sharp 'physic is this scroll: but, O you Powers
That give Heaven countless eyes to 'view men's acts,
Why 'cloud they not their sights, 'perpetually,
If this be 'true which makes me pale to 'read it?
For he 's no man on whom 'perfections wait,
That, knowing Sin 'within, will touch the 'gate.
Good sooth, I care not for her!

Ant. Prince Pericles, your time 's expired:
Either 'expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to 'hear the sins they love to 'act;
'T would 'braid[a] 'yourself too near for me to tell it.
'Who has a book of all that 'monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it 'shut, than 'shown;
For vice repeated 's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in 'others' eyes to spread 'itself.
The blind mole casts
'Copped[b] hills towards 'Heaven, to tell—the 'earth is thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm[c] doth 'die for 't.
'Kings are earth's 'gods; in vice, their law 's their 'will:
And if 'Jove stray, who dares say—Jove doth 'ill?
It is enough 'you know; and it is fit,
What being 'more known grows 'worse, to smother it.
All love the source[d] that 'first their being bred,—
Then give my tongue 'like leave, to love my 'head.

The Emperor, amazed that his secret has been discovered, instantly resolves on the Prince's death.

Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had 'thy head! He has found the meaning;
But I will 'gloze[e] with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
Though, by the tenor of our strict edict,
(Your exposition 'mis-interpreting,)
We might proceed to cancel-off your days[f];
Yet hope,—succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self,—doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If, by which time, our secret be undone,

[a] upbraid, censure (O. R. brayde.) [b] raised, having a cop or top. [c] the mole.
[d] O. R. womb. [e] speak flatteringly. [f] to end your life.

This mercy shows—we 'll joy in such a 'son:
And, until then, your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. [Exeunt all but Pericles.

Per. . . . How 'courtesy would seem to cover 'sin,—
When 'what is done is like a hypocrite;
The which is good, in nothing but in 'sight![a]—
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, where men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
They 'll shun[b] no course to keep them from the 'light;
'One sin, I know, 'another doth provoke;
Then, lest 'my life be cropped to keep 'you clear,
By 'flight I 'll 'shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Antiochus returns.

Ant. He hath found the meaning!
For the which we mean to have his head!
He must not live to trumpet-forth 'my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin;
And therefore 'instantly this Prince must die;
For, by 'his fall, my 'honour must keep high.—
Who attends us there? [Thaliard enters.] Thaliard,
You 're of our chamber, and our mind partakes[c]
Her 'private actions to your secrecy;
And, for your faithfulness, we will 'advance you. . . .
Thaliard, behold, 'here 's poison,—and here 's 'gold;
We 'hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must 'kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason 'why—
Because 'we bid it. Say, then, is it done?

Thal. My lord, ''t is done.

Ant. Enough.—

A Messenger hastily enters.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is 'fled. [Exit Mess.

Ant. . . Thaliard, as thou
Wilt live, fly 'after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, 'hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say,—"Prince Pericles is 'dead."

Thal. My lord, if I can get within my pistol's length,
I 'll 'make him sure enough! so farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu—[Exit Thaliard.]—Till Pericles be 'dead,
My 'heart can lend no succour to my 'head. [Exit.

Pericles has escaped from Antioch to his own city of Tyre; but,

[a] appearance. [b] O. R. shew [c] discloses, imparts.

fearing that he may be followed by the vindictive Antiochus, he determines to resign his government, and, for a time, to seek shelter on some foreign shore. He therefore hastens to consult Lord Helicanus, his faithful and trustworthy minister:

Per. [To his Attendants without.] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge[a] of thoughts,—
The sad companion, dull-eyed Melancholy,—
Be my so 'used a guest, as not an 'hour—
In the 'day's glorious walk, or peaceful 'night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes,—and mine eyes shun them!
Then it is thus:—The great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too 'little to contend,
Since[b] he 's 'so great,) can make his 'will his 'act,
And think me 'speaking, though I swear to 'silence;
Nor boots it me to say—I 'honour him,
If he suspect I may 'dis-honour him:
And what may make him blush in being 'known,
He 'll stop the course by which it 'might be known:—
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread my land;
And, with the ostent[c] of war, will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive 'Courage from the State;
Our men be 'vanquished, ere they do 'resist,
And subjects 'punished, that ne'er 'thought offence:
Which care of 'them, not pity of 'myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the 'roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my 'body pine, and 'soul to languish,
And punish that 'before, that 'he would anguish[d].

Helicanus and other Lords enter.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 *Lord.* And keep your 'mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, aud give 'experience tongue.
They do 'abuse the King that flatter him;
For flattery is the bellows blows-up sin.
When Signior Sooth[e] here does proclaim a 'peace,
He 'flatters you,—makes war upon your 'life.—
Prince, pardon me,—or strike me, if you please; [Kneeling.
I cannot be much 'lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else. [Exeunt Lords.]—What see'st thou in our looks?
Hel. An 'angry brow, dread lord.

[a] burden, load (O. R. change.) [b] because. [c] O. R. etint. [d] put to the torture (O. R. punieh). [e] kinsman of Sir Smile (in the "Winter's Tale").

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' 'frowns,
How durst thy tongue 'move anger to our 'face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to 'heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st, I 've 'power to take thy life from thee?
Hel. [Kneeling.] I've 'ground the axe; do 'you but strike the 'blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise; 'thou art no 'flatterer:—
Fit counsellor, and servant for a Prince,
Who, by thy wisdom, mak'st a Prince 'thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me 'do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you do lay upon 'yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a 'physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto 'me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive 'thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty:
Her 'face was, to mine eye, beyond all wonder;
Her 'heart as black as night. But thou know'st this,—
'T is time to 'fear, when tyrants seem to 'kiss;
Which fear 'so grew in me, I hither 'fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Which seemed my good protector: and 'being here,
Bethought me what was 'past,—what might 'succeed.
I knew him 'tyrannous; and 'tyrants' fears
'Decrease not, but grow 'faster than their years.
Hel. My lord, since you have given me 'leave to speak,
'Freely I 'll speak. Antiochus, you fear, will take your life:
Therefore, my lord, go 'travel for a while;
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Fates shall cut his thread of life.
Your rule, direct to 'any; if to 'me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.
Per. I do not 'doubt thy faith: But should he wrong
Tyre's[a] liberties in my 'absence——?
Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth—
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. . . . Tyre, I now look 'from thee then; and to 'Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.—

[a] O. R. my.

The care I 'had, and 'have, of subjects' good,
On 'thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy 'word for faith,—not ask thine 'oath:
Who shuns not to break 'one, will sure crack 'both.
But in our orbs[a] we 'll live so round and safe,
That Time, of both, this truth shall ne'er convince,[b]—
'Thou show'dst a 'subject's shine,[c] I a true 'prince.
[Exeunt.

Thaliard has eagerly followed to Tyre, whence he hears that the Prince has again fled.

Pericles, dreading this pursuit, hastens to Tarsus: he learns, before his arrival there, that the Citizens are famine-stricken: therefore, to secure his welcome, he brings for their relief large supplies of provisions. On his landing, he at once waits on Cleon, the Governor of the famished city.

Per. Lord Governor,—for so we hear you are,—
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon, fired to amaze your eyes.
We have 'heard your miseries as far as 'Tyre,
And 'seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to 'add sorrow to your tears,
But to 'relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships (you, happily,[d] may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, 'war-stuffed[e] within,)
Are stored with 'corn—to make your needy bread,[f]
And give 'them life, whom hunger 'starved half-dead.

All. The 'gods of Greece protect, and 'we will 'pray for you.

Per. Rise; pray you, rise:
We do not look for 'reverence; but for 'love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not 'gratify,
Or pay you with un-thankfulness in 'thought,
(Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,)
The 'curse of heaven, and men, succeed their evils!
'Till when,—the which, I hope, shall 'ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. 'Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here 'awhile,
Until our stars, that 'frown, lend us a 'smile. [Exeunt.

The Chorus-Poet, old Gower, again comes forward to report the progress of the story:

Gower. Here have you seen a mighty 'King
His child, I wis,[g] to ruin bring;

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[a] paths of duty. [b] overrule. [c] glory, lustre. [d] possibly.
[e] O. R. was stuff'd. [f] *i. e.*, to supply bread to your hungry poor. [g] know.

With better 'Prince, benigner lord,
Who will prove awful, both in deed and word:
Be quiet, then, as man[a] should be,
Till he has passed Necessity.—
I 'll show you, those in Trouble's reign
Losing a 'mite, a 'mountain gain.—
Good Helicane hath stayed at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To kill the bad, keeps good alive;
And to fulfil his Prince' desire,
'Sends word[b] of all that haps in Tyre:—
How Thaliard 'came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him;
And that, in Tarsus, 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing[c] so, put forth to seas,
Where, when men been[d], there 's seldom ease:
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunders above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
'Should house him safe, is wracked and split;
And he, good Prince, (having all lost,)
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.
All perished, both of man, and pelf,
Nor aught escapéd, but himself;
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him 'ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes:—What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower;—this 'longs[e] the 'text. [Exit

From this prologue, we learn that the Prince—warned by his minister Helicanus, that it was not safe for him to remain in Tarsus—has again put to sea; and, overtaken by a storm, is wrecked on an unknown shore. He is alone, on an open place by the sea-side.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stores[f] of heaven,
Wind, rain, and thunder! 'Remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must 'yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, 'do obey you.
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left mere 'breath[g],—
Nothing to think on, but ensuing 'death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers

---

[a] O. R. men. [b] O. R. saved one. [c] O. R. doing. [d] O. R. bin. [e] belongs to the text; *i. e.*, what follows will be 'seen. [f] O. R. stars. [g] O. R. me breath.

To have bereft a 'Prince of all his fortunes;
And, having thrown him from your 'watery grave,
'Here to have death in 'peace, is all he 'll crave.

Three Fishermen enter.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch! Ho, come, and bring away the nets. Look how thou stirrest now! come away! or I 'll fetch thee, with a wanion![a]

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to 'help them; when, well-a-day! we could scarce help 'ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not 'I as much,—when I saw the porpus,[b] how he bounced and tumbled? They say, they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I 'look[c] to be washed.[d]—Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the 'sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as 'men do a-'land—the 'great ones eat-up the 'little ones. I can compare our rich 'misers to nothing so fitly as to a 'whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him; and at last devours them all at a mouthful! 'Such whales have I heard-on 'o the 'land; who never leave gaping, till they 've swallowed the whole parish—church, steeple, bells, and all!

3 *Fish.* But, master, if 'I had been the 'Sexton, I would have been that day in the 'belfry. Because he should have swallowed 'me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left,[e] till he cast bells, steeple, church and parish, 'up again. But if the good King Simonides were of 'my mind, he[f] would 'purge the land of these drones, that 'rob the bee of her honey.

Pericles anxiously overhears their conversation:

Per. [Aside.] How, from the finny subjects[g] of the 'sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of 'men;
And from the 'watery empire re-collect
All that may men 'approve, or men 'detect!—
Peace to your labour, honest men. Good day.

2 *Fish.* Honest! Good fellow, what 's that? If it be not a day fits 'you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, hear; the sea hath cast me on your coast,—

[a] a rope's end (something to make you look wan.) [b] porpoises, by coming to the surface, are said to foretell a storm. [c] expect. [d] drowned. [e] ceased, stopped. [f] O. R. we. [g] O. R. fenny subject.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in 'our way!

Per. A man—whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play-upon,—entreats you pity him;
'He asks of you, that never 'used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend? cannot you 'beg? Here's them in 'our country of Greece, gets more with 'begging, than 'we can do with 'working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou not catch any fishes then?

Per. I never 'practised it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt 'starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst 'fish for 't.

Per. What I 'have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I 'am, want teaches me to think-on;
A man shrunk[a]-up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,—
For that I am a 'man,—pray see me burièd.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown[b] here; come, put it on; keep thee 'warm. . . . Now, afore me, a 'handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go 'home; and we 'll have 'flesh for holidays, 'fish for 'fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flapjacks[c]—and thou shalt be 'welcome!

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not 'beg?

Per. I did but 'crave.

2 *Fish.* 'But crave? Then 'I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars 'whipped, then?

2 *Fish.* O, not 'all, my friend, not all: for if 'all our beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a 'beadle.—But, master, I 'll go draw-up the net. [Ex. two Fishermen.

Per. [Aside.] How well this honest mirth 'becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir,—do you know where you are? Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis; and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The 'good King Simonides, do you call him?

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[a] O. R. thronged. [b] a cloak [c] pancakes (apple puffs).

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he 'deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a 'happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of 'good, by his government. How far is his Court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to joust[a] and tourney[b] for her love.

Per. Were my 'fortunes equal to my 'desires, I could wish to make 'one there!

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things 'must be as they 'may; and what a man cannot 'get, he may not lawfully 'deal for;—he 's wise so![c]

The two Fishermen are now heard, while drawing up a net:

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! here 's a fish 'hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! plague on 't! 't is come at last, . . . and 't is turned to a rusty 'armour!

Per. An armour, friends? I pray you, let me see it. . . .
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to 'repair myself;
And though it 'was mine own, part of mine heritage
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge,—(even as he left his life,)
"'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death"—and pointed to this brace,[d]—
"For that it saved 'me, keep it; in like need—
From which the gods protect!—it may help[e] 'thee."
'It kept where 'I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage; though, calmed, they 've given 't again.
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck 'now 's no ill,
Since I have here my 'father's gift in 's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a 'king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And, for 'his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's Court,
Where with 't I may appear a gentleman:
And, if that ever my low fortunes 'better,[f]
I 'll 'pay your bounties!—'till then, rest your 'debtor.

[a] encounter on horseback. [b] contend at a tournament. [c] O. R. he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul. [d] fastening for the arm. [e] O. R. defend. [f] improve.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt 'thou tourney for the lady?
Per. I 'll 'show the virtue I 'have borne in arms.
1 *Fish.* Why, do ye 'take it; and the gods give thee good on 't!
2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was 'we that made up this garment, through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails.[a] I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it?
Per. Believe 't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance,[b] I am clothed in 'steel;
And spite of all the rupture[c] of the sea,
This jewel 'holds his biding[d] on my arm:
Unto thy value, will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
2 *Fish.* I'll bring thee to the Court myself.
Per. Then, 'honour be but equal[e] to my 'will,
This day I'll 'rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

Having thus recovered his armour, the Prince, on the following day, proceeds to the Court of King Simonides at Pentapolis, where he is at once distinguished by his valour and success. After the tournament, the King and his daughter Thaisa—attended by the Courtiers and the rival combatants—withdraw to a Hall of State, in which a magnificent banquet has been prepared. The King addresses his assembled guests:

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're 'welcome were superfluous:
To place, upon the volume of your deeds,
(As in a title-page,) your 'worth in arms,
Were more than you 'expect, or more than 's 'fit;
Since 'every worth in show[f] commends 'itself.
Prepare for 'mirth, for mirth 'becomes a feast:
You are kind princes, and my welcome guests.

The Princess Thaisa addresses the unknown combatant:

Thai. But you, 'my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of 'victory I give,
And crown you 'king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'T is more by 'fortune, lady, than my 'merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is 'yours;
Aud here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, Art hath thus decreed—

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[a] rewards, gratuities. [b] assistance. [c] O. R. rapture. [d] O. R. building. [e] O. R. a goal. [f] by its appearance.

To make some 'good, but others to 'exceed;
And 'you 're her 'laboured scholar.—Come 'Queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they 'deserve their grace.

Pericles is thus at once distinguished above the other Knights, in being appointed to the chair of honour by the beautiful Princess, on whom he looks with rapturous admiration.

Per. [Aside.] Yon King 's to me like to my 'father's picture,
Which tells me—in that glory once 'he was;
Had princes sit, like 'stars, about his throne,
And he the 'sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Whereas[a] his son 's a glow-worm in the 'night.—
The which hath fire in 'darkness, none in 'light:
Whereby I see that 'Time 's the king of men;
For he 's their 'parent, and he is their 'grave,
And gives them what he 'will,—'not what they crave.

The pleased King addresses his daughter:

Sim. Yon knight doth sit with us too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court
Had not a show might countervail his 'worth:
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to 'me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes should live like 'gods,—who freely give
To 'every one that comes to honour them;
And princes, 'not doing so, are like the 'gnat,
Which makes a 'sound, but, killed, is no more 'wondered at.[b]
Therefore, to make his entrance still more sweet,
Here say,—We drink this standing-bowl to 'him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not 'me
Unto a 'stranger-knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an 'offence,—
Since men take 'women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. Furthermore tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

The Princess, thus urged, with seeming reluctance addresses the stranger:

Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you:
Wishing it so much blood unto your life;—
And, further, he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

[a] O. R. where now.

[b] O. R. "like to gnats which make a sound, but killed are wondered at."

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name is Pericles,
My education being[a] in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was, by the rough seas, reft of ships and men,
And, 'after shipwreck, 'driven upon this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.
And will 'awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we 'sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for 'other revels.
Even your 'armours, as you are addressed,[b]
Will very well become a 'soldiers' dauce.

After some stately revels the King again addresses his Knights.

Sim. Thanks, gentlemen, to 'all; all have done 'well,
[To Per.] But 'you the best.—Princess, it is too late to talk of 'love,
And 'that's the mark I know 'you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his 'rest;
To-morrow, all for 'speeding do their best! [Exeunt

While Prince Pericles still lingers in Pentapolis, his continued and unexplained absence from Tyre induces his subjects to revolt in favour of the deputed governor, Lord Helicanus. Several of the most influential nobles of Tyre wait on the popular old Minister to make their unexpected proposal:

1 *Lord.* Follow me, lords.—Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With 'me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the 'top,
And now at length they 'overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the Prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not 'yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the Prince do 'live, let us salute him,
Or know 'what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the 'world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his 'grave he rest, we 'll 'find him there;
And be resolved[c] he lives to 'govern us;
Or dead, he leaves us to our free 'election.
2 *Lord.* Whose 'death 's, indeed, the strongest, in 'our censure:[d]
And, knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(As goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your most noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto—our sovereign!

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[a] O. R. been. [b] accoutred. [c] satisfied. [d] *i. e.*, the most probable, in our opinion

All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. For honour's cause, 'forbear your suffrages:
If that you 'love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your 'wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's 'hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me still entreat
That you 'forbear[a] the absence of your King;
If in which time expired, he 'not return,
I shall, with aged patience, 'bear your yoke.
But if I 'cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles,—like his noble subjects,—
And, 'in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall, like 'diamonds, sit about his crown.
1 *Lord.* To wisdom 'he 's a 'fool that will not yield:
And, since Lord 'Helicane enjoineth us,
We, with our travels, 'will endeavour it.
Hel. Then you love 'us, we 'you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus 'knit, a kingdom 'ever stands. [Exeunt

The young Prince, fearing the anger of Antiochus, (as yet ignorant that both he and his daughter had been stricken dead by lightning,) still conceals his true rank. King Simonides, pleased with the conquest which the Princess Thaisa has made, receives from her a letter, declaring her affection for the "gentleman of Tyre."

Sim. She tells me here, she 'll 'wed the Stranger-knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress; 'your choice agrees with 'mine;
I like that well.—How absolute she 's in 't!
Not minding whether 'I dislike or no!
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Pericles enters.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To 'you as much, sir! I 'm beholden[b] to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's 'pleasure to commend;
Not my 'desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's 'master.
Per. The worst of all her 'scholars, my good lord.
Sim. . . . Let me ask one thing:—What do you think of my 'daughter, sir?

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[a] Endure, put up with. [b] Indebted (O. R. beholding)

Per. . . . A most 'virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is 'fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; 'wondrous fair!
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of 'you;
Ay, 'so well, sir, that you must be her 'master,
And 'she will be your 'scholar: therefore, look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for 'her schoolmaster.
Sim. 'She thinks not so; peruse this writing else. [Giving letter.
Per. [Aside.] . . . What 's here?
A letter, that she 'loves the Knight of Tyre?
'T is the King's subtlety, to have my life!—
O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distresséd gentleman;
That never aimed so high to 'love your daughter,
But bent all offices to 'honour her.
Sim. Thou hast 'bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain!
Per. By the gods, I have 'not:
Never did 'thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet 'commence
A deed might gain 'her 'love, or 'your 'displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest!
Per. Traitor?
Sim. Ay, traitor!
Per. Even in 'his throat, (unless it be the 'King,)
That calls me traitor, I 'return the lie.
Sim. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My 'actions are as noble as my 'thoughts,
That never relished of a 'base descent.
I came unto your Court for 'Honour's cause,
And not to be a 'rebel to her laws[a];
And he that 'otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's Honour's 'enemy.
Sim. No? Here comes my daughter; 'she can witness it.

Thaisa enters.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve[b] your angry father,—if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any 'syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you 'had,
'Who takes offence, at that would make 'me 'glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you still so peremptory?—
[Aside.] ('I am glad of it, with all my heart!)—

[a] O. R. state. [b] Clear of doubt.

I 'll 'tame you! I 'll bring you in subjection!
Will you, although not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
On a stranger? [aside] (who, for aught I know,
'May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in royal blood as I myself.)
Therefore, hear you, young mistress; either frame
'Your will to 'mine;—and 'you, sir, hear you, too.—
Either be ruled by 'me, or I will make you . . .
Man and wife! . . .
Nay, come! your hands and 'lips must seal it too;
And 'being joined, I 'll 'thus your hopes destroy;
And for a 'further grief,—God give you joy! [Exeunt.

While the wedding festivities are in progress, old Gower again comes forward.

Gower. Now sleep y-slakéd[a] hath the rout;[b]
No din but snores, the house about;[c]
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne[d] of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore[e] the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,—
All the blither for their drouth.
By many a dern[f] and painful perch,[g]
Of Pericles the careful search,
(By the four opposing coigns[h]
Which the world together joins,)
Is made; with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead[i] the quest. At last from Tyre—
(Fame answering the most strong[j] inquire)—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter, dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of 'Helicanus would set-on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes to appease;[k]
Says to them—If King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,[l]
He, obedient to their boons,[m]
Will 'take the crown. The 'sum[n] of this,

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a abated, quisted. b company, carousal. c O. R. about the house. d eyes.
e O. R. from. f dismal, lonely. g in land measurement, five yards and a half.
h corners. i help, assist. j O. R. strange. k O. R. oppress. l months.
m O. R. dooms. n full account.

Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Delighted[a] all the regions round,
And every one with claps[b] 'gan sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a 'King!
Who dreamed—who thought, of such a thing?"
Brief, he must 'hence depart, to 'Tyre:
His Queen, (with child,) makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go:
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's[c] billow; 'half the flood
Hath their keel cut:[d] but fortune's mood[e]
Varies again; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor 'ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
But what 'ensues in this fell[f] storm,
Shall, for itself, itself 'perform.
I nill[g] 'relate; for 'action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is 'told.
In your 'imagination hold[h]
This 'stage the ship,—upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears, to 'speak. [Exit

The progress of events has been thus told by the prologue rhymster. Pericles, unwilling that his wife should at such a time undertake a sea-voyage, hopes that she will remain with her father; but she so earnestly entreats to accompany her husband, that he at last consents, and takes her on board with the nurse Lychorida. Pericles is now on deck, watching the rapid approach of a dreadful storm:

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in 'brass,
Having recalled them from the deep! O, 'still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders! gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
How does my Queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit 'all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is, as a whisper in the ear of Death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina,[i] O!

[a] O. R. y-ravished. [b] applause. [c] god of the sea. [d] *that is*, they have made half their voyage. [e] O. R. fortune moved. [f] fierce. [g] unwilling to. [h] consider. [i] goddess of child-birth.

Divinest patroness, and midwife[a] gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat! . . . Ah! Now, Lychorida!

Lychorida enters, carrying an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place;
Who, if it had conceit,[b] would 'die,—as 'I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your 'dead Queen!

Per. . . . How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not 'assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left 'living of your Queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of 'it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us 'love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? 'We, here below,
'Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie[c] honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir, even for this charge.[d]

Per. . . . Now, mild may be thy 'life!
For a more blusterous 'birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou 'rt the rudeliest welcomed to this world,
That e'er was 'Prince's child. Happy what 'follows!
Thou hast as chiding[e] a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee to life.—Now, the good gods
Throw their 'best eyes upon thee!

In accordance with a general sea-superstition that a dead body on board always brings ill-luck, two Sailors enter to tell their fears to the Prince:

1 *Sail.* What! Courage, sir! Heaven save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;[f]
It hath done to me the 'worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet!

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there! . . . Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!

2 *Sail.* But sea-room,—an[g] the brine and cloudy billows kiss the 'moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* . . . Sir, your Queen must 'overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie[h] till the ship be 'cleared of the dead.

---

[a] O. R. and my wife gentle. [b] thought. [c] O. R. use. [d] *that is*, even for the sake of this burden. [e] noisy. [f] storm. [g] if. [h] lull.

Per. That' s your 'superstition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom.[a] Therefore 'briefly yield her, for she 'must overboard straight[b]
Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen! . . .
A 'terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee, hallowed, to thy 'grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the 'ooze;[c]
Where (for[d] a 'monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining 'lamps,[e]) the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor[f] bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander[g]
Bring me the satin coffer:[h] . . . lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A 'priestly farewell to her: Suddenly, woman! [Exit Lychorida.
2 *Sail.* Sir, 'we have a 'chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed[i] ready.
Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?
2 *Sail.* We are near Tarsus.
Per. 'Thither, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course 'from Tyre: O, make for 'Tarsus.—
There will I visit Cleon; for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus:—there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

In the old sea-chest, the corpse of the dead Princess—together with her valuable jewels, and a written scroll telling who she was—is carefully and tearfully cast into the sea by the afflicted husband.

Shortly afterwards, Lord Cerimon—a worthy nobleman of Ephesus, noted for his medical skill—is walking on the shore, in hope to aid any of the crew escaping from a vessel just wrecked. He enters into conversation with some gentlemen who are also watching the effects of the storm.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do 'you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;

---

[a] O. R. eastern. [b] immediately. [c] O. R. oare. [d] instead of. [e] the lights in vaults were kept constantly burning (O. R. ayre remaining). [f] an attendant. [g] O. R. coffin. [h] covered with bitumen.

The very principals[a] did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and 'fear
'Made me to quit the house; not 'husbandry."
But I much marvel that your 'lordship, having
Rich 'tire[c] about you, should, at these early hours,
Shake-off the golden slumber of repose;
But 't is 'more strange,
Your nature should be so concerned[d] with 'pain,—
Being thereto not 'compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and knowledge[e] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: 'Careless heirs
May the two 'latter darken and expend;
But 'immortality attends the 'former,
Making a 'man a 'god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied 'physic; through which secret art,
By turning-o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar,
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives,[f] in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the 'disturbances
That Nature works, and of her 'cures;—which give me
A more content, in course of 'true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering 'honour;
Or tie my treasure[g] up in silken bags,
To please the Fool—and Death.[h]

Several Servants enter with a chest.

Serv. Sir, even now did the sea toss upon our shore
This chest. 'T is of some wreck.

2 *Gent.* 'T is like a 'coffin, sir.

Cer. Come! 'wrench it open. . .
O you most potent gods! what 's here? A corse?
Shrouded in cloth of state! A passport too!
Apollo,[i] perfect me i' the characters![j] [Reads from the scroll.

Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, King Pericles, have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane[k] cost.[l]
'Who finds her, give her burying—
She was the 'daughter of a King.
Besides this 'treasure for a fee,
The 'gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart

---

[a] principal supports (strongest rafters) [b] prudence. [c] attire. [d] O. R. conversant. [e] O. R. cunning. [f] vegetables. [g] O. R. pleasure [h] characters in the old Moral Plays. [i] the god of knowledge. [j] hand-writing. [k] worldly.

That 'ever[a] cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night;
For see how fresh she looks! They were too rash,[b]
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within: [Exit Servant
Death may 'usurp on Nature many hours,
And yet the fire of 'life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

I pray you, give her air. . . . Gentlemen,
This Queen will 'live! Nature 'awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again! . . . She 'is alive! behold,
Her eyelids,—cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,—begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most prizéd[c] water[d] do appear,
To make the world 'twice rich. O live, and make
Us weep to 'hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be!

Thai. [Recovering.] . . . O dear Diana! . . .
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Relapse is mortal. Come! And Esculapius[e] guide us!
[Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.

In a short time the Princess Thaisa, having recovered from her swoon, is, by great skill and unremitting care, enabled to hear and understand from Lord Cerimon the story of her rescue.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. 'Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's!—
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
But what 'followed then, by the most holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. Now—since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne 'er shall see again,—
A 'vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you 'purpose as you speak,
Diana's Temple[f] is not distant far,
Where you may dwell until your date[g] expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

---

[a] O. R. even. [b] hasty (O. R. rough). [c] highly valued (O. R. praiséd.) [d] lustre.
[e] god of medicine. [f] the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was one of the Seven Wonders of the world. [g] term of life.

Thai. My recompense is 'thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good 'will is great, though the gift 'small. [Exeunt.

Pericles, escaping all further calamity, lands at Tarsus, and again seeks the protection of Cleon the governor; hoping, on account of the benefits he had conferred during the recent famine, that the citizens would now befriend him and his motherless daughter—whom, on account of her birth at sea, he had named Marina. Both Cleon and his wife Dionyza shew the greatest kindness to the child and its nurse Lychorida; so, at the end of a year, the Prince, anxious to return to his own government, is about to take his leave.

Per. Most honoured Cleon, I 'must needs be gone!
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a 'litigious[a] peace. You and your lady,
Take, from 'my heart, all thankfulness! The 'gods
Make-up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts[b] of fortune, though they hurt[c] 'you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on 'us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!
That the strict Fates had pleased you had brought her 'hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with 'her!

Per. We cannot but 'obey
The Powers above us. Could I rage and roar,
As doth the 'sea she lies in, yet the 'end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her 'princely training, that she may
Be 'mannered as she is 'born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace,—that fed my country with your corn—
(For which the people's prayers 'still fall upon you)—
Must in your 'child be thought-on. If 'neglection[d]
Should therein make 'me vile, the common body,
(By you relieved) would 'force me to my duty;
But if, to that, my nature 'need a spur,
The gods 'revenge it upon 'me and 'mine!

Per. Lord Cleon, I believe you;
Your honour, and your 'goodness, teach me to 't,
Without your 'vows.—Till she be married, madam,
(By bright Diana, whom we honour all,)

---

[a] inclined to contend. [b] O. R. shakes. [c] O. R. hate (haunt.) [d] negligence.

Unscissared shall this hair[a] of mine remain,
Though I show 'ill[b] in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blesséd in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be 'more dear to my respect,
Than 'yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the masked Neptune,[c] and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest madam.—
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears!
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace[d]
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [Exeunt.

Old Gower again comes forward to explain the progressive events:

Gower. Imagine Pericles 'arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed, and settled to his own desire.
His woeful Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana, there a votaress.—
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and, by Cleon, trained
In music, letters;[e] who hath gained
Of education all the grace—
Which makes her both the heart and place[f]
Of general 'wonder. But, alack!
That monster Envy—oft the wrack
Of earnéd praise—Marina's life
Seeks to take-off by treason's knife:
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, Philoten; and she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided[g] silk,
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl[h] wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird[i] mute,
That still records[j] with moan[k]; or when
She would, with rich and constant pen,

---

[a] O. R. unsistered shall this heir. [b] O. R. will (obstinacy). [c] the treacherous ocean. [d] favour. [e] O. R. musicks letters. [f] O. R. which makes high both the art and place. [g] untwisted. [h] needle [i] the nightingale (O. R. night bed). [j] sings.

Vail[a] to her mistress, Dian; 'still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute[b] Marina: (So,
With the 'dove of Paphos,[c] might the 'crow
Vie feathers 'white.) 'Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as 'debts,
And not as 'given. This so darks[d]
In Philoten all 'graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present[e] murderer does prepare
For good Marina; that 'her daughter
Might stand 'peerless, by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And curséd Dionyza hath
The wicked[f] instrument of wrath
Prest[g] for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry wingéd Time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I 'so convey,
Unless your 'thoughts went on my way.—
Lo! Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

The Scene is an Open Place near the Seashore at Tarsus: Dionyza and Leonine enter.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast 'sworn to do 't,
'T is but one blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame 'love i' thy bosom;
Nor let pity, which 'women have cast off,
Melt 'thee; but be a 'soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I 'll do 't!—but yet she is a 'goodly creature!

Dion. The fitter, then, the 'gods should have her.
Here she comes, weeping her old Nurse's[h] death.—
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I 'am resolved.

Marina enters with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob fair Tellus[i] of her weed,[j]
To strew thy grave[k] with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and pale marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet,[l] hang upon thy grave,

---

[a] bend, bow down. [b] fully accomplished. [c] a city in the Island of Cyprus, in which was the Temple of Aphrodite, (Venus) whose chariot was drawn by doves. [d] obscures. [e] an immediate [f] O. R. pregnant. [g] hired. [h] O. R. her only mistress' death. [i] the Earth. [j] outer garment, covering. [k] O. R. green. [l] O. R. carpet.

While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born, in a 'tempest, when my mother 'died,
This world to 'me is like a 'lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep 'alone?
How chance my daughter is not 'with you? Do not
Consume your blood with 'sorrowing: you have
A nurse in 'me. O, how your favour[a]'s changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea shall mar them.
Walk on with Leonine; there the air is quick;[b]
Come, take her by the arm, and walk with her.

Mar. No; I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, I love the King your father, and 'yourself,
With more than 'foreign heart.[c] We every day
Expect him here: When he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will 'repent the breadth of his great voyage;
'Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I 'pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: 'preserve[d]
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for 'me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I 'will go; but yet I 've no 'desire to 't.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.—
Walk 'half-an-hour with Leonine, at the least.—
[Aside to Leon.] Remember what I have said!

Leon. [Aside.] I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you, walk softly; do not heat your blood:
What! I 'must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.— [Exit Dionyza.
Is this wind 'westerly that blows?

Leon. 'South-west.

Mar. When I was 'born, the wind was 'north.
My father, as Nurse said, did never 'fear,
But cried "'Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost 'burst the deck.
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And, from the ladder-tackle, was washed off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"

---

[a] appearance. [b] keen. [c] affection. [d] O. R. reserve.

And, with a dripping[a] industry, they skip
From stem to stern: the Boatswain whistles, and
The Master calls, and 'trebles their confusion.

The villain Leonine suddenly turns on the defenceless maiden:

Leon. Come; say your prayers!
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little 'space for prayer,
I grant it. 'Pray; but be not 'tedious;
For the gods are 'quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste!
Mar. . . . . 'Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would 'she have me killed?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To 'any living creature: believe me, now,
I never killed a 'mouse nor hurt a 'fly;—
Nor trod upon a 'worm against my will,
But I 'wept for it. 'How have I offended,
Wherein my 'death might yield her any 'profit,
Or 'life imply her any 'danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to 'reason of the deed, but 'do it.
Mar. . . . . You will 'not do 't for all the 'world, I hope!
You are 'well-favoured, and your looks foreshow
You have a 'gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it showed 'well in you: do so 'now.
Your lady seeks my life;—come you 'between,
And 'save poor me, the weaker!
Leon. I am sworn, and will 'despatch. [Seizes her.

Just as Leonine is about to execute his bloody commission, several Pirates enter, and rescue Marina from immediate death. Observing the beauty of their prize, they resolve to take her on board their ship, and then to sell her as a slave.—After their departure, Leonine returns.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she 'll 'return. I 'll swear she 's 'dead,
And thrown into the sea.—If she remain,
Whom 'they have 'rescued must by me be 'slain. [Exit.

---

[a] O. R. dropping.

Leonine, on his return to Dionyza, tells her that he has killed Marina; and Cleon the governor, hearing his wife confess how and by whom the crime had been perpetrated, bitterly reproaches her: but she replies:

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be 'undone?
Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!
Dion. I think you 'll turn a 'child again.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious 'world,
I'd give it to 'undo the deed. . . . A 'lady,
Much less in blood than virtue; yet a 'Princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! . . .
Whom thou hast 'poisoned too!—What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
Dion. That she is 'dead. Nurses are not the Fates,
To foster it, nor 'ever to preserve.
She 'died, at 'night; 'I 'll say so. Who can 'cross it?
Unless 'you play the pious innocent,
And, for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by 'foul play."
Cle. O, go to! Well, well!
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this 'worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty[a] wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open[b] this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble 'strain[c] you are,
And of how coward a 'spirit.
Yet none does know, but you, 'how she came dead;
Nor none 'can know, now Leonine is gone.
She did distain[d] 'my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on 'her,
But cast their gazes on 'Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at! It pierced 'me through!
And though 'you call my course unnatural,—
('You not your child well loving)—yet I find,
It greets 'me as an enterprise of kindness
Performed to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should 'he say? We 'wept after her hearse,
And even 'yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finished; and her epitaph,
In glittering golden characters, expresses

[a] O. R. pretty. [b] make known; explain. [c] race. [d] slander (O. R. disdain).

A general 'praise to 'her,—and 'care in 'us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou 'rt like the harpy,[a]
Which, to betray, dost, with thine 'angel's 'face,
Seize with thine 'eagle's talons.[b]

Dion. 'You are like one that, superstitiously,
Swear'st to the gods—that 'winter kills the flies[c]:
But yet, I know, you 'll 'do, as I 'advise. [Exeunt.

Gower enters, before the Monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gower. Not to waste time, I do beseech you
To learn of 'me, who stand i' the gaps,[d] to teach you,
The 'stages of our story.—Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended-on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes,—whom Helicanus late
Advanced in Tyre[e] to great and high estate,—
Is left to 'govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along, behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have led
This King to Tarsus—but his daughter 's fled!
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-showered,
'Leaves Tarsus, and 'again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth,—and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal 'vessel tears,
And yet 'he rides it out.[f] Now please you wit,[g]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza:— [Reads the inscription for Marina's monument.

The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
Who withered in her Spring of year:
She was of Tyrus—the King's daughter,—
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called; and at her birth,
Thetis,[h] being proud, swallowed some part o' the Earth:
Therefore the Earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-'child on the 'Heavens bestowed:

---

[a] a fabulous monster. [b] O. R talents. [c] *i. e.*, you appeal to the gods at an event (Marina's death) that is as natural as the death of flies in winter. [d] intervals.
[e] O. R. time. [f] *i. e.*, his ship is shattered, but he survives. [g] know.
[h] goddess of the sea.

Wherefore she does (and swears she 'll never stint[a])
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No vizor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender 'flattery.—
Let Pericles 'believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderéd
By Lady Fortune; while our scene[b] must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unhappy[c] service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in 'Mitylen.

At the Poet's mandate, we are in the Island of Lesbos standing on the harbour of its Capital. Gower resumes the maiden's history:

Marina there from danger 'scapes, and chances
Into an 'honest house, our story says.
She 'sings like one immortal! and she 'dances,
'As goddess-like, to her admiréd lays.
Deep clerks[d] she dumbs; and with her neeld[e] composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters[f] the 'natural roses;
Her inkle,[g] silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who 'pour their bounty on her: but her gain
She as a 'slave must yield. Here we 'her place:
And to her 'father turn our thoughts again.
In your 'supposing, once more put your 'sight;
Of heavy[h] Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in 'action, 'more (of might[i])—
Shall be discovered: Please you, sit and hark. [Exit.

In Mitylene, poor Marina, sold as a slave, becomes a source of wealth to her hard task-masters: her rare accomplishments are turned to valuable account, while her innocence and worth secure many friends. Among those who see and admire her for her musical skill as well as her beauty, is Lysimachus, the governor of Mitylene.

The recluse Pericles—miserable since his daughter's death—is now in the harbour of Mitylene. Lysimachus the governor comes in his barge to make official enquiries of old Lord Helicanus:

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!—
Being on shore, and honouring Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
'I 'm Governor of this place you lie before.

---

[a] stop. [b] O. R. ateare. [c] O. R. unholy. [d] learned scholars. [e] needle.
[f] resembles closely, equals. [g] tape used in embroidery. [h] melancholy.
[i] of great importance.

Lord Helicanus replies:

Hel. Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;—
A man, who, for these three months, hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue[a] his grief.

Lys. Upon what 'ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the 'main grief springs from the mournful loss
Of a beloved daughter, and a wife.

Lys. May we not 'see him?

Hel. You may; but 'bootless is your sight: he will not
Speak to any. . . . Behold him, sir.

A curtain is drawn aside, and the dejected King Pericles is discovered on his couch.

. . . This 'was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal[b] night,[c]
'Drove him to this.

Lys. . . . Sir King,—all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. . . . It is in vain; he 'will not speak to you!

One of the Lords advances:

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager
'Would win some words from him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
'She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice[d] attractions, 'would allure:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all;
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

Whispers one of the attendant Lords, who goes off in the barge

Hel. Effectless, sure; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears 'recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us to 'this beseech you,—
That, for our gold, we may 'provision have;
Wherein we are not destitute for 'want,
But weary for the 'staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should 'deny, the most just gods
For every graff[e] would send a 'caterpillar,
And so afflict[f] our province.

The attendant Lord, Marina, and her young Companion, enter from the barge:

O, here 's the lady that I sent for.—

---

a prolong. b destructive. c O. R. wight. d O. R. chosen. e branch or blade. f O. R. inflict.

Welcome, fair one!—Is 't not a 'goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a 'gallant lady!

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well-assured
She came of gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me 'rarely wed.—
Fair one,[a] all goodness that consists in 'bounty[b]
Expect even here—where is a 'kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artful[c] skill[d]
Can draw him but to 'answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can 'wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion-maid
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

Marina sings.[e] After the song Lysimachus enquires:

Lys. 'Marked he your music?

Mar. No, nor 'looked on us.

Lys. See, she will 'speak to him.

Marina advances towards the King.

Mar. Hail, sir! . . . My lord, lend ear!

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. . . . My lord, I ne'er before 'invited eyes,
But have been gazed-on, like a comet: 'She speaks,
My lord, that, may-be, hath endured a grief
Might equal 'yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My 'derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty 'kings;
But time hath rooted-out my parentage,
And to the world and adverse[f] casualties
Bound me in 'servitude.—[Aside.] I will desist; . . .
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

Per. Thy[g] fortunes?—parentage—'good parentage?—
To equal 'mine?—was it not thus? What say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did 'know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.—
You are like something, that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?[h]

---

a O. R. fair and all. b liberality, liberal reward. c O. R. artificial feat. d feat, knowledge of the art of music. e the original song has not been preserved. f O. R. awkward. g O. R. my. h O. R. shewes.

Mar. No, nor of 'any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. . . . My dearest 'wife was 'like this maid! and such a one
My 'daughter might have been!—my Queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno!
Who 'starves the ears she 'feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a 'stranger: from the deck
You may 'discern the place.
Per. Where were you 'bred?
And how achieved you these endowments which
You make 'more rich to owe?[a]
Mar. If I should 'tell my history, it would seem
Like 'lies, distained[b] in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from 'thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned 'Truth to dwell in. I'll 'believe thee,
And 'make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem 'impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed! What were thy 'friends?
Report thy 'parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to 'injury?
And that thou thought'st 'thy griefs might equal 'mine,
If both were opened?
Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more
But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.
Per. 'Tell thy story;
If thine, considered, prove the 'thousandth part
Of 'my endurance, thou art a 'man, and I
Have suffered like a 'girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. 'What were thy friends?
How 'lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind maiden?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.
Per. . . . O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incenséd god sent hither

[a] possess. [b] O. R. disdained.

To make the world laugh at me!—
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had
Some power;—my father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter? And called Marina?

Mar. You said you would 'believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?—
'Where were you born? And 'wherefore called Marina?

Mar. Called Marina, for I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! What 'mother?

Mar. My mother was the 'daughter of a king:
She died the very minute I was born;
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. . . . O! stop there a little.—
[Aside.] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal! This cannot be!
My daughter 's 'buried!—Well?—where were you 'bred?

Mar. The King, my father, did in 'Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to 'murder me, and soon they wooed
A villain to attempt it; who having 'sworn[a] to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. . . . But, good sir,
Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an 'impostor: no, good faith;
I 'am the daughter to King Pericles—
If good King Pericles still be.

The amazed King turns toward his Minister:

Per. . . . Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid 'is? or what is 'like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hal. I know not; but
Here is the Regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

[a] O. E. drawn.

Lysimachus advances:

Never would she tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still, and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! 'Strike me, honoured sir;
Give me a 'gash! put me to present 'pain;
Lest this great sea of 'joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. ... O, come hither—
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees! thank the holy gods, as loud
As 'thunder threatens us: 'This is 'Marina! ...
What was thy 'mother's 'name? tell me but 'that!
For truth can never be confirmed 'enough,
Though doubts did 'ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is 'your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but 'tell me now
My drowned Queen's name—as, in the rest thou saidst,
Thou hast been godlike perfect!—Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And add'st new life to Pericles thy father[a]!

Mar. Is it no 'more to be your daughter, then,[b]
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother,—who did 'end,
The minute I 'began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou 'art 'my 'child!
Give me fresh garments! ... Mine own, Helicanus!
'Not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: 'She shall tell thee all:
She is thy very Princess!—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the Governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes: I am 'wild in my beholding! ..
O heavens bless my girl! But hark! what music 's this?

Hel. My lord, 'I hear none

Per. None? The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lysimachus recognizes that sudden joy has for a time affected his reason:

Lys. It is not good to 'cross him: give him way.

---

a O. R. and another like to Pericles thy father. b O. R. than to say.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?—Most 'heavenly music!
It 'nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids: O, let me rest! [Sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

The curtain before the couch of Pericles is closed.

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll 'well remember 'you. [Exeunt.

Pericles remains on the couch asleep. The goddess Diana appears in a vision, and thus addresses him:

Dia. My Temple stands in 'Ephesus: hie thee 'thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my Maiden-Priests are met together,
Before the people all, in solemn wise,[a]
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn 'thy crosses, with thy 'daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the 'life.[b]
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do 't, and be happy!—by my silver bow!
Awake, and 'tell thy dream. [Disappears.

Per. [Waking.] Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,[c]
I will 'obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

My purpose was for 'Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For 'other service 'first: toward 'Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons[d] I 'll 'tell thee why.—
[To Lys.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have 'another suit.[e]

Per. You shall 'prevail,
Were it to woo my 'daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her. Come, my Marina.
[Exeunt.

The scene now brings us before the most magnificent building in Asia—one of the Seven Wonders of the world—the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, (then the metropolis of the Eastern hemisphere: "but now we seek in vain for the Temple: the city is prostrate, and the goddess is gone.")

[a] manner (three interpolated words.) [b] O. R. like. [c] the "silver" moon.
[d] soon afterwards. [e] O. R. sleight.

Gower enters.

Gower. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.[a]
This, my 'last boon, pray you give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will 'suppose
What pageantry, what feasts,[b] what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The Regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the King. So well he thrived,
That he is promised to be 'wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till all was done in sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The 'interim, pray you, all confound.[c]—
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall-out[d] as they 're willed.
At Ephesus, the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he 'can hither come so soon,
Is by your 'fancy's thankful boon.[e] [Exit.

We are now, by the Poet's direction, within the walls of the magnificent edifice. The High Priestess is standing before the altar, attended by a number of Virgins; with old Lord Cerimon and other inhabitants of the city.—King Pericles enters with his train—Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.—Pericles reverently approaches the altar.

Per. Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country's shores, did wed
The fair Thaisa. Her daughter Marina
Was nursed with Cleon; whom, at fourteen years,
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding,[f] her fortunes brought the maid aboard us;
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself 'my 'daughter.

The High Priestess, transported at this strange recital, exclaims:

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [faints.

Per. What means the Priestess?[g] Ah! she dies! help, gentlemen!

---

[a] O. R. dumb. [b] O. R. feats. [c] blend confusedly. [d] happen. [e] O. R. doom. [f] lying at anchor. [g] O. R. nun.

Lord Cerimon advances:

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your 'wife!
Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you?
Per. 'T is most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she 's but o'erjoyed.—
Early one blustering morn, this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin, found
Rich jewels there; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's Temple. See! Thaisa is recovered.
Thai. ... O, let me look upon him!—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? 'Like him you 'speak,—
Like him you 'are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. ... The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I,—supposed both drowned
And dead. Ah, now I know you better!—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King, my father, gave you such a ring? [shows a ring.
Per. 'This, this! No more, you gods! your present 'kindness
Makes my past miseries 'sports! O, come, be buried
A 'second time—within these arms!

Marina advances.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my 'mother's bosom! [kneels.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of 'thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
Per. Now do I long to hear 'how you were 'found?
How possibly 'preserved? and whom to 'thank,
(Besides the gods,) for this great miracle?
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have 'shown their power; 't is he that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no 'mortal officer
More 'like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead Queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, 'first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you 'all was found with her;
And how she came placed here within the Temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana! I bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer my night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This Prince, (to Lys.) the fair-betrothéd of your daughter,
Shall 'marry her at Pentapolis.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's 'dead.

Per. Heavens make a 'star of him! Yet there, my Queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials; and ourselves
Will, in that kingdom, spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our journey[a] stay
To 'hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead[b] the way. [Exeunt.

Gower enters.

Gower. In 'Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard,
Of monstrous crime the due and just reward;
In 'Pericles, 'his Queen, and daughter, seen,
(Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue—preserved[c] from fell destruction's blast,
Led-on by heaven, and crowned with joy at last!—
In 'Helicanus, may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.—
In reverend 'Cerimon, there well appears
The worth that learnéd charity aye wears.—
For wicked 'Cleon, and his 'wife, (when fame
Had spread 'their curséd deed, and honoured name
Of 'Pericles,) to 'rage the crowds so turn,[d]
That him and his they in his palace burn.—
The gods for murder seemed so well content
To punish crime,—although not 'done, but 'meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
'New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.
[Exit.

End of Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

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a O. R. longing. b O. R. lead 's (lead us.) c O. R. prefixed. d O. R. the city turn.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The wild and revolting Tragedy of "Titus Andronicus" is generally considered to be founded on an old play known to have been performed in 1591. The first printed version appeared in 1600 (and again in 1611) without the author's name, under the following title: "The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, as it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine, theyre seruants." It is, however, mentioned in Meres' list of Shakespeare's compositions[a] (in 1598), and included in the first folio of 1623. The "inner" testimony of Shakespeare's handiwork is feeble; but this "external" is strong, if not convincing. It is believed that this tragedy was among the earliest of Shakespeare's attempts, either as author or adapter. The play was once popular, but its horrible incidents have banished it from the modern stage.

The Personages retained in this Condensation are:

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*[b]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS, *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Sons to Queen Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Rome, and the Country near it.

Among the claimants for empire in the legendary stories of ancient Rome, were two brothers, named Saturninus and Bassianus. Marcus Andronicus, as chief Tribune of the People, was

[a] See page 6.

[b] The Goths were an ancient Germanic race, who occupied a large portion of Central and Eastern Europe: they were constantly at war with the Romans, who recognized two branches—the Ostrogoths and the Visigoths—(Goths of the East and West).

[c] The Moors were a "dark" or coloured African race from Barbary and Mauritania.

the officer whose duty it was to present the imperial crown to the successful competitor: and his brother Titus Andronicus,—a distinguished soldier, and now General-in-Chief of the Roman army—was expected to become one of the candidates. He is now returning, laden with years and honours, from a war against the Goths.

The Scene is in Rome, before the Tomb of the Andronici, near the Capitol. The two contestant brothers, Saturninus and Bassianus, attended by armed followers, are before us: with the Senators, Patricians, and Citizens, headed by old Marcus Andronicus, one of the Tribunes of the People,—having in his charge the imperial crown. Saturninus is the first speaker:

Sat. Noble Patricians, patrons of 'my right,
Defend the 'justice of my cause with 'arms;
I am 'his first-born son, that was the 'last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then, let my 'father's honours live in 'me,
Nor wrong mine age[a] with this indignity.

The second brother-claimant speaks:

Bass. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of 'my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
'Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not 'dis-honour to approach
The 'imperial seat, to 'virtue consecrate;
But let desert[b] in 'pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for 'freedom in your choice.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, holding the crown, addresses the rival brothers:

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,[c]—
Know—that the people have by common voice
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed the Pious,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
He, by the Senate, is accited[d] home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome; five times he hath returned,
Bearing his sons in coffins from the field.
Let us entreat—by honour of his name—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers; and, as suitors should,
'Plead your deserts in 'peace and humbleness.

---

a seniority. b just claim to reward. c empire. d summoned.

Bassianus is the first to reply:

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, I do so affy[a]
In thy uprightness and integrity,—
And so I love and honour thee and thine;—
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom 'my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, (Rome's rich ornament)—
That 'I will here 'dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[The followers of Bassianus withdraw.

Saturninus adds:

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in 'my right,
'I thank you all, and here 'dismiss you all;
And, to the love and favour of my country,
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[The followers of Saturninus withdraw.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto 'me,
As 'I am confident and kind to 'thee.

The rival brothers, having thus dismissed their forces, enter the Capitol. Then a magnificent procession approaches, preceded by a Captain and other Officers.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
With honour and with fortune is returned,
And brings in yoke the 'enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sound; and then two of Titus's sons enter. After them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then two other sons. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, Queen of the Goths, with her sons Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius; besides Aaron, a Moorish lover of the Queen, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks:

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy 'mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught,[b]
Returns, with precious lading, to the bay
From whence at 'first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true 'joy, for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender[c] of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! . . .
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,

---

[a] place confidence, rely. [b] freight.
[c] Jupiter (Capitolinus), to whom the edifice was dedicated.

Behold the poor remains,—alive, and dead!
These, that 'survive, let Rome reward with 'love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With 'burial amongst their ancestors.

The tomb is opened.

O, sacred réceptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How 'many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Lucius, the eldest surviving son, now asks his father for a sacrifice to the manes of his brothers.

Luc. Give us the 'proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and pile his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the 'Shadows be not unappeased,
Nor 'we disturbed with 'prodigies[a] on earth.

Tit. I give you 'him, the 'noblest that survives,—
The 'eldest son of this distresséd Queen.

But the youth's mother, Tamora, the beautiful captive Queen of the Goths, interposes:

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,—
A 'mother's tears in passion[b] for her son!
And if 'thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think 'my son to be as dear to 'me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must 'my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for King and Commonweal
Were piety in 'thine, it is in 'these! . . .
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the 'gods?
Draw near them then in being 'merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's 'true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, 'spare my first-born son!

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
Religiously they ask a 'sacrifice:
To this your son is 'marked; and die he 'must,
To appease their groaning Shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire[c] straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

[Exeunt Luc., Quin., &c., with Alarbus, their victim.

[a] the ghosts of the unburied were believed to roam about, as if soliciting interment.
[b] intense suffering. [c] pronounced as a dissyllable.

The captive Queen bursts into tears, but is comforted by her other sons.

Tam. O cruel, 'ir-religious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia[a] 'half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not[b] Scythia to ambitious 'Rome.
'Alarbus goes to 'rest; and 'we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods—that armed the Queen of 'Troy[c]—
May favour Tamora, the Queen of 'Goths,
To 'quit[d] the bloody wrongs upon 'her foes.

The sons of Titus return with their swords smeared with blood.

Luc. See, lord and father, 'how we have performed
Our Roman rites:—Alarbus' limbs are lopped;
His entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to 'inter our brethren,
And, with loud 'larums, welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his 'latest farewell to their souls.

Trumpets sound, and the coffins are laid in the tomb.

In peace and honour rest you 'here, my sons,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
Here grow no fatal grudges; here no storms,
No noise,—but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour 'rest you here, my sons!

The General's only daughter, Lavinia, betrothed to Lord Bassianus, enters:

Lav. In peace and honour 'live Lord Titus long!
My noble lord and father, live in 'fame!
Lo! at this tomb, my tributary tears
'I render, for my 'brethren's obsequies:[e]
And at thy feet I kneel—with tears of 'joy
Shed on the earth, for 'thy return to Rome.
Tit. 'Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live: 'out-live thy 'father's days
In[f] fame's 'eternal date, for 'virtue's praise!

Saturninus, Bassianus, and others enter, with Marcus Andronicus the Tribune:

---

a an indefinite region of Western Asia, north and east of the Black, the Caspian, and the Aral seas. b O. R. me. c Hecuba (against Polymnestor). d requite. e funeral rites. f O. R. and.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovéd brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!
And welcome, nephews, from successful wars;
You that survive, . . . and you that sleep in fame.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, (their Tribune and their trust,)
This palliament[a] of white and spotless hue;
And name 'thee, in election for the empire,
To help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A 'better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff-of-'honour for mine age,
But not a 'sceptre to control the world!
Upright 'he held it, lords, that held it 'last.—
People of Rome, and People's[b] Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them 'friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And 'gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will 'accept whom 'he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and 'this suit I make—
That you elect[c] your Emperor's 'eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, and say,—"Long live our Emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,—
Patricians and Plebeians,—we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor;
And say,—"Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

A military flourish is sounded. The new Emperor speaks:

Sat Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
I give thee 'thanks, in 'part of thy deserts,
And will, with 'deeds, requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset,[d] Titus, (to advance
Thy name and honourable family,)
Lavinia will I make my Empress-queen,
'Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my 'heart!
And in the sacred Pántheon[e] her espouse.

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[a] robe. [b] O. R. noble. [c] O. R. create. [d] beginning.
[e] the Temple of all the gods (O. R. Pathan).

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly 'honoured of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide 'world's Emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my 'prisoners—
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then,—the tribute that I owe,—
'Mine honour's ensigns humbled at 'thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of 'thee, and of thy 'gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The 'least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to 'me.

The Lady Lavinia—notwithstanding her previous betrothal to Lord Bassianus, the new Emperor's brother—remains silent: her father, Lord Titus, then addresses the captive Queen Tamora:

Tit. 'Now, madam, are you prisoner to an 'Emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use 'you nobly, and your 'followers.

The young Emperor gallantly replies:

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me,—of the hue
That I would 'choose, were I to choose 'anew.—
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of 'war hath wrought this change of 'cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a 'scorn in Rome:
'Princely shall be thy usage 'every way;
Rest on my word: Madam, 'he comforts you
Who 'll make you 'greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith[a] true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless, here we set our prisoners 'free:
'Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

As the imperial procession is passing along, Lord Bassianus suddenly advances to Lavinia and seizes her:

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is 'mine!

Tit. How, sir? Are you in 'earnest then, my lord?

[a] since, because.

Bass. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this 'right!
Tit. Traitor, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's 'guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised.
Sat. Surprised! By whom?
Bass. By him that 'justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the 'world away. [Exeunt Bass., Lav., &c.

Lavinia is triumphantly carried off by Bassianus, while her brothers remain to prevent pursuit. Old Lord Titus endeavors to follow, but is stopped by his son Mutius:

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What? Villain-boy!
Barr'st 'me my way in Rome?

He stabs Mutius, who dying, exclaims:

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Lucius re-enters to see his brother dead.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and 'more than so!
In 'wrongful quarrel you have slain your 'son!
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are 'any sons of 'mine!
'My sons would never so dishonour me:—
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor!
Luc. 'Dead, if you will; but not to be his 'wife,
That is 'another's lawful-promised love. [Exit.

The young Emperor prevents any further pursuit, because he has become captivated by the beautiful Queen Tamora.

Stat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her 'not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor 'any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by 'leisure, him that mocks me 'once;
'Thee 'never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons!
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale?[a]
But go thy ways! go, 'give that changing piece[b]
To him that flourished for her with his sword:
A 'valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy!
One fit to bandy with thy lawless 'sons,
To ruffle[c] in the commonwealth of Rome.—
And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose 'thee, Tamora, for my 'bride,
And will create thee Empress of great Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths! dost thou 'applaud my choice? . . .

[a] a common jest, a stalking-horse. [b] a term of contempt for Lavinia.
[c] bully, cause disturbance.

And here I swear, by all the Roman gods,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till, from forth this place,
I lead, espoused, my Bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome 'I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a 'handmaid be to his desires,—
A 'loving nurse, a 'mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon.[a]—Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens to bless Prince Saturnine.

The young Emperor, and Queen Tamora, at once proceed to have the marriage ceremony performed. Her two sons gladly accompany; Aaron the Moor, and the newly enfranchised Goths, follow in silence.—Marcus Andronicus the Tribune, and the three sons of Titus, now enter, but pause before the corpse of Mutius.

Marc. O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel 'slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no! 'no son of mine,—
Nor 'thou, nor 'these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonoured all our family:
'Unworthy brother . . . and unworthy 'sons!

Luc. But let us give him 'burial, as becomes:
Give 'Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! 'he rests not in this tomb:
Here none but 'soldiers, and Rome's 'servitors,
Repose in fame; none 'basely slain in 'brawls:—
Bury him where you 'can; 'he comes not 'here.

The old Tribune reproves his irritated brother:

Marc. My lord, this is 'impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' 'deeds do plead for him:
He 'must be buried with his brethren.

One of the sons adds:

Quint. And 'shall!—Or him we will accompany.

Tit. And 'shall? What 'villain was it spake that word?

Quint. He that would vouch 't, in 'any place but 'here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my 'despite?

Marc. No, noble brother; but entreat of thee
To 'pardon Mutius,—and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even 'thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, 'with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My 'foes I do repute you 'every one;

[a] O. R. Pathan.

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone! [Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew, here, in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a 'Roman; be not 'barbarous:
Let not young Mutius then, that 'was thy joy,
Be 'barred his entrance here.
Tit. . . . Rise, Marcus, rise!—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be 'dishonoured, by my 'sons, in 'Rome!—
Well, bury him—and bury 'me the next.

As the dead body of young Mutius is placed in the tomb, triumphant sounds of music are heard approaching in different directions; preceding the two wedding processions—of the Emperor and his bride Queen Tamora; and of Lord Bassianus and the Lady Lavinia.—The Empress's sons, Demetrius and Chiron—with her secret lover, Aaron the Moor—are silent spectators. The Emperor speaks:

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize!
Jove give you joy, sir, of your gallant Bride!
Bass. And you of 'yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor 'wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor! if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall 'repent this wrong.
Bass. 'Wrong, call you it, my lord? to seize my own,
My true betrothéd love, and now my 'wife?
But 'let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am 'possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'T is good, sir! You are very 'short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as 'sharp with 'you!
Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and 'shall do with my 'life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:—
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is, in opinion and in honour, wronged;
That, in the 'rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand, did slay his youngest son.
Receive him then to 'favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

The old General interrupts.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, cease[a] to plead my deeds:
'T is 'thou, and 'those, that have dishonoured me!

[a] O. R. leave.

Rome, and the righteous Heavens, be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

The crafty Empress adds her plausible appeal—which however she immediately modifies:

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for 'all;
And at 'my suit, sweet, 'pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without 'revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forfend[a]
'I should be author to 'dis-honour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake[b]
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose 'fury, not dissembled, speaks his 'griefs:
Lose not so noble a friend on vain 'suppose,[c]
Nor, with 'sour looks, afflict his gentle heart.—
[Aside.] My lord, be ruled by 'me; be 'won at last;
'Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne. . . .
'I 'll find a day to 'massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,—
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons—
Whom I entreated for 'my dear son's life;
And make them know what 't is, to let a 'Queen
Kneel in the 'streets, and 'beg for grace in 'vain.—
[Aloud.] Come, come, sweet Emperor!—Come, Andronicus!—
Take-up this good old man, and 'cheer the heart
That 'dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. . . . Rise, Titus, rise: my Empress hath prevailed.
Tit. I 'thank your majesty, and 'her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse 'new life in me.

The Empress continues:

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,—
A Roman, now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
'This day all quarrels 'die, Andronicus.—
And let it be 'mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For 'you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the Emperor,

[a] forbid. [b] become surety, guarantee. [c] conjecture, supposition.

That you 'will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, 'all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask 'pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That 'what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our 'sister's honour, and our 'own.

Sat. . . . Away and talk not: trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be 'friends:
The Tribune and his nephews 'kneel for grace;
I will not be 'denied: Sweet heart, look back!

Sat. . . . Marcus, for 'thy sake, and thy 'brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do 'remit these young men's heinous faults.—Stand up.—
Lavinia, though 'you left me like a churl,
I found a 'friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a 'bachelor from the priest.
Come! if the Emperor's Court can feast 'two brides,
You are my 'guest, Lavinia, and your 'friends.—
This day shall be a 'love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow,—an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,—
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bon jour.*[a]

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy[b] too. [Trumpets. Exeunt.

Aaron, the wily Moor, has silently, but hopefully, witnessed the elevation of his mistress, the Gothic Queen, to be bride of the Emperor of Rome; and, confident of the lady's love, he further plots how to increase his own advantages:

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora 'Olympus'[c] top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanced above pale Envy's threatening reach.—
As when the golden 'Sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac[d] in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,—
So 'Tamora!
Upon her 'wit doth earthly Honour wait,
And Virtue stoops and trembles at her 'frown.

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[a] good-day. [b] *grand merci*, many thanks.
[c] a mountain in Thessaly, the fabled residence of the gods.
[d] an imaginary pathway containing the Constellations through which the Sun passes.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft 'with thy imperial mistress.
Away with slavish weeds[a] and servile[b] thoughts!
I will be 'bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made Empress.
To 'wait, said I? to 'wanton with this Queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis,[c] this nymph,
This Siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,—
And see 'his shipwreck, and his 'commonweal's!
—Hollo! what storm is this?

The two sons of the Gothic Empress, Demetrius and Chiron, have both fallen in love with Lavinia, now the wife of Bassianus, (unknown, however, to her,) and they are quarrelling concerning their rival pretensions. The elder, Demetrius, is the first whom we overhear:

Dem. Chiron, thy years want 'wit, thy wit wants 'edge
And 'manners, to intrude where 'I am graced.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in 'all;
And so in 'this, to bear 'me down with braves![d]
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes 'me less gracious, 'thee more fortunate;
And 'that my sword upon thee shall 'approve,
And plead 'my passions for Lavinia's love!

Aaron advances:

Aar. Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will 'undo us all.—
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,[e]
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That, for her love, 'such quarrels may be broached,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the Empress know
This discord's 'ground,[f] . . . the music would not 'please.
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so 'strange?
She is a 'woman,—therefore may be 'wooed;
She is a woman,—therefore may be 'won;
She is 'Lavinia,—therefore 'must be 'loved!
Aar. For shame, be 'friends; and 'join for that you 'jar.
'T is policy and 'stratagem must do
'That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot, as you 'would, achieve,
You must 'perforce accomplish as you 'may . . .
A speedier course than lingering 'languishment

---

a garments. b O. R. idle. c one of the Assyrian Queens, noted for her cruelty.
d boasts, bravadoes. e depraved. f cause.

Must we pursue,—and 'I have 'found the path!
My lords, a solemn 'hunting is in hand;
'There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
And many 'unfrequented plots there are:
Single you 'thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home[a] by 'force if not by 'words:
'This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come! Our Empress, with her curséd[b] wit,—
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,—
Will we 'acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines[c] with advice
That will not suffer you to 'square[d] yourselves,
But, to your wishes' height, advance you 'both.
The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,—
The 'palace, full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The 'woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
'There speak, and 'strike, brave boys, and win your prize! [Exeunt.

The morning arrives. The imperial hunt is now going on in the forest near Rome; the Emperor, the Empress, and all the Court, take pleasure in the yelp of hounds and sound of horns.—Aaron the Moor has come to a lonely part of the Forest, where he may not only meet the Empress, but aid in the young men's plot to carry off the Lady Lavinia. The Moor is now standing near a dangerous pit, concealing, for his own purposes, a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit[e] would think that 'I had 'none,—
To 'bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to 'inherit[f] it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a 'stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of 'villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold,—for 'their unrest,[g] [Hides the gold.
That have their alms out of the 'Empress' chest.

The treacherous Queen Tamora stealthily enters to meet the Moor.

Tam. My lovely Aaron! Wherefore look'st thou 'sad,
When everything doth make a 'gleeful boast?
The 'birds chant melody on every bush;
The 'snake lies rolled-up in the cheerful sun;
The green 'leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

---

[a] keenly, to the utmost degree. [b] O. E. sacred. [c] smooth our stratagems. [d] to quarrel with each other. [e] sense. [f] possess. [g] disquiet.

And make a chequered[a] shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And,—whilst the babbling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,[b]
(As if a 'double hunt were heard at 'once,)—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelping noise;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a Nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus[c] govern now 'your thoughts,
Saturn[d] is dominator over 'mine.
'Vengeance is in 'my heart, Death in my 'hand,
Blood and Revenge are hammering in my 'head! . . .
Hark, Tamora,—the Empress of my soul,
Which never hopes 'more heaven than rests in 'thee,—
This is the day of doom for 'Bassianus;
His 'Philomel[e] must lose 'her tongue to-day:
Thy 'sons make 'prisoner of his haughty bride,
And wash their hands in 'Bassianus' blood.—
Seest thou this 'letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the 'King this fatal-plotted scroll.— [Seeing people approach.
'Now question me no more; we are espied!
Here comes a parcel[f] of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not 'yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than 'life!

Aar. No more, great Empress. Bassianus comes:
Be 'cross with him; and I 'll go fetch thy 'sons
To 'back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Bassianus and Lavinia enter.

Bass. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian,[g] habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her own holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that Dian[g] had, the hounds
Should drive[h] upon 'thy[i] new-transformèd limbs,—
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Bass. Believe me, Queen, your swarth[j] Cimmerian[k]-
Doth make your 'honour of his 'body's hue,—

---

a varied. b hunting-horns. c goddess of love d god of malignity.
e a Thracian princess whose tongue was cut out to enforce her silence: she was afterwards changed into a nightingale. f a part or portion.
g the goddess of hunting. h rush impetuously. i O. R. his. j dusky.
k the Cimmerians were fabled inhabitants of a secluded valley (in Italy) which was ever in darkness.

Spotted, detested, and abominable!
Why are you thus sequestered from your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed?
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor?
The King my brother shall have notice of 't!

Tam. Why have I[b] patience to 'endure all this?

Obeying the instructions of Aaron, the Empress's sons, Demetrius and Chiron, enter.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother? . . .
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not 'reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed[c] me hither to this place:—
A barren and detested vale it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me,—here, at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[d]
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries
As any mortal body, hearing them,
Should straight fall 'mad, or else 'die suddenly.
No sooner had they spoke this hellish tale,
But straight they told me,—they would 'bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And 'leave me to this miserable death:
And then they called me foul and slanderous 'names:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they 'executed.
'Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth called 'my children!

Dem. 'This is a witness that I 'am thy son.

Demetrius stabs Bassianus.

Chi. And this for 'me, struck home to show my strength.

Chiron stabs him likewise. Lavinia, seeing her husband thus murdered, exclaims:

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous 'Tamora!—
For no name 'fits thy nature but thy 'own!

---

[a] only. [b] O. R. I have. [c] enticed. [d] hedgehogs.

Tam. Give 'me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
Your 'mother's hand shall right your mother's 'wrong.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's 'face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak: Away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a 'word!
Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To 'see her tears; but be your 'heart to them
As unrelenting 'flint to drops of 'rain.
Lav. When did the 'tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not 'learn her wrath; she taught it 'thee.
Do 'thou [To Chiron] entreat her show a woman pity!
'T is true, the 'raven doth not hatch a 'lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it 'now!—
That ravens often foster forlorn 'children,
The whilst their 'own birds 'famish in their nests:
O, be to 'me, (though thy hard 'heart say no,)
Nothing so kind, but 'something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what she[a] means. Away with her!
Lav. O! let me 'teach thee! For my 'father's sake—
That gave thee life when well he might have 'slain thee,—
Be not obdúrate! open thy deaf ears!
Tam. Hadst thou in 'person ne'er offended me,
Even for 'his sake 'am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, 'I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your 'brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Away with her! . . . Fond[b] woman, let me go!
Lav. Oh! tumble me into some loathsome pit!
Do this, and be a 'charitable murderer!
Dem. Away! for thou hast stayed us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, 'beastly creature!
The blot, and enemy, to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then, I 'll 'stop your mouth.—[To Dem.] Bring 'thou her 'husband:
This is the hole where Aaron 'bid us hide him.

The body of Bassianus is thrown into the pit—Lavinia is dragged off:—the Empress exclaims:

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her 'sure.
Ne'er let my heart know 'merry cheer indeed,
Till 'all the Andronici be made away! . . .

[a] O. R. it. [b] foolish.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons make vengeance sure! Exit.

The crafty Aaron is in the meantime conducting Quintus and Martius, two sons of Titus Andronicus, that they may be accused as the murderers of Bassianus.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you: were 't not for shame,
Well could I 'leave our sport to sleep awhile.

Martius suddenly disappears into the pit. His brother exclaims:

Quint. What! art thou fallen?—What subtle hole is this
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed 'blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers? . . .
Speak, brother! hast thou 'hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aaron hastens to complete his villainy:

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the King to 'find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How 'these were they that made away his brother. [Exit

Martius continues to describe what he sees:

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies imbrewéd[a] here,
All on a heap,—like to a slaughtered lamb,—
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou 'know 't is he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks. . . .
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made 'thee faint, as 'me it hath—
Out of this fell[b] devouring réceptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus'[c] misty mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I 'may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
'I may be plucked into the swallowing maw[d]
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.—
I have no 'strength to pluck thee to the brink.

[a] drenched in blood. [b] dreadful. [c] a fabled pestilential river in hell. [d] O. E. womb.

Mart. Nor 'I no strength, to climb 'without thy help.
Quint. . . . Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below. . . .
Thou canst not come to me; I come to 'thee!

Quintus also falls into the pit, as the Emperor enters accompanied by Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leaped into it. . . .
Say, [calling down.] who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martius replies, from the bottom of the pit:

Mart. [Calling up.] The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither, in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus 'dead!
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but 'jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge:
'T is not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you 'left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we 'found him, dead.

Enter Tamora, with attendants; Titus Andronicus and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with 'killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the 'bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies 'murdered!
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, [Giving a letter.
The complot[a] of this timeless[b] tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

The Emperor reads the letter:

Sat. "*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
(Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,)—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy 'reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
'This is the pit, and this the 'elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

---

[a] accompaniment. [b] untimely.

Aaron, knowing where the concealed reward was placed, at once produces it.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is a bag of gold! [Showing it.

The Emperor angrily addresses Titus:

Sat. Two of 'thy whelps, fell[a] curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the 'pit unto the 'prison:
'There let them bide, until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tamora exclaims:

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily this murder is discovered!

Titus entreats:

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell[a] fault of my accursèd sons,—
Accursèd, if the fault be 'proved in them,—
Sat. 'If it be proved! you see it is 'apparent.—
Who 'found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. . . . I did, my lord: yet let me be their 'bail;
For, by my fathers' reverent tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To 'answer your[b] suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt 'not bail them: see thou follow 'me.
Some bring the murdered 'body, some the 'murderers:
Let them not speak a 'word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there 'worse end than death,
'That end upon them should be executed. [Exeunt severally.

The Scene changes to another part of the Forest; but the circumstances are so horrible that it is best to adhere (with elimination) to the author's stage direction: "Enter the Empress' sons with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out." Demetrius exultingly says:

Dem. So, now go 'tell, an if thy tongue 'can speak!

Chiron adds:

Chi. 'Write-down thy mind! bewray[c] thy meaning so!
An if thy stumps will 'let thee, play the scribe!
Go home! call for sweet water; wash thy hands!

---

[a] cruel. [b] O. R. their. [c] discover, express.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her 'silent walks.
Chi. An 't were 'my case,[a] I should go 'hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands, to 'help thee knit the cord!
[Ex. Dem. and Chi.

The jeering villains leave their wretched victim, as her uncle Marcus Andronicus, the chief Tribune of the People, enters from the hunting-field.

Marc. Who 's this?—my 'niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: Where is your husband?— . . .
If I do 'dream, would all my wealth would 'wake me!
If I do 'wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in 'eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece! what stern ungentle hands
Have lopped, and hewed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments? . . .
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,—
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,—
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
He would not 'then have touched them, for his life:
Or had he heard thy heavenly harmony,
He would have 'dropped his knife, and fallen asleep.—
Come, let us go, and make thy father 'blind;
For 'such a sight 'will blind a father's eye:
One 'hoür's storm will drown the fragrant 'meads;
What will whole 'months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn 'with thee:
Oh, 'could our mourning ease thy 'misery! [Exeunt.

The Emperor has not been able to find a shorter and sharper punishment than immediate death. In one of the streets of Rome, we see a procession of Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, conducting Martius and Quintus, bound, passing-on to the place of execution; their father, Titus Andronicus, still pleading for mercy:

Tit. Hear me, grave Fathers! noble Tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age,—whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst 'you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
And for these bitter tears, which 'now you see
Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks,—

[a] O. R. cause.

'Be pitiful to my condemnéd sons,
Whose souls are 'not corrupted, as 't is thought! . . .
For two-and-twenty sons I never 'wept,
Because 'they died in honour's lofty bed:
For 'these, good Tribunes, in the dust I write [Kneels.
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let 'my tears 'stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet 'blood would make it shame and blush!

There is no reply. The silent procession passes on.

O Earth! I will befriend thee more, with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,[a]
Than youthful 'April shall, with all his showers:
In Summer's drought, I 'll drop upon thee still;
In Winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal 'Spring-time on thy face,—
So thou 'refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Lucius comes in dejectedly, with his sword drawn, and listens to his father's idle pleadings:

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle, agéd men!
Unbind my sons, 'reverse the doom of 'death!
And let 'me say,—that never wept before,—
My tears are now 'prevailing orators!

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain:
The Tribunes hear you not; no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a 'stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers 'let me plead.—
Grave Tribunes, once more I 'entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, 'no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. . . . Why, 't is no matter, man: if they 'did hear,
They would not 'mark me; or,[b] if they did 'mark,
They would not 'pity me,—yet plead I must;
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the 'stones;
Which, though they cannot 'answer my distress,
Yet, in some sort, they 're 'better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not 'intercept my tale.
When I do weep, 'they, humbly, at my feet,
'Receive my tears, and 'seem to weep with me. [Rises.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon 'drawn?

Luc. To 'rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the Judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of 'banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have 'befriended thee.

[a] his eyes (O. R. ruins). [b] O. R. oh.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of 'tigers?
Tigers 'must prey;—and Rome affords 'no prey
But me and mine:—how 'happy art thou, then,
'From these devourers to be 'banished thus! . . .
But 'who comes, with our brother Marcus, here?

The Tribune leads in the maimed Lavinia.

Marc. . . . Titus, prepare thy agéd[a] eyes to 'weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to 'break!
I bring 'consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. 'Will it consume me? Let me 'see it then.
Marc. . . . This 'was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, so she 'is.

Lucius exclaims:

Luc. Ah me! this object 'kills me!
Tit. . . . Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
'Speak, my Lavinia! What accurséd hand
Hath made thee 'handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath 'added water to the sea,
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?[b]
My grief was at the height 'before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus,[c] it 'disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop-off 'my hands too;
For 'they have fought for Rome, and all in vain!
In 'bootless prayer have they been oft held-up,
And they have served me to 'effectless use.
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast 'no hands,
For 'hands to do Rome service, are but vain!
Luc. Speak, gentle sister! 'Who hath martyred thee?

Marcus says:

Mar. Oh, that delightful engine[d] of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is 'torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Tit. Ah, now I stand as one upon a 'rock,
Environed with a wilderness of 'sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish billows[e] swallow him.
'This way, to 'death my wretched 'sons are gone;

a O. R. noble. b after a siege of ten years, Troy was reduced to ashes by the Greeks, about 1184 B. C. c the river Nile. d her tongue. e O. R. bowels.

Here stands my 'other son, a 'banished man;
And here my 'brother,—weeping at 'my woes:
But that which gives my soul the 'greatest spurn,
Is dear 'Lavinia,—'dearer than my soul! . . .
Thou hast no 'hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor 'tongue, to 'tell me 'who hath martyred thee:
Thy 'husband he is dead; and 'for his death
Thy 'brothers are condemned,—and dead by this! . . .
Look, Marcus! Ah! son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her 'brothers, then 'fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks;—as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered!

Aaron enters.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, (or thyself, old Titus,)
Or 'any one of you, chop-off your hand,
And send it to the King: he, 'for the same,
Will send thee hither 'both thy sons 'alive;
And 'that shall be the 'ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious Emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever 'raven sing so like a 'lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the Emperor 'my hand.
'Good Aaron, wilt thou 'help to chop it off?

Lucius quickly intervenes:

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of 'thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall 'not be sent: 'my hand will serve the turn.

The old Tribune Marcus advances:

Marc. Which of 'your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's casques?[a]
'My hand hath been but 'idle: let 'it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
'Then have I kept it to a 'worthy end.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let 'me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let 'me show a 'brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare 'my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But 'I will 'use the axe. [Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

[a] helmets, O. R. castle (stronghold).

While they go in search of a weapon, Titus says:

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me 'thy hand, and I will give thee 'mine.

Aar. [Aside.] If that be called 'deceit, I will be 'honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men 'so:—
But I 'll deceive 'you in 'another sort;
And that you 'll say, ere half-an-hour shall pass.

Aaron cuts off Titus's hand, as Lucius and Marcus return.

Tit. Now, 'stay your strife: What 'shall be, is despatched.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty 'my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him 'bury it:
'More hath it 'merited; 'that let it 'have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As 'jewels purchased at an 'easy price;
And yet 'dear too,—because I bought mine 'own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and, 'for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy 'sons with thee.
[Aside.] Their 'heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very 'thoughts of it!
Let 'fools do good, and 'fair[a] men call for 'grace;
'Aaron will have his soul 'black—like his 'face. [Exit.

Tit. O, here I lift this 'one hand up to 'heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the 'earth:
If any Power will pity wretched tears,
To 'that I call.—[To Lavinia.] What! wilt thou kneel 'with me?
'Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall 'hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin[b] dim,
And stain the sun with fog; as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

A Messenger enters, carrying two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid!
Here are the 'heads of thy two noble sons,—
And here 's 'thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports; thy resolution mocked,
That woe is me to 'think upon thy woes! [Exit.

Old Marcus furiously exclaims:

Marc. Now let hot Ætna[c] 'cool in Sicily,[d]
And be my heart an ever-burning 'hell!

---

[a] upright, just. [b] the sky. [c] a volcano in Sicily.
[d] the largest of the Mediterranean islands.

These miseries are 'more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth 'ease some deal;[a]
But sorrow 'flouted-at is 'double death!

Lavinia tearfully kisses her wretched father. The old man's mind is yielding beneath his load of sorrows:

Tit. . . . When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: 'Die, Andronicus!
Thou dost 'not slumber! See thy two sons' 'heads;—
Thy warlike 'hand;—thy mangled 'daughter here;—
Thy other banished 'son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless;—and thy 'brother, I,
Even like a 'stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I 'control thy[b] griefs! . . .
Rend-off thy silver hair! thy other hand
Gnaw with thy teeth! and be this dismal sight
The closing-up of 'our most wretched eyes!—
'Now is a time to 'storm; why art 'thou 'still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Marc. Why dost thou 'laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why? . . . I have not 'another tear to shed:
Besides, this Sorrow is an 'enemy,
And would 'usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with 'tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find 'Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me,—I shall never come to 'bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be 'returned again,
Even in 'their throats that have committed them!
Lavinia, bear my hand between thy teeth:—
As for 'thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an 'exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the 'Goths, and raise an 'army there!
Let 's quickly[c] part, for we have much to do. [Exeunt Titus, Marcus, Lavinia.

Lucius is alone;

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome! Till Lucius come again,
He leaves[d] his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
If Lucius live, he will 'requite your wrongs! . . .
Now 'will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be 'revenged on Rome and Saturnine! [Exit.

---

a in some degree. b O. R. my. c O. R. kiss and. d loves.

In a short time, Lavinia is enabled to give the names of her cruel assailants, by taking a staff in her mouth, guiding it with the stumps of her wrists, and thus writing on sand, the two words "Chiron"—"Demetrius." Immediate vengeance is to follow; but the crazed father knows not how. He sends to the two murderers his grandson, the son of the banished Lucius, with a bundle of weapons—as presents from his own armoury—with mysterious verses written around the shafts. The young criminals see no significance in this proceeding; but Aaron the Moor shrewdly suspects their covert design:

Aar. [Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an 'ass!
Here 's no 'sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines,
That wound, beyond 'their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty 'Empress well afoot,
'She would 'applaud Andronicus' conceit!
But let her rest in her 'unrest awhile.

The action of the play is now precipitated by the appearance of a new personage—the infant son of the Queen; but, as the baby is *black*, Aaron resolves to substitute a *white* one; and, to prevent public knowledge, he remorselessly slays the Nurse who had brought the baby to him from the Empress. Chiron and Demetrius would willingly have put the poor infant to death; but it is saved by the father, who resolves to secure it from its enemies in Rome.

Aar. Now to the 'Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
'There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I 'll bear you 'hence;
For it is 'you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And cabin in a cave;—and bring you up
To be a 'warrior, and command a camp! [Exit with the child.

Old Titus Andronicus, distracted by his many sorrows, wildly appeals to the gods, by shooting off arrows addressed to the great deities of Rome—to Jove—to Apollo—to Mars—to Mercury—to Saturn; praying them to send down Justice to avenge his wrongs. These strangely directed missiles return to the earth, and are at once brought to Saturninus and his Court:

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An Emperor in Rome thus everborne,
Troubled, confronted thus? There nought hath passed,
But even[a] with 'law, against the wilful sons

[a] on the same level, in accordance with.

Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows 'have so overwhelmed his wits;
Shall 'we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,[a]
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to 'Heaven for his redress! [Showing scrolls on arrows.
See, here 's to Jove;—and this to Mercury;—
This to Apollo;—this to the god of War;—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the 'Senate,
And blazoning 'our injustice every-where?
A 'goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, In Rome no 'justice were!

The Empress plausibly interrupts:

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and 'bear the faults of Titus' age,—
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his heart;
And rather 'comfort his distressful plight,
Than prosecute the 'meanest or the 'best,
For these contempts. [Aside.] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze[b] with 'all:
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the 'quick,—
Thy 'life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.—

A clownish Messenger enters with a letter, which the Emperor angrily peruses:

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I 'endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be 'borne?—As if his traitorous sons,
(That died by 'law for murder of our brother,)
Have, by 'my means, been butchered 'wrongfully!—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:[c]—
For this proud mock, 'I 'll be thy slaughterman!
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'd'st to make me great,
In hope 'thyself should govern Rome and me! [Æmilius enters.
—What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gathered head, and hither march
Led-on by Lucius, son to old Andronicus.

---

a wild revenges. b wheedle, talk smoothly.
c immunity, exemption from punishment.

Sat. 'Is warlike Lucius 'general of the Goths?
'These tidings nip[a] me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our 'sorrows to approach!
Tam. Why should you 'fear? is not your city 'strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens may favour 'Lucius,
And will revolt from 'me to succour 'him.
Tam. King, be thy 'thoughts imperious, like thy 'name.
Is the sun 'dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers 'little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they 'mean thereby,
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint[b] their melody;
Even so may'st 'thou the giddy men of Rome
Then 'cheer thy spirits; for know, thou Emperor,
I will 'enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks[c] to sheep.
Sat. But he will 'not entreat his son for us?
Tam. If 'Tamora entreat him, then he 'will;
For I can smooth and fill his agéd ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart 'obey my tongue.—
Æmilius, go, be our ambassador:
Say that the Emperor requests a 'parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message 'honourably:
And if he stand[d] on 'hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand 'what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.
Tam. Now will 'I to that old Andronicus,
And temper[e] him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius 'from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in 'my devices.
Sat. Then go 'successantly,[f] and plead to him. [Exeunt.

The Goths are eager to embrace any opportunity of revenge over their Roman conquerors. An army is soon raised, and led by Lucius—the only surviving son of Titus Andronicus—before the very walls of the imperial city. Their general addresses them:

Luc. Approvéd warriors, and my faithful friends,

---

a chill. b stop. c clover flowers. d insist on. e cause him to yield.
f successfully.

I have received here letters from great Rome,
Which signify—what hate they bear their 'Emperor,
And how desirous of 'our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,[a]
Let 'them make 'treble satisfaction.

A Gothic soldier enters, leading in Aaron, a prisoner—carrying his child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renownéd Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a 'child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe 'controlled[b] with this discourse:—
"Peace, tawny slave! half me, and half thy dam!
Had Nature lent thee but thy 'mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an 'Emperor!
Peace, villain, peace,"—even thus he rates[c] the babe—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty 'Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the 'Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy 'mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither.

Luc. O 'worthy Goth! . . . This is the incarnate devil,
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl[d] that pleased your Empress' eye!
Say, wall-eyed slave! whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No, not a word?
A 'halter, soldiers! 'hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of villainy!

Aar. . . . Touch not the 'boy! he is of 'royal blood!

Luc. Too like the 'sire, for ever being 'good.—
First, hang the 'child, that he may 'see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder! [A ladder is brought, and Aaron is made to ascend.

Aar. O Lucius! 'save the child;
And bear it from me to the Empress.
If thou do 'this, I 'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may 'advantage thee to hear:

---

a harm, injury. b quieted. c chides. d the old proverb says: "A dark man is a pearl to a fair woman."

If thou wilt 'not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more,—but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall 'live, and I will see it 'nourished.
Aar. An if it 'please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy 'soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, maimings, massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots[a] of mischief, treason, villainies—
Ruthful to 'hear, yet pitilessly 'performed:
And this shall all be buried by my 'death,
Unless thou 'swear to me my child shall live!
Luc. Tell-on thy mind: I 'say, thy child shall live.
Aar. 'Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. 'Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no 'God:
That granted, how canst thou believe an 'oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, 'indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know 'thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called thy conscience,
Therefore I 'urge thy oath:—for thou shalt vow—
By that same god,—what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To 'save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by 'my God I swear to thee I will.
Aar. First know thou, then,—the 'Empress is his mother:—
'T was 'her two sons that murdered Bassianus:—
'They cut thy sister's tongue, and lopped her hands.
Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains,—like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their 'tutor to instruct them.
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of 'me,—
As true a dog as ever fought at head.[b]—
'I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
'I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, confederate with her sons;
'I played the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pryed me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his 'hand, he had his two sons' 'heads;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily
That both 'mine eyes were rainy like to 'his:

[a] conspiracies. [b] the bull-dog generally seizes the opponent's head.

And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swounded[a] almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses!

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never 'blush?

Aar. Ay,—like a 'black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, . . . that I had not done a thousand 'more!
Even now I 'curse the day—and yet, I think
Few come within the 'compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;—
As kill a man, or else 'devise his death;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged-up dead men from their graves,
And set them 'upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have, with my knife, oft carved in Roman letters,
"*Let not your 'sorrow die, though 'I am dead.*"
Tut! I have done a 'thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a 'fly;
And nothing grieves me 'heartily, indeed,
But that I 'cannot do 'ten thousand 'more.

Luc. Bring down the monster;[b] for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.—

Æmilius enters.

Welcome, Æmilius! What 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by 'me,
And craves a 'parley at your father's house;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be 'immediately delivered.

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give 'his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—Now, soldiers, march away. [Exeunt.

The Scene now changes to a street in Rome, before Titus's house. The Empress Tamora, and her sons Demetrius and Chiron, enter disguised.

---

[a] swooned. [b] O. R. devil.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge; sent from below
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,[a]
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to 'join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

They knock, and the crazed Titus opens his study-door.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your 'trick to make me 'ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away?
You are deceived: for what I 'mean to do,
See here, in 'bloody lines I have set down;
And what is 'written shall be 'executed.

Tam. Lord Titus, I am come to 'talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: How can I 'grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it 'action?[b]
Thou hast the odds[c] of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst 'know me, thou 'wouldst talk with me.

Tit. . . . I am not 'mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness 'all sorrow,—that I know thee 'well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora. . . .
Is not thy coming for my 'other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am 'not Tamora:
'She is thy 'enemy, and I thy 'friend.
I am 'Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working 'wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Tit. 'Art thou Revenge? and art thou 'sent to me,
To be a torment to mine 'enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, 'ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side Rapine and Murder stand;
Now give some ''surance that thou 'art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels!

Tam. These are my 'Ministers, and come 'with me.

Tit. 'Are these thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore they 're called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of 'men.

---

a stays. b "action is eloquence." O. R. (quarto) that accord. c advantage.

Tit. Great Jove,[a] how like the Empress' 'sons they are!
And you, the 'Empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.—
O 'sweet Revenge! 'now do I come to thee;
And, if 'one arm's embracement will content thee,
I 'will embrace thee in it by-and-by. [Exit Titus from the balcony.

Tam. This closing[b] with him fits his lunacy.—
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do 'you uphold, maintain it in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold 'him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out-of-hand[c]
To scatter and disperse the giddy 'Goths;
Or, at the least, make them his 'enemies. . . .
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Titus enters from the house:

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for 'thee!
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too;—
'All welcome, as you are. What shall we 'do?

Tam. What wouldst thou 'have us do, Andronicus?
Show us a 'thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And we will be revenged on 'all of them.

Tit. [To Chi.] Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that 's like 'thyself,
Good Murder, 'stab him: he 's a 'murderer!—
Go thou [to Dem.] 'with him; and when it is 'thy hap
To find another that is like to 'thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: 'he 's a villain too!—
Go 'thou [to Tam.] with them; and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thine 'own proportion,
For up and down she doth 'resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some 'violent death;—
'They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou 'lessoned us: this shall we 'do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for 'Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house?

---

[a] O. R. Good Lord. [b] agreeing. [c] by some sudden device.

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring-in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;
'Then on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart!
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. [Calling.] Marcus, my brother!—'t is sad Titus calls. [Marcus enters.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Tell him, the Emperor, and the Empress too,
Feast at my house; and 'he shall feast 'with them:
This do 'thou for my love; and so let 'him,—
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This 'will I do, and soon will I return. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about 'thy business,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Rapine and Murder both must stay with 'me.

Tam. [Aside to her sons.] What say you, boys? 'Will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor
How I have governed our determined jest? . . .
'Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I come[a] again.

While they converse apart, Titus says:

Tit. [Aside.] I know them all, though they suppose me 'mad,
And will 'o'erreach them in their own devices!

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot[b] to betray thy foes.

Tit. I 'know thou dost: And, sweet Revenge, farewell. [Exit Tamora.

Chiron turns to Titus:

Chi. Tell us, old man, 'how shall we be employed?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither! Caius, and Valentine! [Publius and others enter.
Know you these two?

Pub. The 'Empress' sons, I take[c] them; Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is 'Murder, 'Rapine the other's name;
And therefore . . . bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them!

---

[a] O. R. turn. [b] conspiracy. [c] consider.

Oft have you heard me 'wish for such an hour,
And now I 'find it: therefore, bind them 'sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. [Exit Titus.

Publius and the others seize Chiron and Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the 'Empress' sons.

Pub. And 'therefore do we what we are commanded:—

Titus, with Lavinia, re-enters; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come! Come, Lavinia! look, thy foes are 'bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not 'speak to me,
But let them 'hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! . . .
Hark, wretches! 'how I mean to martyr you:—
This 'one hand yet is left . . . to cut your throats!
Whilst that Lavinia, 'tween her stumps, doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your 'mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me 'mad.—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And, with your blood and it, I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin[a] I will rear,
And make 'two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that wanton, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the Earth, swallow her 'own increase.[b]
'This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit-on!
And now 'prepare your throats!—Lavinia, come.

[He cuts their throats.

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper[c] it;
And in that paste let their vile[d] heads be baked.—
Come, come! be every one officious
To make this banquet; which, I wish, may prove
'More stern and bloody than the 'Centaurs'[e] feast.
So! Now bring them in, for 'I will play the 'cook,
And 'see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

The Scene is now the Court of Titus's house: tables are set out for a banquet to be given to the Emperor and Empress. The general Lucius enters, accompanied by his uncle Marcus, and many Goths; with Aaron a prisoner.

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[a] raised pie-crust. [b] production. [c] mingle [d] O. R. vil'd.
[e] monsters of Thessaly, half men, half horses, who, after a banquet, were almost exterminated by Hercules and the Lapithæ (a warlike Thessalian race).

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind[a]
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
And, uncle, take-you-in this barbarous Moor.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him
Till he be brought unto the Empress'[b] face,
For 'testimony of her foul proceedings;
And see the ambush[c] of our friends be strong:
I fear the Emperor means no 'good to us.

Aar. [Aside.] Some devil whisper 'curses in mine ear;
And prompt me, that my tongue may 'utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart?

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Trumpets sound.
The trumpets show the Emperor is at 'hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes, and others. The Emperor, astonished at the magnificent banquet, exclaims:

Sat. What! hath the firmament 'more suns than one?

The Tribune Marcus advances:

Marc. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, 'break the parle;[d]
These quarrels must be 'quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordered[e] to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, draw nigh, and take your places, lords.

The hautboys sound while the Guests take their seats. Titus enters, dressed like a cook; Lavinia, veiled; with Lucius and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread Queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, son Lucius;
And welcome 'all. Although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

The Emperor asks:

Sat. Why art thou 'thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my 'heart, you 'were.—
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:—
Was it 'well done of rash Virginius,[f]
To 'slay his daughter with his own right hand?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

---

[a] desire. [b] O. R. Emperor's. [c] place of concealment. [d] open the conference. [e] O. R. ordained. [f] a Roman Centurion who stabbed his daughter to frustrate the designs of Appius Claudius the Decemvir, (about 449 B. C.)

Tit. Your 'reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not 'survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant
For 'me, most wretched, to perform the 'like. . . .

He stabs Lavinia.

Die, die, Lavinia, and 'thy shame with thee;
And 'with thy shame thy father's 'sorrow die!
Sat. . . . What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?
Tit. Killed 'her,—for whom my tears have made me blind!
'I am as woful as 'Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more 'cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now 'done! . . .
[To Tam.] Will 't please you eat? will 't please your 'highness feed?

The Empress asks in amazement:

Tam. 'Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not 'I;— 't was 'Chiron, and 'Demetrius:
And they, 't was 'they, that did her 'all this wrong!
Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. . . . Why, 'there they are—both, baked within that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point!

Titus stabs Tamora. The Emperor exclaims:

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurséd deed!

The Emperor stabs Titus. Lucius exclaims:

Luc. Can the 'son's eye behold his 'father bleed?
There 's meed 'for meed;—death for a deadly deed!

Lucius kills Saturninus. A great tumult ensues. The people in terror are about to disperse, when Marcus and Lucius hasten to address them:

1 *Rom.* You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome!
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I 'utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of 'tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most;
Here is our Captain: let 'him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb, and weep to hear him speak.

Lucius advances:

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That curséd Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our late Emperor's brother;
And they it was that ruined our dear sister;
For 'their fell[a] faults, 'our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despised; he[b] basely cozened[c]
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banished hence;
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To 'beg relief among Rome's enemies—
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend. . . .
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing 'my worthless praise. O, pardon me:
For, when no 'friends are by, men praise 'themselves.

Old Marcus comes forward:

Marc. Now is 'my turn to speak. Behold this child,
(Of this was 'Tamora the wicked mother)—
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
To witness this is true. What say you, Romans?
Have we done aught 'amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
We,—poor remainder of the Andronici,—
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our House.[d]
'Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say we 'shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmilius addresses old Marcus the Tribune:

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our 'Emperor gently in thy hand,—
'Lucius our Emperor!—for well I know,
The common voice will cry, It shall be so!

Marcus says:

Marc. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal Emperor!—
[To attendants.] Go, go into old Titus' sorrow'd[e] house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful 'slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.— [Exeunt attendants.
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

---

[a] fearful. [b] O. R. and. [c] cheated.
[d] race, family. [e] O. R. sorrowful.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

The Attendants re-enter, with Aaron.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been 'breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he 'dies. This is our doom!
Aar. . . . Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury 'dumb?
I am no 'baby, I, that with base 'prayers
I should 'repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand 'worse than ever yet I did
'Would I perform, if I might have my 'will.—
If 'one 'good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
'My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed within our household's monument.—
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No 'funeral rite, nor man in 'mournful weeds,
No mournful 'bell shall ring 'her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have 'like want of pity.
See justice done on[a] Aaron, that vile Moor,
By whom our heavy 'haps[b] had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the State,
That 'like events may ne'er it ruinate.[c] [Exeunt.

End of Titus Andronicus.

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[a] O. R. to. [b] mishaps. [c] bring to ruin.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The Tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" is generally admired as the dramatic representation of a passion in which all men and women either have been, are, or hope to be, interested—Love; sudden, as it sometimes is; indiscreet, as it often is; unhappy, as it too frequently is; ardent and variable, as it always is.

The story of Romeo and Juliet has been frequently told in prose and poetry: Dante, in his "Divine Comedy," refers to this family feud of the Capulets and the Montagues; it was the subject of an English Poem by Arthur Brooke in 1562; and it is included in the Collection of Tales known as "The Palace of Pleasure," published in 1567, by William Painter.

Shakespeare's was not the first dramatic composition on this subject. Arthur Brooke's Poem is entitled, "The Tragicalle Historye of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constansie; with the subtill counsels and practices of an old Fryer and their ill event." In the preface the author says: "I saw the same argument lately set forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for, being there much better set forth than I have, or can do." This high praise belongs to a dramatist of an earlier date, as these words were printed in 1562—two years before Shakespeare was born. But no copy of the play is extant now.

Shakespeare's Tragedy must have been written in 1596. It was printed in 1597, and again in 1599, but the author's name is not on either title-page. The second version is stated to be "newly corrected, augmented and amended," and differs very little from the folio of 1623.

The Time of the action is about a week in the beginning of the 14th century (1303) and the Scene is, during the greater part of the play, in Verona; once, in the fifth act, in Mantua.

Dramatis Personæ:

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Austrian nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *Heads of two Houses, at variance with each other.*

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MEROUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

PETER, *servant to Capulet.*

An Apothecary.

Chorus.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both Houses; Maskers, and Attendants.

The Tragedy is preceded by a Prologue, spoken by the Chorus:

'Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona where we lay our scene,
From 'ancient grudge break to 'new mutiny,
Where civil 'blood makes civil 'hands unclean.

From forth the fatal sires[a] of these two foes,
A pair of star-crossed 'lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their 'death, bury their 'parents' strife.

The fearful passage of 'their death-marked 'love,
And the continuance of their parents 'rage,—
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,—
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall 'miss, our toil shall strive to 'mend.
[Exit.

Among the noble families in the city of Verona were those of Capulet and Montague—rivals and enemies. The mediation of friends, and the power of their rulers, had been vainly exerted to pacify them. On one occasion, the foolish wrangling of the servants of Lord Capulet with those of Lord Montague, had called for the joint interference of Benvolio, (a kinsman of Montague,) and Tybalt, (a nephew of Capulet). The Chiefs of the rival families met in the midst of the fierce outbreak, which was with difficulty quelled by the Prince of Verona himself:

Prin. 'Rebellious subjects! enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainéd steel,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered[b] weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movéd Prince:—
'Three civil brawls, bred of an airy 'word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our town:[c]
If ever you disturb our streets 'again,
Your 'lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
Once more, on pain of 'death! all men depart. [Exeunt Prince, &c.

The family feud thus allayed for a time, Lady Montague anxiously inquires of Benvolio for her son:

La. Mon. O, where is 'Romeo? saw you him 'to-day?
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered[d] forth the golden window of the east,

---

[a] O. R. loins. [b] angry. [c] O. R. streets. [d] came in sight, appeared.

So 'early-walking, did I see your son:
Towards him I 'made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the 'wood.

Mon. 'Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears 'augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds 'more clouds with his deep sighs:
Could we but learn from 'whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Benvolio advises Lord and Lady Montague to withdraw, that he may freely question Romeo, who, he has reason to believe, has fallen in love with Rosaline, the fair niece of Lord Capulet: although the lady does not, in any degree, return his affection.

Romeo enters.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! 'sad hours seem 'long.
Was that my 'father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—'What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. 'Not having that, which, 'having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I 'am in love.—
Where shall we dine? Oh me! What 'fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with 'hate, but more with 'love:
Love! heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!...
Dost thou not 'laugh?

Ben. No, coz; I rather 'weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's 'oppression.

Tell me, in 'sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. In sadness, cousin, I do love—a 'woman.

Ben. I aimed 'so near, when I supposed you loved.—
Be 'ruled by me; 'forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me 'how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving 'liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine 'other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way to call hers, exquisite!
He that is stricken[a] blind 'cannot 'forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight 'lost.
Show me a mistress that is 'passing[b] fair,—

[a] O. R. strucken. [b] surpassingly.

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who 'passed that passing fair?
Farewell: thou 'canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. Yet stay: To-night our 'enemy holds festival.
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With 'all the admiréd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare 'her face with some that 'I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy 'swan a 'crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of 'mine eye
Maintains such 'falsehood, then turn tears to 'fires;
And these, who, often drowned, could never 'die,
(Transparent heretics,) be 'burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love? the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw 'her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being 'by,
Herself poised 'with herself in either eye;
But, in that crystal scale, let there be weighed[a]
Your lady[b]-love against some 'other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And 'she shall scant[c] show 'well, that now shows 'best.

Rom. I' ll 'go along,—no 'such sight to be shown;
But to rejoice in splendour of mine 'own.

The Scene is now a Room in Lord Capulet's House. Lady Capulet inquires:

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my faith, I 'bade her come.—What, lamb!
What, ladybird!—Where is this girl?—what, Juliet!

Juliet enters:

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. 'This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in 'secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remembered me thou shalt 'hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age?

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an 'hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my 'teeth,—

---

[a] contrasted. [b] O. R. ladies. [c] scarcely.

And yet, to my teen[a] be it spoken, I have but 'four,—
She is 'not fourteen. How long is 't now to Lammas-[b]tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at 'night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she were of an age: Well, Susan 's dead;
She was too good for 'me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.—
Thou wast the 'prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee 'married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your 'disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour[c] that I 'dream not of.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage 'now. Thus, then, in brief,—
The valiant 'Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A 'man, young lady! lady, 'such a man,
As all the world—why, he 's a man of 'wax![d]

La. Cap. Verona's 'summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, 'he 's a flower; in faith, a 'very flower!

La. Cap. What 'say you? can you 'love the gentleman?
This 'night you shall behold him at our feast:
Speak briefly; 'can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I 'll 'look to like—if looking liking 'move;
But no more 'deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your 'consent gives strength to make it fly. [Exeunt.

The next Scene brings before us another street in Verona: Mercutio and Benvolio, with several Maskers and Torchbearers, are accompanying the unwilling Romeo—but hopeful, perhaps, of seeing the loved Rosaline—to the Capulets' festive mansion. Benvolio says:

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner 'in,
But 'every man betake him to the dance.[e]

Rom. A 'torch for 'me: Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes[f] with their 'heels;
I 'll be a 'candle-holder, and look on: . . .
We may mean 'well in going to this feast,
But 't is no 'wit to go.

---

[a] sorrow. [b] the first day of August (loaf-mas, a day of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the year). [c] O. R. houre. [d] handsome, as if modelled in wax. [e] O. R. his legs. [f] before carpets were used, rooms were strewed with rushes.

Mer. 'Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a 'dream to-night—a dream that may be true.

Mer. O, then, I see! Queen 'Mab hath been with 'you.
She is the Fairies' midwife; and she comes,—
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,—
Drawn with a team of little atomies[a]
Athwart[b] men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated 'Gnat,—
Not half so big as a round little 'worm
Ta'en from the lazy finger of a maid;[c]
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner Squirrel, or old Grub,—
Time out of mind the Fairies' coach-makers.
And in this 'state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains,—and then 'they dream of 'love!
O'er courtiers' knees,—that dream on 'court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers,—who straight dream on 'fees:
O'er ladies' lips,—who straight on 'kisses dream!
Sometimes she gallops o'er a 'courtier's 'nose,—
And then dreams he of . . . smelling-out a suit![d]
And sometime comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a 'Parson[e] as he lies asleep,—
Then dreams 'he of another benefice!
Sometimes she driveth o'er a 'soldier's neck,—
And then dreams 'he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, 'Spanish blades;[f]
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
'Drums in his ears,—at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, 'swears a prayer or two, . .
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab—

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio; peace! Thou talk'st of 'nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of 'dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,

---

[a] atoms; extremely diminutive creatures. [b] O. R. over. [c] O. R. man.
[d] a court petition (a suit at law). [e] O. R. a parson's nose
[f] swords made at Toledo in Spain.

Begot of nothing but vain 'fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the 'air,
And even more inconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is 'done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. 'I fear, too 'early; for my mind misgives
Some 'consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despiséd 'life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely 'death:
But He that hath the 'steerage of my course
Direct my sail. On, on good[a] gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum! [Exeunt.

Romeo, still secure in his affection for Rosaline, accompanies Mercutio and Benvolio into the festive mansion: where Capulet's daughter, the fair Juliet, has been introduced to her intended suitor, the gallant Count Paris.

Old Capulet, in the gayety of his heart, addresses his masked and unexpected guests:

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with 'corns, will have a bout[b] with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all
Will now 'deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I 'll swear, 'hath corns. Am I come 'near you now?
Welcome all, gentlemen!—I have seen the day
That 'I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would 'please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone!
More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables 'up;
And 'quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

The merry dance proceeds: but Romeo—a wall-flower—stands apart, his eyes now fixed on Juliet! He inquires:

Rom. What lady 's that,
Who doth enrich the hand of yonder knight? . . .
O, she doth teach the torches to burn 'bright!
Her beauty hangs[c] upon the cheek of Night,
Like a rich jewel in an 'Ethiop's ear!
The measure[d] done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching 'hers, make happy[e] 'my rude hand.
Did my heart love till 'now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw 'true beauty till this night.

---

[a] O. R. lusty. [b] O. R. will walk about. [c] O. R. it seems she hangs.
[d] dancing. [e] O. R. blesséd.

Rosaline is already eclipsed! Alas, for the fickleness of young men—who should not, at first, express their new admiration so openly. Tybalt, the proud nephew of Lady Capulet, has been watching the uninvited strangers, and at once recognizes Romeo:

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a 'Montague!
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him 'dead I hold it not a sin.—
Uncle, this is a 'Montague, our 'foe!
Cap. Young 'Romeo is 't?
Tyb. 'T is he; that 'villain Romeo.
Cap. 'Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my 'house do him disparagement;
Therefore be 'patient; take no note of him!
Tyb. It fits, when 'such a villain is a guest:
I 'll 'not endure him!
Cap. He 'shall be endured:
What! goodman boy!—'I say, he 'shall:—Go to!
Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
'You 'll make a mutiny among my 'guests?
Be quiet, cousin, or I 'll 'make you quiet.
Tyb. Patience per'force with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will 'withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming 'sweet, convert to bitter 'gall. [Exit.

A pause in the dance enables the masked Romeo to converse with Juliet:

Rom. If I profane, with my unworthy hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fine[a] is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To 'smooth that rough touch with a tender 'kiss. [Kisses her hand.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do 'wrong your hand too much,
For 'palm to palm 'is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not 'saints 'lips, and holy 'palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim; lips that 'they must use in 'prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let 'lips do what 'hands do;
'They pray; grant 'thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Thus from 'my lips, by thine, my sin is 'purged. [Kissing her.
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have 'took.
Rom. 'Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin 'again.
Jul. 'You kiss by the 'book.

[a] penalty (O. R. sin). [b] by prescribed etiquette.

Juliet's watchful old Nurse prevents further osculation:

Nurse. Madam, your 'mother craves a word with you.

The disappointed Romeo inquires:

Rom. What 'is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the Lady of the House,—
And a 'good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter, that you 'talked withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of 'her,
Shall have the 'chinks.[a]
Rom. 'Is she a 'Capulet?
O dear account! my 'life is my foe's debt.

Benvolio says:

Ben. Romeo, away; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Old Capulet addresses his masked visitors:

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be 'gone;
We have a trifling foolish 'banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then, I 'thank you, 'all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; Good night. [Exeunt Romeo, &c.

All withdraw, except Juliet and her old duenna.

Jul. Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What 's he, that 'now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.
Jul. . . . What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, 'ask his name.—If he be 'marriéd,
My 'grave is like to be 'my wedding-bed. . . .
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only 'love, sprung from my only 'hate!
Too early seen 'unknown,—and known too late!
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced with.

Lady Capulet calls within.

Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

It is now midnight, and Romeo, with his companions, has departed, but he soon leaves them: for, unable to stay from the place

---

[a] money.

where his heart is, he climbs the wall of Capulet's garden; calling on the "dull earth" of his frame to "turn back and find its centre out."

Benvolio and Mercutio shout after the runaway:

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall.
'Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll 'cónjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a 'sigh!
Speak but one 'rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but "Ah me!" pronounce[a] but "love" and "dove,"[b]—
I 'cónjure thee, by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
That, in thy likeness, thou 'appear to us!
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[c] night:
'Blind is his love, and best 'befits the dark.
Mer. Romeo, good night!—I 'll to my 'truckle-bed;[d]
This 'field-bed is too cold for 'me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek 'him here that means not to be 'found. [Exeunt.

The love-stricken Romeo, however, is within hearing. He is now standing beneath the balcony of Juliet's chamber. The midnight silence is only broken by his voice, chiding Mercutio's noisy levity:

Rom. 'He jests at 'scars, that never felt a 'wound.—

Juliet appears on the balcony.

But, soft! 'what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and 'Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon;
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far 'more fair than she!
She speaks, yet she 'says nothing; what of that?
Her 'eye discourses; I will 'answer it. . . .
I am too bold; 't is not to 'me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the 'heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her 'eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

---

[a] O. R. provaunt. [b] O. R. day. [c] humid, dewy. [d] a bed that runs on wheels.

What if her eyes 'were there, 'they in her head?
The brightness of her 'cheek would 'shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: 'her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night!
See, 'how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a 'glove upon that hand,
That 'I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.—
O, speak 'again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As 'is a wingéd messenger of heaven,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing[a] clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou 'Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn 'my 'love,
And 'I 'll no longer be a 'Capulet.

Rom. [Aside.] Shall I hear 'more? or shall I speak at 'this?

Jul. 'T is but thy 'name that is my enemy:—
What 's in a name? that which we call a 'rose,
By 'any other name[b] would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would (were he 'not Romeo called)
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,[c]
'Without that title.—Romeo, 'doff[d] thy name;
And 'for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all 'myself!

Rom. I take thee, at thy 'word!
Call me but 'love, and I 'll be 'new-baptized;
Henceforth, I never will be 'Romeo.

Jul. . . . What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not 'how to tell thee who I am:
My name, (dear saint!) is hateful to 'myself,
Because it is an enemy to 'thee:
Had I it 'written, I would 'tear the word!

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I 'know the sound!
Art thou not 'Romeo, and a 'Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint,[e] if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither? tell me! and for what?[f]

---

[a] O. R. lazie-puffing. [b] O. R. word. [c] owns, posseses. [d] cast aside.
[e] O. R. maid. [f] O. R. wherefore.

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place 'death,—considering who thou art,—
If any of my 'kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine 'eye,
Than 'twenty of their 'swords: look 'thou but sweet,
And I am 'proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the 'world they saw thee here!
By whose 'direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent 'me counsel, and 'I lent 'him 'eyes.
I am no 'pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I 'should adventure . . . for 'such merchandise!

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of 'night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on 'form;. fain, fain 'deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
'Dost thou 'love me? I know thou wilt 'say—"Ay,"
And I will 'take thy word! . . . yet, if thou 'swear'st,
Thou may'st prove 'false: at 'lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove 'laughs. O gentle Romeo!
If thou 'dost love, pronounce it 'faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too 'quickly won,
I 'll 'frown, and be 'perverse, and say thee 'nay, . . .
So thou wilt 'woo! but, else, not for the 'world!
In truth, fair Montague, I am 'too 'fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour[a] 'light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more 'true
Than those that have more 'cunning[b] to be 'strange.[c]
I 'should have been more strange, I must confess;
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
'My true love's 'passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to 'light love,
Which the dark night hath 'so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear[d]—

Jul. O, swear not by the 'moon,—the 'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,—
Lest that thy 'love prove likewise variable.

Rom. 'What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious 'self,—
Which is the 'god of my idolatry,—
And I 'll 'believe thee!

---

[a] behaviour. [b] O. R. coying. [c] shy or distant. [d] O. R. vow.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in 'thee,
I have 'no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning,—which doth 'cease to be,
Ere one can 'say, "It lightens." . . . Sweet, good night!
This 'bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous 'flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! 'As sweet repose and rest
Come to 'thy heart, as that within 'my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so,—unsatisfied?
Jul. 'What satisfaction 'canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of 'thy love's faithful vow for 'mine.
Jul. I 'gave thee mine 'before thou didst request it; . . .
And yet I would it were to give 'again!
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, . . . and 'give it thee again!
My 'bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My 'love as deep; the more I 'give to thee,
The more I 'have, for both are infinite! [The Nurse calls.
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true. . . .
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.
Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
'Being in night, all this is but a 'dream—
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Juliet returns:

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent[a] of love be 'honourable,
Thy purpose 'marriage,—send me word, to-morrow,
(By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,)
Where, and what time, thou wilt 'perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee,—my 'lord!—throughout the world:
Nurse. [Within.] Madam!
Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not 'well,
I do beseech thee—
Nurse. [Within.] Madam!
Jul. By-and-by, I come.—
To cease thy suit,[b] and leave me to my grief: . . .
To-morrow 'will I send?
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. . . . A thousand times good night! [Exit.

[a] inclination. [b] O. R. strife.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to 'want thy light.—
Love goes 'toward love, as school-boys 'from their books;
But love 'from love, toward 'school, with 'heavy looks.

As Romeo slowly retires, Juliet reappears.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a 'falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle[a] back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and 'may not speak 'aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where 'Echo lies;
And make her 'airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my 'Romeo's name.

Rom. It 'is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,—
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo?

Rom. My sweet![b]

Jul. . . . By what 'o'clock to-morrow shall I send?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not 'fail: . . . 't is twenty 'years till then. . . .
I have forgot 'why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou 'remember it?

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee 'still stand there,—
Remembering how I love thy company!

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to 'have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. . . . 'T is almost morning! I would have thee 'gone:
And yet, no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a 'little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves;[c]
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I 'were thy bird!

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should 'kill thee—with much 'cherishing!
Good night, good night! Parting is such 'sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—Good night, . . . till it be 'morrow!

[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would 'I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! . . .
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's cell,[d]
His help to crave, and my dear hap[e] to tell! [Exit.

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[a] the tersel—a tamed hawk. [b] O. R. neece. [c] chains, fetters.
[d] O. R. Fries close cell. [e] good fortune.

Friar Laurence, to whose lowly hermitage Romeo now goes, is a man of much learning, acquainted with many of the secrets of Nature—especially with the wonderful occult properties of the vegetable kingdom. It was necessary, for the ensuing plot, that the Friar should possess this knowledge; and he is therefore introduced, contemplating his favourite study:

Fri. The grey-eyed 'morn smiles on the frowning 'night,
Chequering the 'eastern clouds with streaks of 'light.
Now, ere the sun 'advance his burning eye,—
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,—
I must up-fill this osier-cage[a] of ours
With baleful 'weeds, and precious-juicéd 'flowers.
O! mickle[b] is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so 'vile that on the earth doth live,
But 'to the earth some special 'good doth give.
Virtue itself turns 'vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action 'dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small[c] flower,
'Poison hath residence, and 'medicine 'power:
For this, being 'smelt, with 'that sense[d] 'cheers each part;
Being 'tasted, 'slays all senses, with the 'heart.
Two such opposéd Kings encamp them still
In 'man as well as herbs,—Grace, and rude Will;
And where the 'worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats-up that plant.

Romeo calls without:

Rom. Good morrow, Father.
Fri. Benedicite![e]
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?— [Romeo enters.
Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So 'soon to bid good-morrow to 'thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every 'old man's eye,
And where 'Care lodges, 'Sleep will never lie;
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature:
Wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have 'forgot that name,—and that name's woe!
Fri. That 's my good son! But where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I 'll tell thee ere thou ask it me 'again.
I have been feasting with mine 'enemy;

[a] basket made of willows. [b] great [c] O. R. weak. [d] O. R. part.
[e] an invocation of blessing.

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded 'me,
That 's 'by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.[a]

Fri. Be plain, good son, and 'homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know,—my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich 'Capulet:
As mine on 'hers, so hers is set on 'mine;
But when, and where, and how we met, and wooed,
I 'll tell thee as we pass: But 'this I pray,—
That thou consent to 'marry us, 'to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou 'didst love so dear,
So soon 'forsaken? 'young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their 'hearts, but in their 'eyes.
But come, young waverer; come, and go with me;
In one respect, I 'll thy assistant 'be;
For 'this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your 'households' rancour to pure 'love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden 'haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow: They 'stumble, that run 'fast. [Exeunt.

While these events are progressing, we overhear, on the street, a spirited conversation between Benvolio and Mercutio:

Mer. Where the mischief should this Romeo be?
Came he not 'home to-night?

Ben. Not to his 'father's; I spoke with his 'man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run 'mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a 'letter to his father's house.

Mer. A 'challenge, on my life!

Ben. Romeo will 'answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already 'dead!—stabbed, with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin[b] of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.[c] And is 'he a man to encounter 'Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what 'is Tybalt?

Mer. More than 'Prince of Cats,[d] I can tell you. O, he is the courageous Captain of Compliments! He fights,

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[a] O. R. lies. [b] the central fastening of a target. [c] Cupid's arrow
[d] In the story of "Reynard the Fox," Tybert is the name of the cat.

as you sing print-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his 'minim[a] rest,—one, two,—and the third in your 'bosom! the very butcher of a silk button; a 'duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first 'house,[b] of the First and Second 'Cause.[c] Ah, the immortal passado![d] the punto reverso![d] the hay![d]—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"Ah! a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very fine girl!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that 'we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these "pardonnez-mois!"[e] O, their "'bons," their "'bons!"[f]

Ben. Here comes Romeo! Here comes Romeo!

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, flesh, how art thou 'fishified! Now is 'he for the numbers that 'Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to 'his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; (marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her;) Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. [Romeo enters.] Signior Romeo, "bon jour!"[g] there 's a 'French salutation for you. You gave us the 'counterfeit[h] fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. 'What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip,[h] sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio; my business was great; and, in such a case as 'mine, a man may 'strain courtesy.

Juliet's Nurse and her man Peter are seen approaching:

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt,—and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter—to hide her face.

Nurse. Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Give ye good 'den,[i] fair gentle'woman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young 'Romeo?

Rom. [Advancing.] 'I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault[j] of a worse.

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[a] long note in music (equal to two crotcheta). [b] family. [c] the order of causes of quarrel in fighting a duel. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," names Seven Causes (Act V, Scene 4.) [d] terms in fencing. [e] a term of apology (O. R. pardon mee's). [f] a term of approval, good (O. R. bones). [g] good morning. [h] counterfeit coin was called alip. [i] evening. [j] default.

Nurse. You say well. If you 'be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper. So ho! So ho!—Romeo, will you come to your 'father's? we 'll to 'dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady!
[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy 'merchant[a] was this, that was so full of his roguery?[b]

Rom. A 'gentleman, Nurse, that loves to 'hear himself 'talk; and will speak more in a 'minute, than he will stand to in a 'month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against 'me, I 'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and 'twenty such Jacks; and if 'I cannot, I 'll find those that 'shall . . . Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills![c]—And, Peter, 'thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? [Striking Peter.

Peter. . . . I saw 'no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should 'quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion—in a 'good quarrel, and the law on 'my side.

Nurse. Now, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: And, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me 'say, I will keep to 'myself: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a 'fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an 'ill thing to be offered to 'any gentlewoman, and very 'weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, 'commend me to thy lady and mistress. I 'protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will 'tell her as much. O, she will be a 'joyful woman.

Rom. 'What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not 'mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do 'protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like 'offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to 'shrift[d]
'This 'afternoon;

[a] a tradesman, in opposition to a gentleman. [b] O. R ropery. [c] girlish flirts. [d] confession.

And there she shall, at Friar Laurence' cell,
Be shrived, and 'married. Here is for thy pains. [Giving purse.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you 'shall.

Nurse. [Taking purse.] This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. Stay thou, good Nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man[a] shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,[b]
Which to the high top-gallant[c] of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret 'night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit[d] thy pains.
Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before. Before and 'apace! [Exeunt.

Meanwhile Juliet lingers in the garden, anxiously awaiting the return of her Messenger:

Jul. The clock struck 'nine, when I did 'send the Nurse;
In half-an-hour she 'promised to return.
O, she is 'lame! 'Love's heralds should be 'thoughts,—
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving-back shadows over louring hills:—
Therefore do nimble-pinioned 'doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift 'Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the 'highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—and yet she is not come!
Had 'she affections, and warm 'youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a 'ball;
My 'words would 'bandy[e] her to my sweet love,
And 'his to 'me!

The Nurse enters.

O here she comes!—O honey Nurse, what news?

Nurse. . . . I am aweary; give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. Nay, come, I 'pray thee, speak! good, good Nurse, speak!
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that!

Nurse. . . . Well, you have made a 'simple choice; you

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[a] servant. [b] steps as in a ship's tackle. [c] the highest part of a ship's mast. [d] requite. [e] drive her on, like a ball struck with a bandy (or bat).

know not 'how to choose a man. Go thy ways, wench; serve heaven. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. . . . What says he of our 'marriage? what of 'that?

Nurse. O! 'how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. . . .
My back!—o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my 'death with jaunting up-and-down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. . . .
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, 'tell me 'what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
And a courteous,—and a kind,—and a handsome,—
And, I warrant, a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is 'within;
Where 'should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nurse. O, are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow!
Is 'this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward, do your messages 'yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil!—Come! what says Romeo?

Nurse. . . . Have you got leave to go to 'shrift to-day?
Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a 'husband—to make you a 'wife!
Go: 'I 'll to dinner; hie 'you to the 'cell.

Jul. Hie to high 'fortune!—Honest Nurse, farewell. [Exeunt.

Friar Laurence, actuated by the best of motives, becomes a willing party to this clandestine union, and the ceremony is about to be performed. The Friar and Romeo are in the cell, awaiting the arrival of Juliet.

Fri. So 'smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with 'sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! But come what sorrow 'can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of 'joy
'That one short minute gives me in 'her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
'Then love-devouring Death do what he dare!
It is enough I may but call her 'mine!

Fri. These violent 'delights have violent 'ends,
And in their triumph 'die! like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, 'consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own 'deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love 'moderately; 'long love doth so;
Too 'swift arrives as tardy as too 'slow.
Here comes the lady.

Juliet approaches, and Romeo hastens to welcome her.

O, so light a foot
Will 'ne'er wear-out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers[a]
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall;—so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Cónfessor.

Fri. 'Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of 'thy joy
Be heaped like 'mine, and that thy 'skill be more
To 'blazon[b] it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich 'Music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit,[c] more rich in 'matter than in words,
Brags of his 'substance, not of 'ornament:
They are but 'beggars that can 'count their worth;
But 'my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum-up 'half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me: you shall not stay alone
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

The ill-fated ceremony is immediately performed. Although in this case marriage was made in haste, repentance did not come with leisure. But the course of true love was made rough by other causes. On the very day when the hostile families were thus united, the old feud between the Capulets and the Montagues again broke forth. While Tybalt is searching for the hated Montague, the friends of Romeo are wondering at his absence: Benvolio says to the merry Mercutio:

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's 'retire:
The day is hot; the Capulets abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a 'brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "Heaven send me no 'need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the 'drawer,[d] when, 'indeed, there is no need.

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[a] the spider's filaments. [b] display, publish. [c] imagination.
[d] waiter, attendant.

Ben. 'Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy. An there were 'two such, we should have 'none shortly; for one would kill the other. Thou!—Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair 'more, or a hair 'less, in his beard than 'thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts,—having no other reason but because thou hast 'hazel eyes. Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. Thou 'hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall-out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor 'me from quarrelling!

Ben. By my head, here 'come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tybalt and others enter.

Tyb. Gentlemen, good den.[a] A 'word with one of you.

Mer. And but one 'word with one of us? 'Couple it with something; make it a word and a 'blow.

Tyb. You shall find 'me apt enough to 'that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not 'take some occasion 'without giving?

Tyb. . . . Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—

Mer. Consort! What! dost thou make us 'minstrels? an thou make minstrels of 'us, look to hear nothing but 'discords: here 's my 'fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you 'dance. 'Zounds, 'consort!

Benvolio says:

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw into some 'private place,
Or else depart; here 'all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were 'made to look, and 'let them gaze:
I will not budge for 'no man's pleasure, 'I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with 'you, sir. Here comes 'my man!

Mer. But I 'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your 'livery!

Romeo happens to be passing, and Tybalt, without the slightest provocation, proceeds to insult him.

Tyb. Romeo! the 'hate[b] I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a 'villain!

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[a] evening. [b] O. R. love.

Rom. Tybalt! . . . the reason that I have to 'love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining 'rage
To 'such a greeting: Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me 'not.
Tyb. Boy! this shall not 'excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw!
Rom. I do protest, I 'never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the 'reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mercutio exclaims:

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata[a] carries it away Tybalt, you 'rat-catcher! [Draws.
Tyb. What wouldst 'thou have with me?
Mer. Good 'King of Cats,[b] nothing—but 'one of your 'nine lives. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[c] by the ears? make haste, lest 'mine be about 'your ears ere it be out. Come, sir, your passado.[d] [They fight.

Romeo interferes:

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.—
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

Romeo in vain endeavours to part the combatants; and Tybalt exultingly rushes out, after Mercutio has received a mortal wound:

Mer. I am hurt:—
A plague o' 'both your houses! I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?
Ben. What! art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—
Go, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.
Rom. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be 'much.
Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is 'enough, 't will 'serve: I am 'peppered, I warrant, for 'this world.—A plague o' 'both your houses!—What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to 'scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, why, Romeo, came 'you between us? . . . I was hurt under your arm.

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[a] a thrust with a rapier (i. e. the rapier thruster.)
[b] Tibert was a name formerly given to a male cat.
[c] scabbard.
[d] a pass in fencing.

Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. . . . Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of 'me: I have it,
And soundly too: . . . Ask for me to-morrow,
And you shall find me . . . a 'grave man. [Exit Ben. with Mer.

Mercutio is supported away by Benvolio. Romeo is alone.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
Hath got his mortal hurt in 'my behalf.

Benvolio returns.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio 's 'dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the 'clouds.
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective[a] lenity,
And fire-eyed[b] 'fury be my conduct[c] now!—

Tybalt re-enters.

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
And thou or I must keep him company.
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him 'here,
Shalt with him 'hence.
Rom. 'This shall 'determine that.

They fight; and, after a fierce encounter, Tybalt falls—dead! The amazed Benvolio calls to his distracted friend:

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the Prince will doom thee 'death,
If thou art taken.—Hence!—be gone!—away!—
Rom. O, I am fortune's 'fool!— [Exit Romeo.

The Citizens crowd in, followed by the Prince and the heads of the rival families. The Prince is urged by the Capulets to pronounce the death of Romeo; but, as Tybalt had first slain Mercutio, a more lenient sentence is pronounced.

Prin. Romeo slew Tybalt, and, for that offence,
Immediately we do 'exile him hence:
I will be 'deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase-out abuses;
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in 'haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour will be his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but 'murders, 'pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.

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[a] considerate (having respect to persons). [b] O. R. fire and fury. [c] guide, conductor.

Thus, on the very day of his marriage, Romeo was sentenced to immediate banishment.—Heavy news for Juliet!—

"A wife, and a widow!—a maid, and a bride!"

But she has a short interval of sweet anticipation, before the bitter misery of this intelligence reaches her; while, as a bride, she pours forth her soul in a strain of impassioned exclamation:

Jul. Gallop 'apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus'[a] mansion![b] Such a waggoner
As Phaëton[c] would 'whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Come, night! come, Romeo! Come, thou 'day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of Night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle Night! come, loving, black-browed Night,
Give me my Romeo! and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars;
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in 'love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish[d] sun.—
So tedious is this 'day,
As is the 'night before some festival
To an impatient child, that 'hath new robes
And may not 'wear them. O, here comes my Nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's 'name speaks heavenly eloquence!

The Nurse enters.

Now, Nurse, what news? . . . Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!
Alack the day!—he 's gone, he 's killed, he 's dead!

Jul. 'Can Heaven be so 'envious?

Nurse. 'Romeo can,
Though Heaven can'not.—O, Romeo, Romeo!—

Jul. What 'devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
Hath Romeo 'slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare little 'word[e] shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of 'cockatrice.[f]

Nurse. I 'saw the wound! I saw it with mine eyes—
'Here, on his manly breast: a piteous corse!
Pale, pale as ashes! all bedaubed in blood!

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,[g] break at 'once!

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[a] the poetical name of the sun. [b] the West (O. R. lodging). [c] the son of Phœbus: borrowing his father'e horses, he drove so unskilfully that a universal conflagration was feared. [d] gaudy, glittering. [e] O. R. that bare vowel, I.
[f] a fabled serpent, the basilisk. [g] O. R. bankerout.

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion 'here;
And thou, and Romeo, press 'one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had!
That ever I should live to see thee 'dead!
Jul. . . . What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo 'slaughtered? and is 'Tybalt dead?
Nurse. Tybalt is 'dead, and Romeo 'banished;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banished!
Jul. O heaven!—'did 'Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did: alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despiséd substance of divinest 'show!
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in 'hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a 'fiend
In mortal 'paradise! O, that 'deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous 'palace!
Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; 'all 'perjured!
'Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. 'Blistered be thy tongue
For 'such a wish! 'he was not born to shame:
Upon 'his brow Shame is 'ashamed to sit;
For 't is a 'throne, where 'Honour may be crowned
'Sole monarch of the universal earth. . . .
O, what a 'beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak 'well of him that killed your 'cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak 'ill of him that is my 'husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall 'smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have 'mangled it?
'Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
My husband 'lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt 's 'dead, that would have slain my 'husband.
All this is 'comfort. Wherefore 'weep I then? . . .
'Some word there was, 'worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered 'me. . . . I would 'forget it fain;
But, O, it 'presses to my memory—
Like horrid guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo 'banished!"
That "banished,"—that 'one word "banished,"—
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. O, in that word,

Are father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
'All slain, all 'dead: "Romeo is 'banished!" . . .
Where are my father,—and my mother,—Nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you. He is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, 'find him! give this ring to my true love,[a]
And bid him 'come—to take his last farewell! [Exeunt.

Let us now proceed to the Friar's cell, in which the unhappy Montague has found shelter—ignorant as yet of the sentence passed on him in his absence. The Friar calls:

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is 'enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to 'calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? 'What is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I 'yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with 'such sour company:
I bring thee 'tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than 'death 'can be[b] the Prince's doom?

Fri. A 'gentler judgement vanished from his lips,—
'Not body's 'death . . . but body's 'banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be merciful, say—"death;"
For exile hath 'more terror in his look,
'Much more, than death; do not say—banishment;
'T is death, mis-termed! Calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a 'golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that 'murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our 'law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath pushed 'aside the law,
And turned that black word 'death to 'banishment:
This is dear 'mercy, and 'thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is 'torture, and 'not mercy: 'heaven is 'here
Where Juliet lives! There 's more felicity,[c]
In carrion 'flies, than Romeo: 'they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's 'hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her 'lips;

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[a] O. R. knight. [b] than doomsday is. [c] O. R. validity.

But 'Romeo may not; he is 'banished. O, Friar,
Hadst thou no 'poison mixed, no sharp ground 'knife,
No 'sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
To 'kill me? How hast thou the heart,
To 'mangle me with that word "banishment"?

Fri. Thou fond 'mad man, hear me but speak a 'little.
I 'll give thee armour to keep-'off that word;—
Adversity's sweet milk, 'philosophy,
To comfort thee, 'though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished"?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a 'Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. Let me 'dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not 'feel.
Wert thou as young as I—'Juliet thy love,[a]—
An hour but married,—Tybalt murdered,—
Doting like me, and like me 'banished,—
'Then might'st thou speak, 'then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave! [A knocking is heard.

Fri. Arise! one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up.— . . .
[Knocking.
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What 's your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall 'know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

The Friar, recognizing the Nurse's voice, at once admits her.

Nurse. O holy Friar! O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? O where is Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground,—with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my 'mistress' case,
Just in 'her case! O Juliet! Juliet!

Rom. . . . Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with 'her,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With 'blood? Where is she? how doth she? what says she?

Nurse. O, she 'says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And 'Tybalt calls; and then on 'Romeo cries,—
And then down falls again.

[a] O. R. wert thou as young as Juliet my love.

Rom. As if 'that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder 'her!—O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my 'name lodge? tell me, that I may 'sack
The hateful mansion! [Drawing his sword.
Fri. 'Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a 'man? thy 'form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are 'womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a 'beast:
Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition 'better tempered.
Hast thou slain 'Tybalt? wilt thou slay 'thyself?
And slay thy 'lady too, that lives in thee?[a]
What, rouse thee, man! thy 'Juliet is alive!
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
But, look thou stay not till the 'watch[b] be set,
For 'then thou canst not pass to 'Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To 'blaze[c] your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee 'back
With twenty hundred thousand times more 'joy,
Than thou went'st forth in 'lamentation.—
Go before, Nurse: commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to rest,[d]—
Romeo is 'coming.
Nurse. O! I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will 'come?
Rom. Do, so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a 'ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is 'revived by this!
Fri. Sojourn in 'Mantua: I 'll find out your 'man,[e]
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances 'here.
Give me thy hand; 't is late: Farewell! Good night!
Rom. But that a joy 'past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with 'thee:
Farewell! [Exeunt.

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a O. R. and slay thy lady that in thy life lies.
b night-watch.
c make known.
d O. R. bed.
e attendant.

Count Paris has already waited on Lord Capulet, to arrange the day for his marriage to Juliet, and the following Thursday is appointed.

Romeo again repairs to the orchard, where, only the night before, he had first exchanged his vows with Juliet. They are both now on the balcony, watching, but dreading, the first faint light on the eastern horizon.

Jul. 'Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet 'near day:
It was the 'nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
'Believe me, love; it 'was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the 'lark, the herald of the morn,
'No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.
'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund 'Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops:
I must be gone and 'live—or stay, and die.

Jul. Yon light is 'not daylight, I know it well:
It is some 'meteor that the sun exhales,
To light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay 'yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. 'Let me be 'ta'en, let me be put to 'death;
'I am content, so 'thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon gray is 'not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of 'Cynthia's[a] brow;
Nor that is not the 'lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
Come, Death, and welcome! 'Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk, 't is not yet day.

Jul. It 'is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It 'is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. . . .
O, now be 'gone: 'more light and light it grows!

Rom. More light and light? more dark and dark our woes!

The Nurse enters.

Nurse. Madam! Your lady mother 's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit Nurse.

Romeo has quietly descended.

Jul. . . . Art thou gone 'so? Love! lord! ay, husband! friend!

---

[a] the moon's.

I must hear from thee every 'day in the hour,
For in a 'minute there are 'many days:—
O, by 'this count I shall be much in 'years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall 'ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these 'woes shall serve
For 'sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O heaven! I have an 'ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one 'dead, in the bottom of a tomb!
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st 'pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in 'my eye so do 'you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [Exit Romeo.

Jul. . . . O fortune, fortune! all men call thee 'fickle:
If thou 'art fickle, what dost thou with 'him
That is renowned for 'faith? 'Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him 'long.

Lady Capulet enters.

La. C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. . . . Madam, I am not well.

La. C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him 'from his grave with tears?—
But now I 'll tell thee 'joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. C. Marry,[a] my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful 'bride.

Jul. . . . I 'wonder at this haste! that I must 'wed,
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to 'woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry 'yet.

La. C. Here 'comes your father; tell him so 'yourself,
And see how he will 'take it at your hands.

Lord Capulet and the Nurse enter.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering?—Why, how now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

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[a] indeed, truly.

La. C. Ay, sir; but she will none; she gives you thanks: . . .
I would the fool were married to her 'grave!
Cap. Is she not 'proud? does she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Proud can I never be of what I 'hate;
But 'thankful, even for hate that is meant 'love.
Cap. Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[a] your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's Church,—
Or I will 'drag thee on a 'hurdle thither!
Jul. Good father, I beseech you, on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a 'word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not! reply not! do not answer me!

The Nurse must have her say:

Nurse. You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And 'why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence! smatter with your gossips; go!
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Lady Capulet expostulates:

La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. Good wife! it makes me 'mad:
Day, night, hour, time, work, play,
Alone, in company,—still my care hath been
To have her 'matched; and having now provided
A gentleman of 'noble parentage,
Proportioned as one's 'thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer—"I 'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"—
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me."—
Look to 't, think on 't! I do not use to 'jest.
An you be 'mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be 'not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [Exit Lord Cap.
Jul. Is there no Pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my 'mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a 'month, a 'week;

[a] prepare, set in order.

Or, if you do 'not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to 'me, for I 'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee! [Exit Lady Cap.
Jul. O heaven!—O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on 'earth,—my faith in 'heaven!
Some 'comfort, Nurse?
Nurse. Faith, here 't is.
Romeo is banished: All the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by 'stealth.
Then, since the case 'so stands as 'now it doth,
I think it 'best . . . you married with the 'County.
O, he 's a 'lovely gentleman!
Jul. Speak'st thou from thy 'heart?
Nurse. And from my 'soul too; else beshrew them both.
Jul. . . . Well, thou hast 'comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
(Having displeased my father,) to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is 'wisely done. [Exit Nurse.
Jul. O most wicked fiend!—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be 'twain.—
I 'll to the Friar, to know 'his remedy:
If all else 'fail, myself have power . . . to 'die! [Exit Juliet.

We precede Juliet to the cell, where we find Count Paris making his marriage-arrangements with the Friar:

Fri. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to 'slack his haste.
Fri. You say you do not know the 'lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of 'love;
For 'Venus smiles not in a house of 'tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so 'much sway;
And in his wisdom 'hastes our marriage,
To 'stop the inundation of her tears.
Fri. Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Juliet enters.

Par. Happily met,—my lady, and my 'wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may 'be a wife.
Par. 'That 'may be, 'must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What 'must be, 'shall be.
Par. Come you to make 'confession to this Father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to 'you.—
Are you at leisure, holy Father, 'now?
Or shall I come to you at 'evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, 'now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. Heaven shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday 'early will I rouse you;
Till then, adieu! [Exit Paris.
Jul. O, shut the door! Past hope! past cure! past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already 'know thy grief.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou 'know'st my grief[a]
Unless thou tell me how I may 'prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give 'no help,
Do thou but call my 'resolution 'wise,
And, with this 'knife, 'I 'll help it presently.
'Heaven joined 'my heart and Romeo's, 'thou our 'hands:
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to 'another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another,—this shall slay them 'both! [drawing dagger.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some 'present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife
'Shall play the umpire!
Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a 'kind of hope:—
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to 'slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing 'like death, to chide away this shame.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder[b] tower!
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones!
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a 'dead man in his shroud![c]—
Things that, to hear them 'told, have made me tremble;—
And I will 'do it, without fear or doubt,
To live an 'un-stained wife to my sweet love!

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[a] O. R. that thou hear'st of this. [b] O. R. any. [c] O. R. grave.

Fri. Hold, then: Go home, be merry; give 'consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow 'night look that thou lie 'alone;
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A dull and heavy slumber;[a] for no pulse,
No warmth, no breath, shall 'testify thou livest;
And, in this borrowed 'likeness of shrunk death,
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,—
And then 'awake, as from a pleasant 'sleep!
In the meantime, 'against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will 'watch thy waking; and, that very night,
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to 'Mantua:—
If no unconstant toy,[b] nor womanish 'fear,
Abate thy valour in the 'acting it.

Jul. Give me, O, give me! tell not me of 'fear!
'Love, give me strength! and strength shall 'help afford.
Farewell, dear Father! [Exeunt.

Juliet's dissembled acceptance of Count Paris gives great joy to her parents. All are busied in preparing for the morrow's nuptials: the marriage garments are selected and briefly approved: the bride merely requests that she may be left alone—saying she has need of many orisons. Presaging sorrow, she affectionately embraces her mother:

Jul. Farewell!—'Heaven knows when we shall meet again. . .
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes-up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back. Nurse!—What should 'she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act 'alone.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?
No;—this dagger shall forbid it:—lie thou there.
[Laying down a dagger.
What if it be a 'poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me 'dead,
Lest, in 'this marriage, he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me 'before, to Romeo?
I 'fear it is; and yet, methinks, it 'should not,

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[a] O. R. a cold and drowsy humour. [b] caprice.

For he hath still been tried a 'holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought![a]
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake 'before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be 'stifled in the vault?
Or, if I 'live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient réceptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green[b] in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud;—where, as they say,
At some hours in the night Spirits resort;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,[c]
Environéd with 'all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, 'dash-out my desperate brains? . . .
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's 'ghost
Seeking out 'Romeo: Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! I come! this do I drink to 'thee.[d]

She drinks and throws herself on the bed as the scene closes.

Early in the morning the festive preparations are begun. The bridegroom, Count Paris, is the first to arrive, and the Nurse is directed to waken Juliet. She merrily enters the chamber.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—bride!
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths 'now;
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs 'must wake her.—Madam! madam! madam!
What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!
Lady! lady! . . . Alas! . . . Help! help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! My lord! my lady!

Lord and Lady Capulet hasten to the chamber; and, in the midst of their lamentations, Count Paris and Friar Laurence enter:

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[a] interpolated line from the quarto of 1597. [b] fresh, newly buried. [c] distracted.
[d] O. R. Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here 's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to 'go, but never to 'return.—
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death removed thy wife.—See, there she lies!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as 'this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's 'cure lives not
In 'these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had 'part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath 'all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church.
Cap. All things that we ordainéd 'festival
Turn from their office to black 'funeral:
Our instruments to 'melancholy bells;
Our 'wedding-cheer to a sad 'burial-feast;
Our solemn 'hymus to sullen 'dirges change;
Our 'bridal flowers serve for a buried 'corse,
And 'all things change them to the 'contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in;—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.—
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by 'crossing their high will.

[Exeunt Paris and Friar.

On the same day which had been appointed for Juliet's nuptials, her body was placed, on an open bier, in the cemetery of her ancestors.

In the meantime, Friar Laurence had despatched a Messenger to Romeo; but the man, on his way, entered a house infected with the plague: and, to prevent the spread of the disease, he was not allowed to depart. This delay afforded an opportunity for intelligence of Juliet's death reaching her husband, before the explanatory letter of the Friar.

The exiled Romeo, now in Mantua, is before us:

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some 'joyful news, at 'hand:
My bosom's lord[a] sits 'lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with 'cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me 'dead—

[a] *i. e.*, my heart.

Strange dream, that gives a dead man 'leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses on my lips,
That I revived, and was an 'emperor!
Ah me! how sweet is love itself, 'possessed,
When but love's 'shadows are so rich in joy!

Balthasar enters.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well? . . .
How fares my Julet? 'that I ask 'again;
For nothing 'can be ill, if 'she be well.

Bal. Then she is 'well, and nothing can be ill:—
Her 'body sleeps in Capulets'[a] monument,
And her 'im-mortal part with 'angels lives.
I 'saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took 'post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy[b] you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence, 'to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:[c]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I 'bid thee do.—
Hast thou 'no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight.—
[Exit Bal.
Well, Juliet, I will lie 'with thee to-night.
Let 's see for 'means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of 'desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples:[d] meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the 'bones:
And, in his needy 'shop, a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,—

[a] O. R. Capels'. [b] O. R. denie. [c] from the quarto of 1597.
[d] medicinal plants or herbs.

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,—
Were thinly scattered to make up a 'show.
'Noting this penury, to myself I said—
"An if a man did need a 'poison now,
Here lives a caitiff-wretch 'would sell it him."
O, this same thought did but forerun 'my need.—
As I remember, this should be the house:
What, ho! Apothecary!

The Apothecary enters.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of 'poison; such soon-speeding gear[a]
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall 'dead.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I 'have; but Mantua's law
Is 'death, to any he that 'utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And 'fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stare within[b] thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The 'world is not thy friend, nor the world's 'law:
The world affords no law to make thee 'rich;
Then be not 'poor; but break it, and take this.

Ap. My 'poverty, but not my 'will, consents. [Exit Apoth.

Rom. I 'pay[c] thy poverty, and 'not thy will.

Ap. [returning.] Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of 'twenty men, it would dispatch[d] you 'straight.

Rom. There is thy 'gold; 'worse poison to men's 'souls,—
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,—
Than 'these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell 'thee poison, thou hast sold me 'none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come! cordial, and 'not poison! go with me
To Juliet's grave;—for there 'must I use 'thee. [Exeunt.

We hasten onwards to the churchyard, where, before the Capulets' monument, we find the bereaved Count Paris lamenting his lost bride, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

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[a] quickly acting stuff. [b] O. R. starveth in. [c] O. R. pray. [d] kill.

Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
But thou shalt 'hear it: 'whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go. [The Boy retires.
... Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly, shall be—to strew thy grave and weep!—
[The Boy whistles.
The boy gives warning some one[a] doth approach.
What, with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile. [Retires.

As Paris conceals himself, Romeo enters, attended by Balthasar:

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.—
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I 'charge thee,—
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest,—stand all aloof,
And do not 'interrupt me in my course.
'Why I descend into this bed of death
Is—'partly, to behold my lady's face;
But 'chiefly, to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In dear[b] employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost 'return, to pry
In what I 'further shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I 'll tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are 'savage-wild,
'More fierce and more inexorable 'far
Than empty[c] tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. 'So shalt thou show me 'friendship. Take this purse.
Live, and be prosperous:—and farewell, good fellow.
[Exit Bal.
Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I 'enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with 'more food.

Paris advances:

Par. 'Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued 'further than death?

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[a] O. R. something. [b] loved, revered. [c] hungry.

Condemnéd villain, I do 'apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must 'die.

Rom. I 'must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a 'desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
By Heaven, I love thee 'better than 'myself,
For I come hither armed 'against myself.

Par. I do 'defy thy conjurations,[a]
And apprehend thee for a 'felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy!

The desperate Romeo, thus impelled to defend himself from arrest, fights with Paris: and the young Count is added to the victims of misfortune. In dying, he implores Romeo to grant him one consolation:

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face: . . .
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
One writ with 'me in sour Misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a 'triumphant grave.
For here lies Juliet! . . . O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy 'breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy 'beauty:
Thou art not 'conquered; Beauty's ensign 'yet
Is crimson, in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advancéd 'there.—
Tybalt! liest 'thou there in thy bloody sheet?
Forgive me, 'cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou 'yet so fair? Here will I stay
And never, from this palace of dim night,
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With 'worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set-up 'my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal, with a righteous kiss,
A 'dateless bargain to engrossing[b] 'death! . . .
Come, bitter conduct![c] come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at 'once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love! [Drinks.]—O true Apothecary,
Thy drugs 'are quick!—Thus, with a kiss, I die! [Dies.

[a] entreaties (O. R. commiseration).
[b] death by legal deed seizing everything.
[c] conductor.

Only a few moments elapse when the Friar, calculating the duration of Juliet's insensibility, hastens to the Monument that he may release her.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet 'stumbled at 'graves!—Who 's there?
. . . Alack, alack! what 'blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
Romeo? O, dead!—Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—The lady stirs!

Juliet slowly recovers consciousness.

Jul. O comfortable Friar! . . . Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I 'should be,
And there I 'am.—Where is my Romeo?

The night watchmen from the city, aroused by Balthazar, are audibly approaching:

Fri. I hear some noise!—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and 'unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can 'contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away!
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies 'dead;
Stay not to question, for the Watch[a] is coming;
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will 'not away.— [Exit Friar.
What 's here? a phial[b] in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drink 'all, and leave[c] no friendly drop,
To help 'me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on 'them.

The Watchmen are heard still nearer.

Yea, noise?—then I 'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[Snatching Romeo's dagger.
This is thy sheath; [stahs herself] there rest,[d] and let me die!
[Dies.

Juliet falls lifeless on Romeo's corpse. The Friar, revealing all, is forgiven by the Prince: and Capulet and Montague promise to raise a statue of pure gold to commemorate this tragedy of their children.

How truly may we exclaim with the Prince—whether we contemplate the simplicity of the plot—its conduct—its poetry—or its power over the heart—

"There never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

END OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

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[a] the city guard. [b] O. R. a cup closed. [c] O. R. left. [d] O. R. rust.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This tragedy of "Troilus and Cressida" is supposed to have been founded on a lost composition, produced in 1599, named the "Tragedy of Agamemnon".[a] In 1603, a play called "Troilus and Cressida" (but without the author's name,) was entered in the Stationers' Register "As yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlen's Men;" but no copy is known to exist. In 1609, two publications appeared, both by William Shakespeare:[b] and to one of these there is a curious eulogistic preface; stating that it is "a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical." It would thus appear that the play was printed before it was performed. The second copy, however, shows that it was acted at Shakespeare's theatre (the "Globe") in the same year, (1609).[b] It appears to have become the policy of the managers of the "Globe" not to *print* any of their partner's plays; so,—with the exception of "King Lear" and "Troilus and Cressida"—no play of Shakespeare's was separately published after 1603.

In the folio of 1623, this play is not included in the catalogue of the Tragedies, but it appears to have been hastily inserted (as an after-thought on the part of the Editors) between the last Historical play and the first Tragedy, having no connection with what precedes or follows: it is neither paged, nor signatured, nor divided into Acts and Scenes.

The story is connected with that of the Siege of Troy in the twelfth century B. C.; not as eternized in the great Homeric poem, where the mighty combatants appear almost more than mortal; but, on the contrary, degrading them into common men, with their full share of frailties, weaknesses, and vices; while the heroines form marked exceptions to the general purity of Shake-

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[a] That there was a preceding play, having the same name, is proved by the following extracts from Henslow's Diary:

"April 7, 1599. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers and harey chettell (Harry Chettle) in earnest of their boocke called *Troyeles and Creassedaye*, the some of iii lb."

It appears, from a later entry, that the name of the Tragedy was changed before it was performed:

"Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called Troylles and Creseda the sum of xx s." But in this entry a line is drawn through the name, and "the tragedie of Agamemnon" written over it.

And again: "Paid unto the Master of the Revells man for lycensyng of a boocke called the Tragedie of Agamemnon, the 3 of June 1599, vii s." But these plays, if performed or printed, are no longer in existence.

[b] The followiug are the rival title-pages to the same version (1609):

(1) "*The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid*, excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus, Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare."

(2) "*The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida.* As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare."

speare's female characters. In fact, the whole play is a kind of grave irony on the fickleness of women and the depravity of heroes.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the date of publication, (1609,) the various Editors—German as well as English—have generally conceded that this play was one of the earliest compositions of Shakespeare, acted, but not printed, in 1603. John Dryden, who showed his appreciation of this Tragedy by publishing, in 1679, an alteration (in which several deformities have been removed, but objectionable passages increased,) writes thus: "The original story was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, as I suppose, as a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name of Cressida once mentioned. Shakespeare, (as I hinted,) in the apprenticeship of his writing, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of "Troilus and Cressida."

Shakespeare's sources of information were numerous; he does not often refer to Homer, although Chapman's translation partly appeared in 1596; but chiefly to Caxton's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," published in 1471;[a] and especially to Chaucer's Book of "Troilus and Cressida (taken from Boccaccio's "Il Filostrato,") which has been followed with remarkable fidelity.

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are:

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*
HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, HELENUS, *his Sons.*
ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, *Trojan Commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*
MENELAUS, *his Brother, (King of Sparta, and husband of Queen Helen.)*

ACHILLES, AJAX, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, *Grecian Commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
HELEN, *Wife of King Menelaus.*
ANDROMACHE, *Wife of Hector.*
CASSANDRA, *Daughter of Priam, a Prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *Daughter of Calchas.*
Trojan and Grecian Soldiers, etc.

Scene—Troy,[b] and the Grecian Camp before it.

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[a] This Collection (Recueil) is memorable as being the first book printed (at Ghent, 1471,) in the English language. [b] A great city in the northwest corner of Asia Minor, the site of which is not now distinctly ascertained.

PROLOGUE.

In 'Troy there lies the scene. From Isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[a] their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of 'Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel warfare:[b] and their vow is made
To 'ransack Troy; within whose strong immures[c]
The beauteous Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris lingers: That 's the quarrel.—
Now Expectation,—tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,—
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue armed; yet not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument;[d]—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vant[e] and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the 'middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a 'play.—
Like, or find fault; do as your 'pleasures are;
Now good, or bad,—'t is but the chance of war. [Exit.

The First Scene is in the city of Troy, before the palace of old King Priam. The weakness of one of his sons, Prince Troilus, (in love with Cressida, the beautiful but self-willed daughter of Calchas, a Trojan Priest,) is contrasted with the meanness of her uncle, Lord Pandarus. He is a scheming parasite, ever meddling in the affairs of others, and especially anxious that there should be a Prince in his family. He becomes, therefore, a go-between—a male match-maker—who keeps flattering the youth and fluttering the maid.

Before us are Prince Troilus (armed,) and Lord Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet;[f] I 'll 'un-arm again:
Why should I war 'without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here 'within?
The 'Greeks are 'strong, and 'skilful to their strength,
'Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness 'valiant;
But 'I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder[g] than ignorance!

Pan. Well, I have 'told you enough of this. He that will have a 'cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the 'grinding.

Tro. Have I 'not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the 'grinding; but you must tarry the 'bolting.[h]

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[a] proud (orgueilleux). [b] O. R. war. composition being one of war. [c] walls, enclosures. [d] the story of the [e] the van, or first part. [f] attendant. [g] more foolish. [h] sifting.

Tro. 'Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the 'bolting; but you must tarry the 'leavening.
Tro. 'Still have I tarried.
Pan. Ay, to the 'leavening: but here 's yet,—in the word "Hereafter"—the 'kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the 'baking; nay, you must stay the 'cooling too,—or you may chance to burn your lips.
Tro. Patience 'herself, (what goddess e'er she be,)
Doth lesser blench[a] at sufferance than 'I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair 'Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"'When she comes"!—when is she 'thence?[b]
Pan. Well, she looked, yesternight, fairer than ever I saw 'her look, or any woman else.
Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged through with a sigh, would rive[c] in twain;
I have—(as when the sun doth light a storm)[d]—
'Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a 'smile:
But 'sorrow, that is couched in 'seeming gladness,
Is like that 'mirth fate turns to sudden 'sadness.
Pan. An 'her hair were not somewhat darker than 'Helen's, there were no more 'comparison between the women:—But, for my part,—she is my kinswoman: and I would not, as they term it, 'praise her;—but I would 'somebody had heard her 'talk yesterday, as 'I did. I will not 'dis-praise your sister 'Cassandra's wit; but—
Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie 'drowned,
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrenched. I tell thee, I am 'mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st,—"She is fair";
Pour'st, in the open ulcer of my heart,
Her eyes, her voice, her hand—O, that!—her 'hand!
In whose comparison all 'whites are 'ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is 'harsh; and spirit of sense[e]
'Hard, as the palm of ploughman!—This thou tell'st me,
(As 'true thou tell'st me,) when I say—I 'love her!
But, saying thus,—instead of oil and balm,—

[a] shrink. [b] O. R. So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence. [c] split.
[d] O. R. scorne. [e] sensibility of touch.

Thou lay'st, in every gash that Love hath given me,
The 'knife that made it.

Pan. 'Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her 'be as she 'is: if she be fair, 't is the 'better for her; an she be 'not, she has the mends in her own hands. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought-on of 'her, and ill-thought-on of 'you: gone between-and-between, but small 'thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what! with 'me?

Pan. Because she 's kin to 'me, therefore she 's not so fair as 'Helen: an she were 'not kin to me, . . . she would be 'as fair on 'Friday, as Helen is on 'Sunday. But what care 'I? I care not, an she were a 'black-a-moor; 't is all one to 'me.

Tro. Say I she is 'not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her 'father;[a] let her to the 'Greeks; and so I 'll 'tell her the next time I see her. For 'my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no 'more to me: I will leave all as I 'found it,—and there an 'end. [Exit.

As Pandarus petulantly goes out, martial music is heard at a distance:

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!—
Fools on 'both sides!—O gods, how do you plague me!—
I cannot come to 'Cressid 'but by Pandar;
And 'he 's as tetchy to be 'woo'd to woo,
As 'she is stubborn-chaste 'against all suit.
Between our Ilium,[b] and where 'she resides,
Let it be called the wild and wandering 'flood;
Ourself, the 'merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our 'doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.[c] [Exit.

A procession of the Trojan forces, headed by their respective leaders, is approaching. The light-hearted Cressida is a looker-on, expecting, doubtless, to see there her ardent lover, Prince Troilus; for, notwithstanding her assumed indifference, she really reciprocates his love, although she does not encourage the agency of her uncle—Pandarus—who takes every opportunity to pour in her ears the praises of the Prince. While the procession is approaching she is joined by the garrulous would-be go-between:

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[a] Calchas, a Trojan priest who had joined the Greeks.
[b] (or Ilion) the name of King Priam's palace in Troy.
[c] boat.

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid.—How do you, cousin?—When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you 'talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not 'up, was she?

Cres. Hector was 'gone; but Helen 'was not up.

Pan. E'en so? Hector was stirring 'early.

Cres. 'That were we talking of, and of his 'anger.

Pan. True, he 'was angry; I know the 'cause too; he 'll lay about him 'to-day, I can tell them that. And there 's 'Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take 'heed of Troilus, I can tell them 'that. Troilus is the 'better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no 'comparison.

Pan. What! not between Troilus and Hector? . Do you 'know a 'man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him 'before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say,—Troilus . . . is Troilus.

Cres. Then 'you say as 'I say; for I am sure he is not 'Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not 'Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to 'each of them; he is 'himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he 'were. Himself? no, he 's 'not himself.—'Would he 'were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must 'friend, or 'end: Well, Troilus, well!—No, Hector is 'not a better man than Troilus. You have no 'judgement, niece; Helen herself, the other day, praised 'his complexion above 'Paris; and I swear to you, I think Helen 'loves him, 'better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a 'merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. But, to 'prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it 'cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is 'dimpled: I think 'his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.[a]

Cres. O, yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to 'prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, who esteems 'her no more than I esteem an addle egg——

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[a] a country in Asia Minor.

Cres. If you love an addle 'egg as well as you love an idle 'head, you would eat chickens i' the 'shell.

Pan. . . . I cannot choose but 'laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—and she takes upon her to spy a 'white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a 'wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba[a] laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—and Cassandra laughed,—and Hector laughed——

Cres. At 'what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin. But there was 'such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed![b]

Cres. So let it 'now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you . . . a thing yesterday; 'think on 't.

Cres. So I 'do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn, 't is 'true; he will 'weep you, an 't were a man born in 'April.[c]

Cres. Aud 'I 'll spring-up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against 'May.[d] [A retreat is sounded.

Pan. Hark! they are 'coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and 'see them as they pass toward Ilium? Here, here; here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; . . . but mark 'Troilus above the rest!

Æneas passes.

That 's Æneas. Is not that a 'brave man? he 's one of the 'flowers of Troy, I can tell you: . . . but mark 'Troilus!—you shall see anon.

Antenor passes.

That 's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest 'judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of 'person. . . . When comes 'Troilus?

Hector passes.

That 's Hector! that, that; look you, 'that! 'There 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There 's a 'brave

[a] wife of King Priam. [b] went beyond expression. [c] the month for rain. [d] the month for growth.

man, niece.—'There 's a countenance! It does a man's heart good:—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet! 'there 's no 'jesting; there 's laying-'on; take 't 'off who will, as they say: 'there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with 'swords?

Pan. Swords? 'anything, he cares not.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris! look ye yonder, niece: is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?

Paris passes.

Why, this is 'brave now!—Who said he came 'hurt home to-day? he 's 'not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart 'good now!—'Would I could see 'Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus 'anon.

Helenus passes.

That 's Helenus:—I marvel where 'Troilus is:—that 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus 'fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? No,—yes,—he 'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Helenus is a 'priest.

Cres. . . . What 'sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder?—'Tis 'Troilus! 'there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—'Brave Troilus, the 'prince of chivalry! Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look 'well upon him, niece: look you, how his sword is 'bloodied, and 'his helm 'more hacked than Hector's! And how he 'looks, and how he 'goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a 'Grace, or a daughter a 'Goddess, 'he should take his choice. O admirable man!—Paris?—Paris is 'dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an 'eye[a] to boot.[b]

Various Warriors pass.

Cres. Here come 'more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! 'porridge, after 'meat!—I could live and 'die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look;—the 'eagles are gone: 'crows and 'daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as 'Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is, among the Greeks, Achilles,—a 'better man than Troilus.

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[a] O. R. give money. [b] over and above.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter; a very camel.—Why, have you any 'discretion? have you any 'eyes? Do you know what a 'man is? Are not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that 'season a man?

Cres. Ay, a 'minced man: And then to be 'baked, with no 'date[a] in the pie,—for then the 'man's date[b] is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend 'all these. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.

Cres. To bring, uncle—?

Pan. Ay, a token from 'Troilus. [Exit Pandarus.

Cres. Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in 'another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus, thousand-fold, 'I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I 'off.
She that 's beloved[c] knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing 'un-gained, more than it 'is:
'That She[d] was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when 'Desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
"'Achievement is 'command; un-gained, beseech."
Then,[e] though my 'heart's content firm 'love doth bear,
'Nothing of that shall from mine 'eyes appear. [Exit.

Remissness in love is balanced by inactivity in war. The Trojans had become mere defenders, while the attacking Greeks were indifferent and supine. In this condition of affairs, a Council of Warriors is summoned by the Greeks. The Scene changes to the Camp of the invaders. Before us is the tent of Agamemnon, the Grecian General: he is attended by his brother Menelaus,—the husband of the captive Queen Helen,—by the aged Nestor, by Ulysses, and other Commanders.—Agamemnon speaks:

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the 'jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that 'Hope makes,
In all designs begun on earth below,

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[a] a fruit. [b] time, lease of life (a quibble on date).
[c] O. R. that she beloved. [d] that woman. [e] O. R. that.

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions 'highest reared.
Nor, Princes, is it matter 'new to us,
That, after seven years' siege, 'yet Troy walls 'stand.
Do you, with cheeks abashed, behold our wrecks,[a]
And think them 'shames?—which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive 'trials of great Jove,
To find persistent[b] constancy in men;
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's 'love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and 'un-read,
The hard and soft, seem all affined[c] and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her 'frown,
'Distinction, with a broad[d] and powerful fan,
Puffing at 'all, winnows the 'light away;
And what hath 'mass, or 'matter, by 'itself
Lies, rich in virtue and unmingled wrath.

Old Nestor rises:

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike[e] seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall 'apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of 'Chance
Lies the 'true proof of 'men: The sea being 'smooth,
How many shallow bauble-boats dare sail
Upon her patient[f] breast,—making their way
With those of 'nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas[g] once enrage
The gentle Thetis,[h] and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains 'cuts[i]—
Bounding between the two moist elements,[j]
Like Perseus' horse:[k] Where 's 'then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to 'harbour fled,
Or made a boast[l] for 'Neptune.[m] Even so
Do valour's 'show, and valour's 'worth, divide
In storms of 'Fortune!

Ulysses rises:

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,

[a] O. R. works. [b] O R persistive. [c] related by affinity. [d] O. R. loud.
[e] O. R. godly. [f] O. R. ancient. [g] the poetical name of the North Wind.
[h] goddess of the sea. [i] sails along rapidly (O. R cut). [j] air and water
[k] a fabled flying horse, belonging to Perseus, son of Jupiter. [l] O. R. toast.
[m] god of the sea

Heart of our numbers, soul and only[a] spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of 'all
'Should be shut up,—hear what 'Ulysses speaks.
Troy, ('yet upon his basis,) had been 'down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances:——
The specialty of 'Rule[b] hath been neglected:
And, look, how 'many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow on this plain—so many hollow 'factions!
When that the 'general is not like the 'hive,
(To whom the foragers shall all repair,)
What 'honey is expected? 'Degree being 'vizarded,[c]
The 'un-worthiest shows 'as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,[d]
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Office, and custom, all in line of 'order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol[e]
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the ether.[f] But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to 'dis order wander,
What plagues! and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[g]
The unity and married calm of States
Quite 'from their fixture! So,[h] when 'degree is shaked,
(Which is the ladder to all 'high designs,)
Then[i] enterprise is sick. Take but degree 'away,
And, hark, what 'discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy:[j] The 'General is disdained
By him one step 'below; he, by the 'next;
That next, by him 'beneath: so, 'every step,
(Exampled by the 'first pace that is sick
Of his superior,) grows to an envious 'fever
Of pale and bloodless 'emulation:
And 't is 'this fever that 'keeps Troy on-foot,
Not her own 'sinews.—To end a tale of length,
Troy in 'our 'weakness stands, 'not in her 'strength.

Agamemnon asks:

Agam. The 'nature of this sickness 'found,[k] Ulysses,
What is the 'remedy?

---

[a] O. R. holy. [b] the supreme authority of government. [c] obscured, kept out of sight. [d] the earth. [e] the Sun. [f] O. R. other. [g] unproot. [h] O. R. O [i] O. R. the. [j] violent opposition. [k] = being found.

Ulyss. The great Achilles, (whom Opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,)
Having his ear full of his 'airy fame,[a]
Grows[b] dainty of his worth, and, in his tent,
Lies, mocking 'our designs. With him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action[c]—
(Which, slanderer, he 'imitation calls)—
He pageants 'us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
'Thy topless deputation[d] he puts-on;
And, like a strutting player, thinks it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,[e]—
Such to be pitied and o'er-wrested seeming[f]
He 'acts thy greatness in. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs-out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent! 'T is Agamemnon just!—
Now play me 'Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration."
That 's done;—as 'near, as the extremest ends
Of 'parallels;—as 'like, as Vulcan[g] and his wife:[h]—
Yet good[i] Achilles 'still cries, "Excellent!
'T is Nestor 'right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
'Arming, to 'answer in a 'night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of 'age
Must be the scene of mirth:—and at this sport
Sir Valour[j] 'dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen."—And in this fashion,
'All our abilities, gifts, natures, serve
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.[k]

Nestor adds:

Nest. And in the 'imitation of these twain—
(Whom, as Ulysses says, Opinion crowns
With an imperial voice)—too many are infect.
'Ajax is grown 'self-willed; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace[l]
As broad 'Achilles; keeps his tent, like him;
Makes 'factious feasts; rails on 'our state of war,

---

[a] verbal praise, "mouth-honour." [b] O. R. lives. [c] gestures. [d] matchless appearance. [e] the galleries. [f] exaggerated simulation (O. R. o'er-rested). [g] the hideous god of fire. [h] Venus, the goddess of beauty. [i] O. R. god. [j] Achilles. [k] perform parodies. [l] so haughtily.

Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)[a]
To match 'us, in comparisons, with 'dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank[b] soever rounded-in with danger.

Ulysses continues:

Ulyss. They tax our 'policy, and call it 'cowardice;
Count 'wisdom as 'no member of the war;
Forestall our prescience, and esteem no act
But that of 'hand: the still and 'mental parts—
Why, these have not a 'finger's dignity:
So that the 'ram[c] that batters down the wall,
They place 'before 'his hand that 'made the engine;
Or those that, with the fineness of their souls,
By 'reason guide its 'execution[d].

The discussion (betraying mutual jealousy) is interrupted by a trumpet, announcing the approach of a Herald: it is Æneas, one of the Trojan commanders. Agamemnon inquires:

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great 'Agamemnon's tent, I pray you? . . .
May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm.
Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek; that 'is my name.
Agam. 'What 's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for 'Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears naught 'privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to 'whisper him:
I bring a 'trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the 'attentive bent,[e]—
And 'then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's 'sleeping-hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is 'awake,
He tells thee so 'himself.
Æne. . . . Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,—
What Troy means 'fairly shall be spoke 'aloud. [Trumpet sounds.
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A Prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who, in this dull and long-continued truce,[f]

[a] as rapidly as a mint coins money. [b] how closely soever surrounded.
[c] engine of war. [d] performance of an action. [e] bending forward in order to hear.
[f] a truce for six months had been agreed on.

Is 'rusty grown: 'he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak:—Kings, princes, lords!
If there be 'one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his 'honour higher that his 'ease;
That seeks his 'praise more than he fears his 'peril;
That knows his 'valour, and knows 'not his 'fear;
That loves his mistress more than in 'profession;[a]
And dares 'avow her beauty and her worth,
To 'him this 'challenge:—
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, (or do his 'best to do it.)
'He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did woo to win a bride:
And will, to-morrow, with his trumpet, call,
(Midway between 'your tents, and walls of 'Troy,)
To rouse a 'Grecian that is true in love:
If 'any come, Hector shall 'honour him;
If 'none, he 'll say, in Troy, when he retires,
"The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not 'worth
The splinter of a lance!" Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our 'lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of 'them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at 'home: But 'we are 'soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere 'recreant prove,
That 'means not, 'hath not, or 'is not in 'love!
If then 'one is, or hath, or means to be,
'That one meets Hector;—if none else, 'I am he.[b]

Old Nestor also gallantly accepts the challenge:

Nest. Tell him of 'Nestor,—one that was a 'man
When Hector's grandsire 'sucked: he is old 'now;
But if there be not, in our Grecian host,[c]
'One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To 'answer for his love,—tell him from 'me,
'I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,[d]
And in my vant-brace[e] put this withered brawn;[f]
And, meeting him, will tell him, That 'my lady
Was 'fairer than his 'grandam, and as 'chaste
As may be in the world. 'His youth in 'flood,[g]
I 'll 'prove[h] this truth, with 'my 'three 'drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such 'scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me take[i] your hand;

[a] O. R. confession. [b] O R Ile be he. [c] O. R. mould. [d] the movable part of a helmet. [e] armour for the front of the body. [f] hard firm flesh. [g] being at its highest flow. [h] O. R. pawn. [i] O. R. touch.

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
'Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall 'each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall 'feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a 'noble foe. [Exeunt Agam., etc.

With a flourish of trumpets, all but Ulysses and Nestor go into Agamemnon's tent.

Ulyss. Nestor,—
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. . . . I have a young conception[a] in my brain;
Be you my 'Time, to bring it to some shape.—
This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in 'general name,
Relates in purpose only to 'Achilles.
But it is meet, 'Achilles meet not Hector. . . .
Let us, like merchants, show our 'foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will 'sell; if not
The lustre of the 'better, 'yet to show,
Shall 'show the better. Do not, then, consent,
That ever Hector and 'Achilles meet.
No; make a 'lottery;
And, by device, let blockish 'Ajax draw
The lot[b] to fight with Hector: 'Mong ourselves,
Give 'him allowance as the 'better[c] man.
For that will physic the great Myrmidon[d]
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest—that, prouder than blue Iris,[e] bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come 'safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices:[f] If he 'fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still—
That we have 'better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life 'this shape of sense assumes,—
'Ajax employed, plucks-down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses, 'now I begin to 'relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste[g] of it forthwith
To 'Agamemnon: go we to him 'straight.—
'Two curs shall tame each 'other: 'pride alone
Must 'tarre[h] the mastiffs on, as 't were their 'bone! [Exeunt.

In the grand old Homeric ballads, Ajax is especially distinguished among the Grecian commanders; but, in this play, he is degraded

[a] an immature thought. [b] O. R. sort. [c] O. R. worthier. [d] Thessalian leader (the soldiers of Achilles were also called myrmidons). [e] the poetical name of the rainbow. [f] cheers of approbation. [g] hint (sample). [h] provoke, urge.

into a large-limbed brainless block, personally vain and easily fooled. The measure of his prowess, and the extent of his capacity, may be inferred from his interview with Thersites—a deformed cynic, despising and despised by everyone. Ajax is desirous to know something of the challenge just issued by Prince Hector; and the big bully, standing outside the Grecian encampment, calls the misshapen snarler—who is lazily lolling in front of one of the Grecian tents:

Ajax. Thersites!—Thersites! Dog!—Canst thou not hear? 'Feel then. [Beating him.

Toadstool, learn me the proclamation!

Ther. . . Dost thou think I have no 'sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. 'Thou art proclaimed a 'fool, I think.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on 'Achilles; and thou art so full of 'envy at his greatness,—as Cerberus[a] is at Proserpina's[b] beauty—ay, that thou 'barkest at him. Thou shouldst strike 'him!—He would pun[c] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. Thou cur! Thou stool for a witch! [Beating him again.

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted 'lord! thou hast no more 'brain, than I have in mine 'elbows! Thou scurvy-valiant 'ass! thou art here but[d] to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any 'wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use[e] to beat 'me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by 'inches!

Ajax. You dog! You cur! [Again beating him.

Ther. Mars his 'idiot! Do, rudeness! do, camel! do, do!

Achilles and Patroclus enter.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites? What 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see 'him there, do you? Look upon him.

Achil. So I do: What 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him 'well.

Achil. Well? why, so I do.

Ther. But 'yet you look not 'well upon him; for, whosoever you 'take him to be, he is 'Ajax!

Achil. I 'know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but 'that fool knows not 'himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo! what 'modicums[f] of wit he utters! his

[a] a dog with three heads (belonging to Pluto the king of Hell). [b] queen of Hell (the wife of Pluto). [c] pound. [d] only. [e] continue. [f] little bits.

evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his 'brain, more than he has beat my 'bones. This 'lord—
Ajax—I 'll 'tell you what I say of him.—I say, this
Ajax—[Ajax again offers to strike him.] has not so much wit as will stop the eye of Helen's 'needle,—for whom he comes to 'fight.

Achilles interposes:

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. 'I would have peace and quietness, but the 'fool will not: 'he there; 'that he, look you! 'there!

Achil. Ajax, what 's the 'quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he 'rails upon me.

Ther. I serve 'thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to! go to!

Ther. E'en so?—a great deal of 'your wit lies in your 'sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a 'great catch, if he knock out your 'brains: he were as good crack a fusty nut with no 'kernel. There 's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your[a] grandsires had nails on their toes,—they 'yoke you like draught-'oxen, and make you plough-up the 'wars.

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue!

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as 'much as thou, 'afterwards.

Patroclus interposes:

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[b] bids me, shall I?—I will see you hanged, like clodpoles, ere I come any 'more to your tents: I will keep where there is 'wit stirring, and 'leave the faction of 'fools. [Exit.

Achilles then explains to Ajax the nature of Hector's challenge:

Achil. Marry, 'this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth[c] hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, call some knight to arms:
And such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 't is trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. . . . But who shall 'answer him?

Achil. I know not,—it is put to 'lottery; otherwise, . . .
He knew his man! [Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.

Ajax. . . . O, meaning 'you.—I will go learn 'more of it. [Exit.

---

[a] O. R. their. [b] a female hound. [c] O. R. first.

The Scene again changes to the Palace in Troy; where, in the council-chamber, we see King Priam seated on his chair of state, in consultation with his sons—Hector, Troilus, Paris (the "protector" of Helen, wife of King Menelaus) and Helenus, the young Priest. The question to be discussed is the termination of the war, by the restoration of Queen Helen to her husband. The venerable King Priam thus addresses the family conclave:

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen; and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travel,[a] expense,
Shall be struck-off."[b]—Hector, what say 'you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
There is no 'lady of more gentle thought,
Than 'Hector is. The 'wound of peace is 'surety—
Surety 'secure; but modest 'doubt is called
The beacon of the 'wise—the tent[c] that searches
To the bottom of the worst. 'Let 'Helen 'go!
What merit 's in that reason, which 'denies
The yielding of her up?

Troilus quickly interrupts:

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a 'King,
'Gainst fears and 'reasons? fie, for godly shame!

The young Priest Helenus adds:

Hel. No marvel though 'you bite so sharp at reasons,—
You are so 'empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs 'with reasons?
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so!

Troilus retorts:

Tro. 'You are for 'dreams and slumbers, brother 'priest;
You 'fur your gloves with 'reason. 'Here are your reasons!—
You know, an 'enemy intends you 'harm;
You know, a sword 'employed is 'perilous;
And reason 'flies the object of 'all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian 'and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his 'heels,
And fly—like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orbed!—Nay, if we talk of 'reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep! Manhood and honour
Should have 'hare[d]-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

[a] O. R. travail. [b] considered as paid. [c] probe. [d] cowardly (O. R. hard).

With this crammed 'reason: Reason and respect[a]
Make livers pale, and manliness[b] deject.

Hector sums up the whole question in a few words:

Hect. Brother, she is not 'worth what she doth cost
The 'holding!
Tro. What is aught, but as 't is 'valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in 'particular[c] will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of 'itself,
As in the 'prizer. 'T is mad 'idolatry
To make the 'service greater than the 'god.
Tro. 'I take to-day a 'wife, and my 'election
Is led-on in the conduct[d] of my 'will:
My will, enkindled by mine 'eyes and 'ears,—
Two trading pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will and Judgment: How may I 'avoid,—
Although my will 'distaste what it elected,—
The wife I 'chose? There can be no evasion
To blench[e] from this, and to stand firm by honour.
It was thought meet
Paris should do 'some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent then filled[f] his sails;
The Seas and Winds, (old wranglers,) took a truce,
And did him service: he touched[g] the ports desired;
And brought a Grecian 'Queen—whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale[h] the morning.
Why 'keep we her?
Is she 'worth keeping? Why, she is a 'pearl,
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned 'kings to 'merchants.
If you 'll avouch, 'T was wisdom Paris 'went—
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, Go"—)
If you 'll confess he brought home 'noble prize—
(As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands,
And cried—"Inestimable!")—why do you 'now
'Beggar the estimation, which you prized
'Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have 'stolen what we do fear to 'keep.

The discussion is interrupted by a female voice shrieking aloud, "Cry, Trojans, cry!" It is the mad daughter of King Priam—Cassandra; on whom Apollo, it was said, had conferred the gift of prophesying—but in vain!

a caution, deference to others. b O. R. lustihood. c private. d guidance.
e shrink. f O. R. bellied. g reached. h O. R. stale.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten 'thousand eyes,
And I will 'fill them with prophetic tears.—
Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,[a]
Soft infancy, that nothing canst 'but cry,
'Add to my clamours! let us pay 'betimes
A 'moiety of that mass of moan to 'come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! 'practise your eyes with tears!
'Troy must not be, nor goodly 'Ilion[b] stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us 'all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen 'go. [Exit.

Hector, awed by Cassandra's prophetic exclamations, asks

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of 'divination in our sister, work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So 'madly hot, that no discourse of 'reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad 'cause,
Can 'qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the 'justness of each act
Such and no other than 'event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of 'our minds,
Because Cassandra 's 'mad. For my 'private part,
'I am no more touched than 'all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the 'weakest spleen
To 'fight for, and 'maintain.

Paris, who has hitherto maintained a prudent silence, at last replies in his own defence:

Par. Else might the world convince of 'levity
As well 'my undertakings as your 'counsel;
Were I 'alone to pass[c] the difficulties,
And had as ample 'power as I have 'will,
Paris should ne'er 'retract what he hath done,
Nor 'faint in the 'pursuit.

His father, old King Priam, checks the ardent youth:

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one 'besotted on your sweet delights:
'You have the 'honey still, but 'these the 'gall;
'So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to 'myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;

---

[a] elders, old people. [b] the name of Priam's palace at Troy.
[c] overcome (pass judgement on).

But I would have the 'soil of her fair name
Wiped off—in honourably 'keeping her.
There 's not the 'meanest spirit on our party
'Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is 'defended; nor none so 'noble,
Whose life were ill-bestowed, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the 'subject: then, I say,
Well may we 'fight—for her, whom, (we know well,)
The 'world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hector, the eldest and bravest of King Priam's sons, again rises:

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have 'both said well.
But nature craves
All dues be rendered to their 'owners: now,
What 'nearer debt in all humanity
Than 'wife is to the 'husband?
If Helen, then, 'be wife to Sparta's king,
(As it is known she 'is,) the 'moral laws,
Of 'nature and of 'nation, speak aloud
To have her back-returned: Thus to persist
In 'doing wrong, 'extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much 'more heavy. 'Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propose[a] to you
This resolution—to 'keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no 'mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touched the 'life of our design!
I would not wish a 'drop of Trojan blood
Spent 'more, in her 'defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of 'honour and renown;
A 'spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a 'promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of 'this action,
For the wide 'world's revénue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting[b] challenge sent, amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike 'amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advértised, their great general 'slept,
Whilst 'emulation[c] in the army crept:
'This, I presume, will 'wake him! [Exeunt.

[a] O. R. propend. [b] boastful, blustering. [c] envy (of Achilles).

The Trojan leaders thus determine to keep the beautiful captive Queen—that is, to continue the war; thereby exciting the Greeks by fresh exertions to overcome Asiatic robbery and resistance, with the heavy preponderance of European power. The reconciled sons gather affectionately round the old King as the Scene closes.

We now turn to the 'Grecian camp, in which the strange challenge of Hector has caused great excitement. The aim of Agamemnon, Ulysses, and the other Grecian commanders, is to excite Ajax to accept Hector's challenge, and then to mortify Achilles by the insidious exaltation of one whom he lightly esteemed. Ulysses is the intermediary, thus to rouse the vanity of the one, and the envy of the other. Ajax, before the tent of Achilles, boastfully inquires of Agamemnon:

Ajax. What 'is 'Achilles more than 'another?

Agam. No more than what he 'thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so 'much?—Do you not think he thinks himself a 'better man than 'I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you 'subscribe his thought, and say—he 'is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax! 'you are as strong, as valiant, as wise; no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. . . . . Why should a man be 'proud?—How doth pride 'grow? 'I know not what pride 'is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up 'himself: Pride is his own 'glass, his own 'trumpet, his own 'chronicle; and whatever praises 'itself, but in the 'deed, 'devours the deed in the praise.

Ulysses enters from the tent, as if disappointed with his interview there.

Ulyss. Achilles 'will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. Let 'Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go 'you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said he holds you well; and will be led,
At 'your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon! let it 'not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go 'from Achilles: Shall the proud lord
Be worshipped thus by him we hold an 'idol?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so 'stale his palm, nobly acquired.
'This lord go 'to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder—"'Achilles, come[a] to 'him."

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[a] O. R. go.

The pugnacity of the bully is fully excited by these gross flatteries.

Ajax. If 'I go to him, with my armèd fist
I 'll pash[a] him o'er the face!
Agam. O, no; you 'shall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with 'me, I 'll 'pheeze[b] his pride!
'Let me go to him!
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Nestor, enjoying the success of the stratagem to excite Ajax, whispers to Ulysses:

Nest. [Aside.] He 's not yet 'thorough warm: 'force[c] him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of 'sweet composure;
Famed be thy 'tutor; and thy parts of nature[d]
'Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition!
'I will not praise thy 'wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,[e] a pale,[f] a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here 's 'Nestor,—
Instructed by the 'antiquary times;
He 'must, he 'is, he cannot 'but be, 'wise:—
But pardon, father Nestor;—were 'your days
As green as 'Ajax, and your brain so tempered,
You should not have the 'eminence of him,
But be 'as Ajax.
Ajax. . . . Shall I call you 'father?
Nest. Ay, my good 'son.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying 'here: the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket.[g] Please it our great General
To call together 'all his state of war;
'Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow, then,
We must, with all our main of power, stand fast:
And 'here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their 'flower, 'Ajax shall cope[h] the 'best!
Agam. 'Go we to council. 'Let Achilles sleep:—
'Light boats sail swift,—though 'greater hulks 'draw deep. [Exeunt.

The match-making Lord Pandarus proceeds with his plan to secure the immediate marriage of the volatile and coquettish Lady Cressida to Prince Troilus: for this purpose, he now hastens to his own orchard—where he has made arrangements that the ardent lover should have a decisive interview with his not-unwilling niece. On his arrival, he inquires of the expectant Prince

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[a] strike hard. [b] currycomb. [c] stuff [d] natural abilities. [e] boundary. [f] enclosed land. [g] in the wood (out of sight). [h] rival.

Pan. Have you 'seen my cousin?[a]

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian[b] banks
Staying for waftage.[c] O, be thou my Charon,[c]
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly 'with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I 'll bring her straight. [Exit.

Tro. I 'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
My heart beats thicker than a 'feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,—
Like 'vassalage, at unawares encountering
The eye of 'majesty.

Pandarus returns with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you 'blush? Shame 's a 'baby!—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to 'her, that you have sworn to 'me.—What, are you gone again? you must be 'watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways.—Why do you not 'speak to her?

Tro. . . . You have 'bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. 'Words pay no debts. Come in, come in:—I 'll go get a fire. [Exit.

Cres. . . . Will 'you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I 'wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord!—The gods grant . . . O my lord!

Tro. 'What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption?[d] What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than 'water, if my fears[e] have eyes.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend 'no fear: in all Cupid's pageant, there is presented no 'monster.

Cres. Nor nothing 'monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but 'our undertakings,—when we vow to weep 'seas, live in 'fire, eat 'rocks, tame 'tigers; thinking it hard for our mistress to devise imposition[f] enough, than for 'us to undergo 'any difficulty imposed. 'This is the monstruosity[g] in 'love, lady.

Cres. They that have the 'voice of 'lions, and the 'act of 'hares, are they 'not monsters?

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[a] a term formerly employed to any collateral relationship. [b] The Styx was a river in hell, and over it the dead were conveyed by Charon, the ferryman of the river.
[c] transport, conveyance. [d] sudden pause. [e] O. R. tears.
[f] task, supernumerary duty. [g] menstrosity.

Tro. 'Are there such? such are not 'we. Praise us, as we are 'tasted; allow us, as we 'prove; 'our head shall go bare, till 'merit crown it.—'Few words to fair 'faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what Envy can say 'worst shall be only a mock for his 'truth; and what Truth can speak 'truest, 'not truer than Troilus.

Pandarus stealthily comes in:

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done 'talking yet?

Cres. . . . Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to 'you.

Pan. I thank you for that: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide 'me for it.

Tro. You know 'now your hostages, lady;—your uncle's 'word, and my firm 'faith.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.[a]—
Prince Troilus, . . . I have 'loved you, night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to 'win?

Cres. Hard to 'seem won; but I 'was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever . . . Pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you 'now—but not 'till now— . . . See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so un-secret to 'ourselves?—
But, though I 'loved you well, I 'wooed you not;
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a 'man,—
Or that we 'women had 'men's privilege
Of speaking 'first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall 'repent. See, see, your 'silence,
Cunning[b] in dumbness, from my 'weakness draws
My very 'soul of counsel.[c]—I would now be gone.
Where is my wit?—I speak I know not what.

Tro. 'Well know they 'what they speak, that speak so 'wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more 'craft than love,
And fell so roundly[d] to a large 'confession,
To angle for 'your thoughts: But you are wise,
Or else you love not: For to be 'wise, and 'love,
Exceeds 'man's might; 'that dwells with 'gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a 'woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in 'you,)
To feed for 'aye[e] her lamp and flames of love;

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[a] courage. [b] O. R. coming. [c] O. R. my soule of counsell from me. [d] completely, fully. [e] ever.

To 'keep her constancy in plight and youth,—
Outliving beauty's 'outward, with a 'mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me—
That 'my integrity and truth to 'you,
Might be confronted[a] with the match and weight
Of 'such a winnowed purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! But, alas!
'I am as true as truth's 'simplicity,
And 'simpler than the 'infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll 'war[b] with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right, 'with right, wars who shall be 'most right!
'True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by 'Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protést, of oath, and big compare,[c]
Want similes, Truth tired with iteration,
(As true as steel,—as plantage[d] to the moon,—
As sun to day,—as turtle to her mate,—
As iron to adamant,—as Earth to the centre,)—
Yet, after 'all comparisons of truth,
"As true as 'Troilus" shall crown-up[e] the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.[f]

Cres. 'Prophet may you be! —
If 'I be false, or swerve a 'hair from truth,
When Time is old and hath forgot itself;
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty States charácterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let Memory,
From false to false, among 'false maids in love,
Upbraid 'my falsehood! When they have said—As false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard[g] to the hind, or step-dame to her son,—
Yea, let them say, (to stick the 'heart of falsehood,)
"As false as 'Cressid!"

The eaves-dropping Pandarus advances:

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I 'll be the 'witness.—Here I hold 'your hand; here, my 'cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, (since I have

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[a] O. E. affronted. [b] contend. [c] comparison. [d] herbage-growth of plants. [e] conclude. [f] poetry. [g] leopard (any spotted beast of prey).

taken such pains to bring you together,) let all pitiful goers-between be called, to the world's end, after 'my name,—call them all 'Pandars; let all 'constant 'men be Troiluses, all false 'women Cressids,—and all 'brokers-between Pandars! Say, Amen.

Tro. Amen!

Cres. Amen! [Exeunt.

The Scene is again in the Grecian camp. The Trojan priest Calchas (who had become a traitor to his own country by taking part with the Greeks) is desirous that his daughter (thus secretly married to Prince Troilus) should, as a reward for his own services, be exchanged for Antenor, a distinguished Trojan commander, who is now a prisoner of the Greeks.—Calchas thus addresses their assembled camp, under the presidency of Agamemnon, their general:

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for 'recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, (through the sight[a] I bear in things,) to Jove[b]
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, and am here become
As 'new into the world, strange, unacquainted;—
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,[c]
To give me now a little 'benefit.

Agam. 'What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan 'prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—(often have you 'thanks therefore)—
Desired my Cressid in right-great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest[d] in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting 'his manage: Let 'him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my 'daughter; and 'her presence
Shall quite strike-off[e] all 'service 'I have done,
In most-accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall 'have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:

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a insight, secret knowledge. b O. R. love. c sample, slight specimen.
d violent distortion, difficulty. e pay as a debt.

Withal, bring word,—if Hector will to-morrow
Be 'answered in his challenge: 'Ajax is 'ready.
Dio. This 'shall I undertake; and 't is a burden
Which I am 'proud to bear. [Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Ulysses now perceives Achilles languidly conversing with Patroclus, and he resolves at once to carry out his wily plan to rouse the envy of the inactive general, by unworthy approbation of the braggart Ajax—who is thus to be put forward not only as the Greek champion, but as their most worthy representative to answer the challenge of Prince Hector. The vexation of Achilles is to be increased by the uncourteous slights of his fellow-commanders. The shrewd Ulysses is the suggester of this strange form of implied humiliation:

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our 'General to pass 'strangely[a] by him,
As if he were 'forgot;—and, Princes 'all,
Lay negligent and 'loose regard upon him.
'I will come last. 'T is like, he 'll 'question me.
It may do good. 'Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, 'but pride; for 'supple knees
'Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's 'fees.

Agamemnon, pleased with the suggestion, resolves to adopt it:

Agam. We 'll 'execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him 'not,
Or else 'disdainfully,—which shall shake him more
Than if 'not looked on. 'I will lead the way.

The clever scheme is at once carried out. Agamemnon passes the great Achilles with almost chilling coldness;—old Nestor follows, with scarcely a civil word of acknowledgment;—Menelaus passes with a vulgar unsoldierly nod and "How do you?" and the bovine Ajax takes very supercilious notice of his superior officer, even when addressed by him:

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. . . . Ay, and good 'next day too. [Exit.
Achil. . . . What 'mean these fellows? 'Know they not Achilles?

Patroclus, wondering, replies:

Patr. They pass-by strangely: they were used to 'bend,
To send their smiles 'before them to Achilles:
To come as humbly, as they use to 'creep
To holy altars.

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[a] as a stranger.

Achil. What! am I 'poor of late?
'T is certain, greatness, once fallen-out with 'fortune,
Must fall-out with 'men: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the 'summer;
And not a man, for being 'simply man,
Hath any honour; but honoured[a] for those honours
That are 'without him,—as place, riches, favour,—
Prizes of 'accident as oft as 'merit:
But 't is not so with 'me:
Fortune and I are 'friends: I do enjoy,
At ample point, all that I 'did possess,—
Save these men's looks.—Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?
What are you reading?

Ulyss. . . . A strange fellow here
Writes thus—That man, how dearly ever parted,[b]—
How much in 'having, (or without, or in,)—
Cannot make boast to 'have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owns, but by 'reflection.

Achil. This is 'not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the 'face
The 'bearer knows not, but commends itself
To 'others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold 'itself,
Not going 'from itself; but eye to eye 'opposed,
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation[c] turns not to 'itself,
Till it hath 'travelled; and is 'married there
Where it 'may see itself. This is not strange at 'all.

Ulyss. I do not strain[d] at the 'position,—
It is 'familiar,—but at the 'author's 'drift;
Who, in his circumstance,[e] expressly proves
That no man is the lord of 'anything,
(Though 'in and 'of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts[f] to others:
Nor doth he, of 'himself, know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the 'applause
Where they 're extended; which, (like an arch,) reverberates
The voice again; or, (like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun,) 'receives, and renders 'back,
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

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a O. R. honour. b endowed with parts or abilities. c intellectual observation. d urge beyond proper limits. e statement, argument. f knowledge.

And apprehended[a] here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens! what a 'man is 'there! a very 'horse;
That has—he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in 'regard, and dear in 'use!
What things, again, 'most dear in the 'esteem,
And poor in 'worth! Now shall we see, to-morrow,
(An act that very 'chance doth throw upon him)
Ajax 'renowned! . . . O heavens, what some men 'do,
While some men 'leave to do!
How some men 'creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the 'idiots in her eyes!
How 'one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is 'fasting[b] in his wantonness! . . .
To see these Grecian lords!—Why, even already
They clap the lubber 'Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking![c]

Achil. . . . I do believe it; for they passed by 'me,
As 'misers do by 'beggars;—neither gave to me
Good word, nor 'look. What! are my deeds 'forgot?

Ulyss. 'Time hath, my lord, a 'wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for 'Oblivion—
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds 'past; which are 'devoured,
As fast as they are 'made,—forgot, as soon
As done: But perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps Honour bright: to 'have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion,—like a rusty mail[d]
In monumental mockery. Take the 'instant way;
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where 'one but goes abreast: 'keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one 'pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,[e]
Like to an entered tide, they 'all rush by,
And leave 'you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in 'first rank,
You lie for pavement to the abject 'rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what 'they do in 'present,

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[a] understood. [b] O. R. feasting. [c] O. R. shrinking.
[d] suit of armour. [e] straight path.

Though less than yours in 'past, must o'er-top yours;
For Time is like a fashionable Host,
That slightly shakes his 'parting guest by the hand,
And, with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the 'comer: 'Welcome ever 'smiles,
And 'Farewell goes out 'sighing. O, let not Virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it 'was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are 'subjects all
To envious and calumniating 'Time.
One touch of 'Nature makes the whole world 'kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,[a]
Though they are made and moulded of things 'past:
And give to 'dust, that is a little 'gilt,
More laud than gilt 'o'er-dusted.
The 'present eye praises the present 'object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship 'Ajax;
Since things in 'motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what 'not stirs. The cry went once[b] on 'thee:
And 'still it might; and yet it may 'again,—
If thou wouldst not 'entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy 'tent.—
Farewell, my lord: I as your 'lover[c] speak;
The 'fool slides-o'er the ice that 'you should 'break. [Exit.

Patroclus, after the departure of Ulysses, continues the expostulation:

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have 'I moved you.
A 'woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loathed, than an effeminate 'man
In time of 'action.
Achil. . . . Shall 'Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much 'honour by him.
Achil. . . . I see, 'my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly 'gored.
Patr. O, then beware!
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give 'themselves:
'Omission to do what is 'necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank[d] of 'danger;
And danger, like an ague, 'subtly taints—
Even then when we sit 'idly in the sun.
Achil. . . . Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I 'll 'send the fool to Ajax; and desire him

[a] the latest fashionable toys or frivolities. [b] O. R. out.
[c] admirer. [d] an indefinite form.

To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To 'see us here unarmed. I have a strange desire[a]
To see great Hector in his weeds of 'peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my 'full of view.—A labour saved!

Thersites enters 'before being sent for:

Ther. A wonder! Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for 'himself. He must fight 'singly to-morrow with 'Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he 'raves—in saying nothing.

Achil. How can 'that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an Hostess that hath no arithmetic, but her 'brain, to set-down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard,[b] as who should say, There were 'wit in his head, an 't would 'out: And so there 'is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint—which will not 'show without 'knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if 'Hector break not his neck i' the 'combat, he 'll break 't 'himself in vain-'glory. He knows not 'me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, 'Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes 'me for the 'General? A plague of 'opinion! a man may wear it on 'both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites. Thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his 'horse, for that 's the more 'capable[c] creature.

Achil. . . . My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred;
And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were 'clear again, that I might water an 'ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance! [Exit.

In accordance with the petition of Calchas, the beautiful but fickle Lady Cressida is about to be exchanged for Antenor; and Diomedes—a young officer, handsome, brave, and courteous—is appointed to escort her to her father's tent in Troy. This State-arrangement is, for some time, unknown to Troilus and his bride, who continue to meet in secret. Pandarus and Troilus are in conversation, when Æneas enters with the unwelcome intelligence:

[a] O. R. a woman's longing. [b] knowing look. [c] intelligent.

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash.[a] The prisoner Antenor is
Delivered to us; and 'for him forthwith,—
Ere the first sacrifice, ay, within this 'hour,—
We must give-up, to Diomedes' hand,
The Lady Cressida. So it is concluded
By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at 'hand, and ready to effect it.

Troilus bitterly exclaims:

Tro. How my achievements 'mock me!
I will go 'meet them:—come, my Lord Æneas. [Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.

The intriguing Pandarus cannot conceal his vexation at this unexpected separation of the newly-wedded pair:

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got, but lost? the young Prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke his neck!

The Lady Cressida enters:

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here? . . .
Why 'sigh you so profoundly? Where 's my lord? gone?
'Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep 'under the earth as I am 'above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I 'knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I 'beseech you,—on my 'knees I beseech you,—what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be 'gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy 'father, and be gone from 'Troilus! 'T will be his death! 't will be his bane! he cannot bear it!

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I 'will not go.

Pan. Thou 'must.

Cres. I will 'not, uncle! I have 'forgot my father;
I know no 'touch of consanguinity;[b]
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine,
Make 'Cressid's name the very 'crown of falsehood,
If 'ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, death,
Do to this body what extremes[c] you 'can,—

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a urgent, hasty. b blood relationship. c O. R. extremity.

But the strong base and building of my 'love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing 'all things to 'it.—I will go in, and weep,—
Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praiséd cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding "Troilus!" I 'll 'not go from Troy.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you 'me of moderation?
If I 'could temporize with my 'affection,
The 'like allayment could I give my 'grief.

Troilus returns and affectionately embraces his bride:

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.

Pan. What a 'pair of spectacles is here!—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained[a] a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,—
Now take thee 'from me.

Cres. Have the gods 'envy? And is it 'true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A 'hateful truth!

Cres. What! and from 'Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy! and Troilus!

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly;[b] where injury of chance
Puts-back leave-taking; justles roughly-by
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips,
And scants us with a 'single, 'famished kiss,
Distasted[c] with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas is heard without:

Æne. [Within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are 'called: Some say, the Genius[d] so
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must 'die.—
Bid them have patience: She shall come 'anon.

The easily-excited Pandarus exclaims as he goes away:

Pan. Where are 'my tears? Rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown-up by the root! [Exit.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy!

Cres. A 'woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! . . .
When shall we see 'again?

Tro. Hear me, my love! Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what 'wicked deem[e] is this?

---

[a] refined (O. R. strange). [b] immediately. [c] O. R. distasting.
[d] guardian spirit. [e] doubt.

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, "Be thou true," as 'fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove[a] to Death 'himself,
That there 's no maculation[b] in thy 'heart;
But, "Be thou true," say I, to fashion-in
My 'sequent protestation;—"Be thou true,
And I will see thee."
Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As 'infinite as 'imminent! But I 'll 'be true.
Tro. And 'I 'll grow 'friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.[c]
Cres. And you this glove. . . . 'When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee 'nightly visitation. . . . But yet, 'be true!
Cres. O heavens!—"Be true," again?
Tro. Hear 'why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality,[d]
They 're[e] loving, well composed, with gifts of nature;
But I can tell, that, in each grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive 'devil,
That tempts most cunningly: But be 'not tempted.
Cres. Do you 'think I will?
Tro. . . . No. . . .
But something 'may be done that we 'will not:
And sometimes we are devils to 'ourselves,
When we will tempt the 'frailty of our powers,—
'Presuming on their 'changeful potency.

Paris is now heard calling:

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!
Tro. [Calling in reply.] Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, . . . will 'you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish, with 'craft, for great 'opinion,
I, with great 'truth, catch mere 'simplicity.
Fear not 'my truth: the 'moral 'of my wit
Is—"'Plain, and 'true"; 'there 's all the reach of it.—

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady
Whom, for 'Antenor, we deliver you:

---

[a] as a challenge. [b] blemish, impurity. [c] a silken scarf.
[d] noble accomplishments. [e] Q R. their loving.

At the port,[a] lord, I 'll give her to thy hand,
And, by the way, inform[b] thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name 'Cressid,—and 'thy life shall be as safe
As 'Priam is in Ilion.

Diomedes gallantly replies:

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, 'save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
'Plead your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be 'mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use 'me courteously,
To shame the seal[c] of 'my petition to thee,
In 'praising 'her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er 'thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be called her 'servant.
I 'charge thee, use her well, even for 'my charge;[d]
For, by the dreadful Pluto,[e] if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat!

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileged, by my place and message,
To be a speaker 'free: And know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on 'charge. To her 'own worth
She shall be prized; but that 'you say—"Be 't so,"
'I 'll speak it, in my spirit and honour,—"No."

Tro. Come, to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave[f] shall often make thee hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk. [Exeunt.

The Scene returns to the Grecian camp, before the tent of Agamemnon; and the lists are set-out for the expected contest between Hector and Ajax. We have before us Agamemnon the general, his brother Menelaus, old Nestor, and Ulysses; with the magniloquent Ajax, fully armed and boastful of his hoped-for success. Among the spectators come Diomedes and Lady Cressida. The beautiful but volatile lady is the cynosure of the military heroes who now gather around her. Her love for Prince Troilus may have been sincere, but it is not permanent; as transient, as violent; as easily transferred, as rapidly won. This variable impressibility is shown by her willingness to accept attentions and flatteries from

[a] gate of the city. [b] O. E. possess. [c] token of confirmation. [d] solicitation, request. [e] god of the infernal regions. [f] bravado.

the Grecian officers, who severally are permitted, and even encouraged, to salute her. Her young guardian, Diomedes—jealous of these possible rivals to his own excited hopes—at once removes her from such dangerous flatterers to her father's tent.

Ulysses shrewdly perceives her true nature and easy susceptibility. Knowing that modesty is a woman's greatest charm, he audibly condemns her frivolous but alluring blandishments:

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip!
Nay, her 'foot speaks! her wanton spirits look-out
At every joint and motion[a] of her body.
O, these 'encounterers! so glib of tongue,
That give accosting[b] welcome 'ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish[c] reader,—set them down
For sluttish spoils of 'Opportunity!

The Trojans' trumpet is now heard, and at once the Leaders—Hector, (armed,) Æneas, Troilus, and their Attendants, enter. Æneas is the spokesman for his party:

Æne. Hail, all you State of Greece! What shall be done
To him that 'victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be 'known? Will you, the knights
Shall, to the edge of all extremity,
Pursue each other? or shall they be divided[d]
By any voice or order of the field?
'Hector bade ask.

Agam. 'Which way would Hector 'have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done 'like Hector; but 'securely done;
A little 'proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight opposed.

Diomedes, having left the Lady Cressida in her father's tent, returns.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand-by our Ajax: As you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the 'order of their fight,
So be it; either to the 'uttermost,
Or else a 'breath:[e] the combatants being 'kin,[f]
Half stints their strife 'before their strokes begin.

While Hector and Ajax are preparing to enter the lists, Agamemnon, observing a Knight standing apart and absorbed in deep melancholy, kindly inquires of Ulysses:

Agam. 'What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The 'youngest son of Priam; a true knight,

[a] O. R. motive. [b] O. R. a coasting welcome. [c] O. R. tickling. [d] separated. [e] a short exercise. [f] Ajax and Hector were first cousins.

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in 'deeds; and deedless in his 'tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, 'being provoked, soon 'calmed:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he 'gives; what thinks, he 'shows;
Yet gives he not till 'judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure[a] thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes[b]
To 'tender objects; but 'he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him 'Troilus; and on him erect
A 'second hope, as fairly built as 'Hector.—
Thus says Æneas; one that 'knows the youth.

All preliminaries being completed, Ajax and Hector, both heavily armed, enter the lists, and the combat is at once begun. After a very vigorous but brief encounter (for the intention was merely to mortify Achilles, and not to shed blood,) the judges stop the combat—much to the dissatisfaction of the braggart Ajax—because, they allege, the combatants are relatives, and Hector himself declines to continue a deadly contest with his Kinsman: he says—

Hect. Why, then will I no more.—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A 'gory emulation. Let me 'embrace thee, Ajax.—
By him that thunders,[c] thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him 'thus: [Embracing him.
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
If I might in 'entreaties find success,
(And seld'[d] I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our 'Grecian tents.
Dio. 'T is 'Agamemnon's wish; and great 'Achilles
Doth long to see, unarmed, the valiant 'Hector.

Hector advances:

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our 'Trojan part.
Ajax. Great 'Agamemnon comes, to meet us here.
Hect. The 'worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for 'Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

---

[a] O. R. impair. [b] yields, gives way. [c] Jupiter. [d] seldom.

Agamemnon addresses Hector:

Agam. Worthy of arms! as 'welcome, as to one
That would be 'rid of such an 'enemy.
From 'heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperial[a] Agamemnon.

Hector is thus most graciously welcomed by the Grecian generals. At last, Achilles, thoroughly aroused by the distinctions and compliments heaped on the Trojan leader, contemptuously addresses him:

Achil. Now, Hector, . . . I have 'fed mine eyes on thee:
I have, with view exact, perused thee, Hector,
And quoted[b] joint by joint.
Hect. . . . Is this 'Achilles?
Achil. I 'am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on 'thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will, the second time,
As I would 'buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of 'sport thou 'lt read me 'o'er?
But there 's more 'in me than 'thou understand'st. . . .
Why dost thou so 'oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. . . Tell me, you heavens, in 'which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a 'name;
And make distinct the very 'breach, where-out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would 'discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer 'such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch 'my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate,[c] in nice conjecture,
'Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the 'Oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I 'll not kill 'thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied[d] Mars's helm,
I 'll kill thee 'everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er!—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence 'draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour 'deeds to match these words.—
I pray you, let us see you in the 'field:

---

[a] O. E. imperious. [b] mentally noted. [c] name beforehand. [d] formed on the anvil.

We have had 'pelting[a] wars, since you 'refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat 'me, Hector?
'To-morrow do I meet thee, fell[b] as death;
'To-night, all 'friends.

Hect. Thy 'hand upon that match!

As the frowning warriors retire, swelling with suppressed indignation, Agamemnon, wishing to take advantage of this temporary truce, addresses his officers:

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive[c] you: afterwards,—
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together,—'severally entreat[d] him.—
Beat loud the tabourines,[e] let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his 'welcome know.
[Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.

Amidst the din of martial music, the chiefs follow King Agamemnon, to begin the night's festivities. The unhappy Troilus now hopes to take advantage of his absence from the banquet, by again seeing his beloved Cressida; he stops his friend Ulysses, and anxiously inquires:

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In 'what place of the field doth 'Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There 'Diomed doth feast with him to-night;—
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair 'Cressid.

Tro. . . . Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To 'bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall 'command me, sir.
As gentle[f] tell me,—Of what honour[g] was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover 'there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. . . . O, sir, to such as boasting 'show their scars,
A 'mock is due.—Will you walk-on, my lord? . . .
She 'was beloved, she 'loved! she 'is, and 'doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for 'Fortune's tooth. [Exeunt.

Hector, although a foe, is most generously treated during his brief sojourn in the Grecian camp. The thought of vengeance, however, still prevails in the mind of Achilles, but he is for a time diverted from its pursuit. The deformed and malevolent Thersites

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[a] paltry. [b] fierce, cruel. [c] feast. [d] entertain. [e] tambourines.
[f] kindly. [g] estimation.

enters as a Messenger to Achilles, who, turning from his friend Patroclus, addresses the cynical buffoon:

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch[a] of nature, what 's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of 'idiot-worshippers, here 's a 'letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of 'fool, from Troy. [Gives the letter.

Achilles, after reading, says:

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am 'thwarted quite
From my great 'purpose, in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a 'letter from Queen Hecuba,
And 'token from her 'daughter,[b] my fair love;
Both taxing[c] me, and gaging[d] me to 'keep
An oath that I have sworn.—I will not 'break it.
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My 'major vow lies 'here, 'this I 'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in 'banqueting must all be spent.— [Ex. Ach. and Pat.

The cynic Thersites is alone:

Ther. With too much 'blood, and too little 'brain, these two may run 'mad; but if with too 'much brain and too 'little blood they do, I 'll be a 'curer of madmen! Here 's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough; but he has not so much 'brain as 'ear-wax: and the goodly 'transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,[e] the bull,—to what form, (but 'that he 'is,) should wit larded with malice, and malice forced[f] with wit, turn 'him to? To an 'ass, were nothing. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,[g] a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock,[h] or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be 'Menelaus,—I would conspire against 'destiny! That same Diomed, too—he 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he 'leers, than I will a serpent when he 'hisses. He will spend his mouth,[i] and 'promise; but when he 'performs, astronomers foretell it: it is 'prodigious,[j] there will come some 'change: the sun 'borrows of the moon, when Diomed 'keeps his word. They say he now frequents the traitor Calchas' tent. . . . I 'll after.—Nothing but villainy; all deceitful varlets! [Exit.

[a] baked lump. [b] Polixena, daughter of King Priam and Queen Hecuba. [c] chiding
[d] pledging [e] Menelaus. [f] stuffed as with force-meat [g] po'e-cat.
[h] hawk or kite. [i] make a noise—(waste his breath). [j] omiuous, portentous.

We now proceed to Calchas's tent—to which Ulysses has also led the deceived Troilus. No sooner have they entered the inclosure around the priestly tent, than, concealed by the darkness, Cressida and her new lover, Diomedes, approach; and, listening to their conversation, the Prince becomes assured of his wife's perfidy. She gives to Diomedes, as a pledge of her sincerity, the very scarf which she had received from Troilus, and which Diomedes now promises to wear as a challenge to the donor. Ulysses sorrowfully addresses his humiliated friend:

Ulyss. You are moved, Prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To 'wrathful terms: this 'place is 'dangerous;
The 'time right 'deadly: I 'beseech you, 'go!
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a 'word:
There is, between my will and all offences,
A guard of 'patience:—stay a 'little while. . . .
O beauty, where 's thy faith?
I 'will be patient; 'outwardly, I will.

The heart-broken Prince is incensed by additional proofs of his wife's new affection for the obsequious but treacherous Diomedes; and especially by their tender separation, and their repeated mutual promises stealthily to meet again. When the lover withdraws, the faithless wife apostrophizes:

Cres. Troilus, farewell! 'one eye yet looks on 'thee,
But with my 'heart the 'other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,—
The error of our 'eye directs our 'mind:
What 'error leads 'must err. Oh, then conclude,
Minds swayed by 'eyes are full of turpitude.[a] [Exit.

These are bitter, burning words. Ulysses turns to the bereaved husband:

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord!
Tro. It 'is!
Ulyss. Why 'stay we then?
Tro. . . . To make a recordation[b] to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But yet there is a credence in my 'heart,
That doth 'invert the attest of eyes and ears:
'Was Cressid here? She was not, sure!
Ulyss. 'Most sure she 'was. Cressid was here but 'now.
Tro. Let it not be believed for[c] 'womanhood!
Think, we had 'mothers: think this is not Cressid:
'This 'she? no, this is 'Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, 'this is not she:
If souls guide vows,—if vows be sanctimonies,—

[a] moral baseness. [b] record, memorial-register. [c] for the sake of.

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,—
If there be rule in unity itself,
'This is 'not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets-up, 'with and 'against thyself!
'Bi-fold[a] authority! this 'is, and is 'not Cressid!
Instance, O instance! Strong as Pluto's gates,
Cressid is 'mine, tied with the bonds of 'heaven:
Instance, O instance! Strong as heaven itself,
The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved, and loosed;
And with 'another knot, five-finger-tied,[b]
The 'fractions of her faith are bound to 'Diomed!.
Hark, Greek:—As much as I do Cressid 'love,
So much by weight 'hate I her 'Diomed;
That sleeve is 'mine that he 'll bear in his helm:
Were it a casque[c] composed 'by 'Vulcan's[d] skill,
'My sword should 'bite it! 'Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Compressed[e] in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's[f] ear.
Than shall 'my prompted sword falling on Diomed!
O Cressid! O 'false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all 'untruths stand by thy stainéd name,
And they 'll 'seem glorious! Farewell, revolted fair!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept 'distracted thanks. [Exeunt.

By the time that Troilus and Æneas reach Troy, Hector is already in arms, preparing for a final struggle with his great rival Achilles, on the battlefield; but his wife, Andromache, and his sister, Cassandra, the prophetess, endeavour to dissuade him:

And. When was my lord so much 'ungently tempered,
To stop his ears against 'admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and 'do not fight to-day!

Hect. You train me to 'offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!

And. My 'dreams will, sure, prove 'ominous to the 'day.

Cassandra hastily enters:

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister,—armed, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on 'knees; for I have 'dreamed
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

[a] O. R. by fonl. [b] having already given her hand. [c] helmet. [d] Vulcan, the god of fire, and patron of all that work in metals. [e] O. R. constringed. [f] god of the sea

Have nothing 'seen[a] but shapes and forms of 'slaughter.
Hect. . . . Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of 'sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!
Hect. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me 'swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and 'peevish[b] vows:
'They are 'polluted offerings,—more abhorred
Than spotted livers[c] in the sacrifice.
And. O, 'be persuaded! Do not count it holy
To 'hurt, by being 'just: it is as lawful,
(For we would 'give much,) to use[d] violent 'thefts,
And rob in the behalf of 'charity.
Cas. It is the 'purpose that makes strong the 'vow;
But vows to 'every purpose must not hold:
'Un-arm, sweet Hector!
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine 'honour keeps the weather of my 'fate:
'Life 'every man holds dear; but the 'brave[e] man
Holds 'honour far more 'precious-dear than life.
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. [Exit Cassandra.

Cassandra hastens to obtain King Priam's parental interference. The bereaved and desperate Prince Troilus enters, also armed, and eager for revenge; but he conceals his agitation from his brother Hector, who inquires:

Hect. How now, young man! Mean'st 'thou to fight to-day?
No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff[f] 'thy harness, youth:
'I am to-day i' the vein of 'chivalry:
Let grow 'thy sinews till their knots be 'strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes[g] of the war.
'Un-arm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
'I 'll stand, to-day—for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a 'vice[h] of mercy in you,
Which better fits a 'lion than a man.
Hect. 'What vice is that, good Troilus? 'chide me for it.
Tro. When, many times, the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and 'live.
Hect. O, 't is fair play.
Tro. 'Fool's play, by heaven, Hector. For love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit Pity with our 'mothers;
But, when we have our 'armours buckled on,
Let venomed 'Vengeance ride upon our swords!
Spur them to 'ruthless[i] work! rein them 'from ruth.[j]

[a] O. R. hath nothing been. [b] formed without judgment. [c] the augurers considered a diseased liver to be a bad omen. [d] O. R. count. [e] O. R. dear. [f] throw off. [g] contests. [h] fault, crime. [i] O. R. ruthful. [j] mercy.

Hect. Fie, 'savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, 't is thus in 'wars.[a]
Hect. Troilus, I would not have 'you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should 'withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,[b]
Beckoning, with fiery truncheon, my retire;
Not Priamus[c] and Hecuba[d] on 'knees,
Their eyes o'ergallèd with recourse[e] of tears;
Nor 'you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me,—should 'stop my way,
But by my 'ruin!

Cassandra returns with their father, the venerable King Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch: Now, if thou 'lose thy stay,
Thou on 'him leaning, and all Troy on 'thee,
'Fall all together!
Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back:
Thy 'wife hath dreamed; thy 'mother hath had visions;
'Cassandra doth foresee; and 'I myself
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that 'this day is 'ominous:
Therefore, come back!
Hect. 'Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to 'many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay; but thou shalt not go?
Hect. I must not break my 'faith.
You know me 'dutiful: therefore, dear sir,
Let me not 'shame respect;[f] but 'give me leave
To 'take that course, by your consent and voice,
Which you do here 'forbid me, royal Priam.

The young prophetess Cassandra, influenced by her form of "second-sight," now foretells her brother's death.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector! . . .
Look, how thou 'diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents![g]
Hark, how 'Troy roars! how 'Hecuba cries out!
How poor 'Andromache shrills 'her dolours forth!
Behold, Distraction, Frenzy, and Amazement,
Like witless antics one another meet,

---

[a] O. R. then 'tis wars. [b] the god of war. [c] his father. [d] his mother.
[e] continuous flow. [f] respectful consideration. [g] openings, gashes.

And 'all cry—"Hector!" "Hector 's dead!" . . . Oh, Hector!
Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my 'leave: . . .
Thou dost 'thyself, and all our 'Troy, deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town: 'we 'll forth and 'fight,
Do deeds 'worth praise, and tell you them at night.
[Exeunt severally, Priam and Hector.

Troilus is aroused from his reverie by the alarums of war.

Tro. They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or 'win my sleeve. [Going.

Pandarus enters with a paper:

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troilus silently reads, while Pandarus continues his "unjointed chat."

Pan. A tisick,[a] a rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl! and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine 'eyes too; and such an ache in my 'bones, that I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere 'words; no matter from the 'heart.
[Tearing the letter.
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—
'My love with 'words and 'errors still she feeds,
But edifies 'another with her 'deeds.

[b]*Pan.* But hear you! hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lacquey! ignomy[c] and shame
Pursue thy 'life, and live aye with thy 'name! [Exeunt severally.

The great battle has begun. But the varied skirmishes are too numerous, and the results too diffused, for verbal description: even dramatic representation may fail; for the events, frequently interrupted, are not arranged in effective sequence.—Troilus attacks Diomedes, but he is unsuccessful; and, in the confusion of the battle, loses his horse: Diomedes immediately captures it, and sends it off to the fair but false Cressida as a gift; thus implying that he had overcome her husband, who, however, still lives to seek his revenge. Patroclus is slain by Hector: and this catastrophe at last rouses the indolent Achilles. Ajax is also incited to wilder and noisier action. Nestor says:

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—

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[a] consumptive cough. [b] These three lines are transposed from the end of the play. [c] ignominy.

There are a 'thousand Hectors in the field:
Now 'here he fights on 's horse; anon, he 's 'there afoot;
Here, there, and everywhere, he 'leaves and 'takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he 'will, he 'does; and does so much,
That 'proof is called 'impossibility!

Ulysses enters:

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes! Great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have 'roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,[a]
That—noseless, handless, hacked and chipped,—come to him,
Crying on 'Hector! Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth,—and 'he is armed, and at it,
Roaring for 'Troilus! who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
'Engaging and 'redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade 'him win 'all. [Exit Ulysses.

In the midst of the confusion, Troilus rushes in:

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas! Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not conquer[b] him: 'I 'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck[c] not though I end my life to-day. [Exit Troilus.

Achilles enters, followed by his soldiers:

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;[a]
Mark what I say. Attend me where I fight:[d]
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody 'Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner 'execute your aims.[e]
Follow me, sirs, and 'my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed, Hector the Great must die. [Exeunt.

In another part of the field, Hector is discovered disarming himself, and leaning over the body of an unknown Warrior whom he had slain,—having been attracted by his splendid accoutrements.

Hect. Most putrifiéd core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.—

[a] The Thessalian troops, serving under Achilles, were called Myrmidons.
[b] O. R. carry. [c] O. R. care. [d] wheel. [e] O. R. arms.

Now is my day's work 'done; I' ll take good breath:
Rest, sword;—thou hast thy 'fill of blood and death!

After he has put off his helmet, and laid his sword aside, Achilles and his Myrmidons enter.

Achil. . . . Look, Hector, how the sun begins to 'set;
How ugly 'night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail[a] and darkening[b] of the sun,
To close the 'day up, Hector's 'life is done!

Hect. . . . I am unarmed: forego this 'vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; 'this is the man I seek.

Hector is immediately struck down, and dies covered with wounds

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lie thy 'heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain." [A double retreat is sounded.
Hark! a retreat upon our 'Grecian part.

Myr. The 'Trojan trumpets sound the 'like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon-wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler[c]-like, the armies separate.
My half-supped sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with 'this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—[Sheathes his sword.
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

We have now before us the Grecian encampment. Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others enter, marching. Sounds of rejoicing are heard.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Dio. The bruit[d] is, Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet 'bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If, in this death, the gods have 'us befriended,
Great Troy is 'ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exeunt.

Turning towards the Trojan forces we see Æneas and his soldiers.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are 'we masters of the field.
Never go 'home: 'here starve we out the night.

Troilus enters:

Tro. Hector is 'slain!

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

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[a] descent. [b] O. R. darking. [c] sticklers were men (armed with sticks) who interfered between combatants. [d] report.

Tro. He 's 'dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, 'dragged through the shameful field.—
Frown-on, you heavens, effect your rage with 'speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and 'smite[a] at Troy!
I say, at 'once let your brief plagues be 'mercy,
And 'linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare 'all imminence[b] that gods and men
Address their dangers in. . . . Hector is 'gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called
Go-in to Troy, and say there—"Hector 's dead!"
'There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes[c] of our maids and wives,
Cold statues of our youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
"Hector is dead!" there is no more to say.
Strike a 'free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
'Hope of 'revenge shall hide our inward woe. [Exeunt.

END OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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[a] O. R. smile. [b] every impending ill. [c] Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, wept for the loss of her children till she was converted into a stone fountain.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The story of the Tragedy of "Hamlet" is originally given by Saxo Grammaticus, in his History of Denmark: from that work, it was extracted by Belleforest, the French novelist: and thence translated, and published in English, under the title of the "Hystorie of Hamblett," about twenty years before the close of the 16th century. Shortly afterwards it formed the subject of a play, which was acted before 1589: but of this version (supposed to have been written by Thomas Kyd[a] no copy is known to exist. There are, however, three distinct records of its performance:—

In the Preface to Robert Greene's novel of "Menaphon" (published in 1589) Thomas Nash says—"he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say Handfuls, of tragical speeches."—Again,—we learn from Henslow the actor's Diary (June 9th, 1594) that it was performed *once* in the theatre of Newington Butts (near London,) when the manager's share of the profits amounted to eight shillings.—And again,—In Dr. Lodge's "Wits Miseries," published in 1596, he describes one of the Devils as a ".a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the Ghost which cried so miserably at the theatre, Hamlet, revenge!"

There are extant two versions of Shakespeare's tragedy preceding the folio of 1623; that of 1603, and that of 1604. In the reprint of the former (1825,) it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, as originally written by Shakespeare, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." If this statement is correct, the earlier play is probably surreptitious—printed without the author's permission—and it may therefore be regarded as the first sketch of a great picture. Otherwise, notwithstanding the evidence of facts, it is difficult to believe that the two versions emanated from the same pen—especially from Shakespeare, who is reported (as a stage tradition) by Ben Jonson, "never to have blotted out a line" Nor can it now be ascertained to what extent the earlier but unknown play was used as a foundation. The "Hamlet" of 1603[b]

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[a] A dramatic author (contemporary with Shakespeare). His best known play is "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again." It was first produced in 1588, and is said to have been more frequently printed than any play of the time.

[b] The earliest mention of Shakespeare's play is thus made in the Stationers' Register: "July 26, 1602. A Booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince of Denmarke, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The publication was deferred till 1603, when it appeared with the following title: "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London, as also in the Two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere . . . 1603." Of this play (known as the Duke of Devonshire's copy) only one imperfect copy (wanting the end) was known to exist; but it is now duplicated by another imperfect copy (wanting the beginning).

is rough, crude, and often unmetrical; the "Hamlet" of 1604[a] is the acknowledged literary masterpiece of the world.

The Characters[b] retained in this Condensation are:

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*
HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
LAERTES, *his Son.*
ROSENCRANTZ, } *Courtiers.*
GUILDENSTERN, }
A PRIEST
MARCELLUS, } *Officers.*
BERNARDO, }
GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.
PLAYERS.
TWO CLOWNS, *Grave-diggers.*
GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*
Lords, Ladies, Officers, and Attendants.

The Scene is at Elsinore, a seaport of the Island of Seeland, belonging to Denmark.

The Time is in the Eleventh century.

The Sentinels on guard before the Castle at Elsinore had been twice startled at midnight by a ghostly figure, bearing a resemblance to the late King Hamlet—who has not long been dead; although his widow is already re-married to King Claudius, her late brother-in-law. These officers have informed Horatio, (a former college-friend of young Prince Hamlet,) and he agrees to join them that night on their watch; that he might testify to the almost incredible circumstance, and, if possible, ascertain the object of the mysterious visitation. The Ghost again appears, but it deigns no reply to Horatio. The three friends then resolve to inform Prince Hamlet; for, says Horatio—

—"upon my life
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him."

The Scene is a Room of State in the Palace at Elsinore, where the King and Queen are holding their first levée after their marriage. Among the Courtiers are Polonius, (the aged Lord Chamberlain,) and his son Laertes: Young Hamlet attends the gaudy ceremony in funeral attire. The King speaks:

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green;[c] and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

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[a] The other Version—the same, but how different!—was thus announced in 1604:—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie . . . 1604." This edition is nearly the same as that printed in the folio collection of 1623.

Some extracts are given at the end of this Condensation (p 230) from the First Quarto version, 1603

[b] In the Version of 1603, Polonius is named Corambis—Ophelia is Ofelia—Laertes is Leartes—Gertrude is Gertred—and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

[c] fresh.

To be contracted in 'one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That 'we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of 'ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime[a] sister, now our Queen,
Have we,—as 't were with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred[b]
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.—
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with 'you?
You told us of some suit: What is 't, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to 'return to France.

King. Have you your 'father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, 'wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent:
I do beseech you, 'give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [Aside.] A little 'more than kin,[c] and 'less than 'kind.[d]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on 'you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.[e]

The Queen advances:

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted[f] colour off,
And let 'thine eye look like a 'friend on Denmark.
Do not, for 'ever, with thy vailéd lids[g]
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is 'common; 'all that live 'must 'die,—
Passing, through 'nature, to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it 'is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so 'particular[h] with 'thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it 'is; 'I know not "seems."
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother;
Nor customary suits of solemn black;
Nor windy suspiration of 'forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with 'all forms, moods, 'shows of grief,
That can denote 'me truly: These 'indeed seem,

[a] O. R sometimes. [b] excluded. [c] kinsman. [d] kindred (son). [e] a quibble on "son." [f] mourning (night-like). [g] cast-down eye-lids. [h] peculiar, personal.

For they are actions that a man might 'play:
But 'I have that 'within, which 'passeth[a] show;—
These, but the trappings, and the 'suits, of woe.

The King expostulates with the Prince:

King. 'T is sweet and 'commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, 'your father 'lost a father;
That father lost, lost 'his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some 'term
To do obsequious[b] 'sorrow: But to 'persevere[c]
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious 'stubbornness; 't is 'unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to 'Heaven,—
A fault to Nature. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing[d] woe, and think of 'us
'As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our 'son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose 'her prayers, Hamlet:
'I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.[e]

Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey 'you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply.
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [Ex. King and courtiers.

The King and Queen, followed by the Court, withdraw, to resume the marriage festivities. Hamlet is alone:

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve[f] itself into a dew!
Or, that the Everlasting had 'not fixed
His canon[g] 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem, to 'me, all the uses[h] of this world!
Fie on 't! Oh fie? 'T is an unweeded garden,
That grows to 'seed! things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.[i] That it should come to this!
But 'two months dead!—nay, not so much, 'not two!—
So excellent a King; that was, to 'this,

---

[a] surpasseth. [b] belonging to funeral rites (obsequies). [c] O. R. perséver. [d] unavailing, useless. [e] a city of Prussian Saxony, (on the river Elbe,) the seat of a famous university. [f] dissolve. [g] rule of ecclesiastical law. [h] usages. [i] wholly.

Hyperion[a] to a Satyr![b] So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[c] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
'Must I remember? why, she would 'hang on him—
As if increase of appetite had 'grown
By what it fed on;—and yet, 'within a month,—
Let me not think on 't,—Frailty, thy 'name is 'Woman!—
A little 'month!—or e'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
'Like Niobe,[d] all tears;—why she, even she—
O heaven! a 'beast, that 'wants discourse and reason,[e]
Would have mourn'd longer—'married . . . my 'uncle;[f]
My father's brother! but no more 'like my father,
Than 'I to 'Hercules.[g] 'Within a month,—
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her 'galléd 'eyes,—
She married!—O most wicked speed!
It 'is not, nor it cannot 'come to, good: . . .
But break, my heart; for 'I 'must hold my tongue!

The Officers of the Guard, Marcellus and Bernardo, enter with Horatio.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio?—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servaut ever.
Ham. Sir, my good 'friend; I 'll 'change[h] that name with you.
Aud what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Hor. A 'truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your 'enemy say so:
But what is your affair in 'Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to 'drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not 'mock me, fellow-student;
'I think, it was to see . . . my 'mother's 'wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard-upon.
Ham. Thrift,[i] thrift, Horatio! the 'funeral baked-meats
Did 'coldly furnish forth the 'marriage-tables.
'Would I had met my dearest[j] foe in 'heaven,

[a] the god Apollo (the Sun) contrasted with [b] a brutish sylvan monster. [c] permit.
[d] the wife of Amphion: she had to mourn the death of all her children, who, at the instigation of Latona, were slain by the darts of Jupiter. [e] O. R. discourse of reason. [f] O R with mine uncle. [g] a fabulous hero, afterwards deified, celebrated for his Twelve Athletic Labours. [h] exchange (servant for friend). [i] economy
[j] greatest (direst).

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—
My father!—Methinks I 'see my father!
Hor. O, where, my lord?
Ham. In my 'mind's eye, Horatio.—
Hor. . . . I saw him 'once: 'he was a 'goodly king.
Ham. He was a 'man! Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, . . . I 'think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, whom?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Season your admiration[a] for a while
With an attent[b] ear; till I may deliver,—
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,—
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear!
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,—
Marcellus and Bernardo,—on their watch,
In the dead waste[c] and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered:—A 'figure, 'like your father,
Armed at all points exactly, cap-à-pié,[d]
Appears before them; and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: whilst they, bestilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to 'me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the 'third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered,—both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,—
The 'apparition comes.
Ham. . . . But 'where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
Ham. Did 'you not speak to it, Horatio?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted-up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it 'would speak;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And 'vanished from our sight!
Ham. 'T is very strange!
Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is 'true.
Ham. Indeed? Indeed, sirs! But this troubles me. . .
Hold you the watch 'to-night?

[a] that is, qualify your astonishment. [b] attentive. [c] O. E. wast. [d] from head to foot.

Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. . . . Armed, say you?
Ber. Armed, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his 'face?
Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver[a] 'up.
Ham. What looked he? frowningly?[b]
Hor. A countenance more in 'sorrow than in anger.
Ham. His beard was grizzled?—No?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it, in his 'life—
A sable, 'silvered.[c]
Ham. 'I will watch to-night:
Perchance, 't will walk 'again.
If it assume my noble 'father's person,
'I 'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape,[d]
And 'bid me hold my peace!—I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable[e] in your silence 'still;
And whatsoever else shall hap 'to-night,
Give it an 'understanding, but no 'tongue:
I will 'requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve
I 'll visit you.
All. Our 'duty to your honour.
Ham. Your 'loves; as mine to you: Farewell. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.
My father's Spirit!—in arms!—All is not well;
I doubt 'some 'foul 'play! 'Would the night were 'come!
'Till then, sit still, my soul.—Foul deeds 'will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

In the meantime, young Laertes is, before his departure for France, affectionately bidding farewell to his sister, the Lady Ophelia, and cautioning her against listening too credulously to the flatteries of Prince Hamlet.

Laer. Sister, farewell; and as the winds give benefit,[f]
Pray let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you 'doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood:[g]

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[a] the lower or movable part of a helmet. [b] O. R. What, lookt he frowningly?
[c] black tinged with white. [d] open its fissures. [e] maintained (O. R. treble).
[f] favourable opportunity. [g] royal lineage.

'He may not, as 'un-valued persons do,
Carve for 'himself; for on his choice depends
The safety[a] and the health of the whole state;
Then, weigh what loss your 'honour may sustain
If with too credent[b] ear you list his songs:
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the 'rear of your affection;
The chariest[c] maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the 'moon;
Be wary then; best safety lies in 'fear:
Youth to 'itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the 'effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, (as some ungracious[d] pastors do,)
Show 'me the steep and 'thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed[e] and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose-path of 'dalliance[f] treads,
And recks not his own rede.[g]

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long,—but here my father comes.

Polonius enters:

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There,—my blessing with thee;
And these few precepts in thy memory
See that thou character.[h] Give thy 'thoughts no 'tongue,
Nor any 'unproportioned thought his 'act.
Be thou 'familiar, but by no means 'vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption 'tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not 'dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of 'entrance to a quarrel; but, 'being in,
Bear 't that the opposéd may beware of 'thee.
Give 'every man thine 'ear, but few thy 'voice;
Take each man's 'censure,[i] but reserve 'thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in 'fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the 'apparel oft proclaims the 'man.

---

[a] O. R. sanctity. [b] believing, credulous. [c] most cautious. [d] graceless.
[e] proud, puffed up. [f] pleasure (interchange of caresses). [g] that is, heeds not his own advice. [h] write distinctly. [i] criticism, opinion.

Neither a 'borrower nor a 'lender be;
For 'loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And 'borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[a]
This above all,—to thine own 'self be 'true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be 'false to 'any man.
Farewell; my blessing 'season[b] this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.—
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory 'locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key. Farewell. [Exit Laertes.

The cautious old father anxiously inquires:

Pol. 'What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'T is told me, he hath, very oft of late,
Given 'private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
What is 'between you? give me up the 'truth.

Oph. . . . He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders[c]
Of his 'affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a 'green[d] 'girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you 'believe his "tenders," as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, 'what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a 'baby;
That you have ta'en these "tenders" for 'true pay,
Which are 'not sterling. "Tender" yourself more dearly,
Or you 'll tender 'me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with 'love,
In 'honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay! 'fashion you 'may call it; go to, go to!

Oph. And hath given countenance[e] to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay! springes[f] to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the 'blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives the 'tongue vows. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any 'moment's leisure

---

[a] thrift, economy. [b] mature, preserve. [c] offers. [d] inexperienced. [e] support. [f] snares.

As to give words, or talk, with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I 'charge you: Come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

Midnight again comes on; and, in accordance with the arrangement made, Prince Hamlet meets Horatio and the Officers of the Watch on the Platform before the Castle.

Ham. The air 'bites shrewdly;[a] it is 'very cold.
Hor. It 'is a nipping and an eager[b] air.
Ham. What 'hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is 'struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the Spirit held his 'wont[c] to walk.

The conversation is disturbed by sounds of noisy revelry within the Castle.

What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The King doth wake[d] to-night, and takes his rouse;[e]
And, 'as he drains his draughts of Rhenish[f] down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray-out
The 'triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a 'custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to 'my mind,—though I am a native here,
And to the manner 'born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the 'breach than the observance.

The Ghost appears.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes!
Ham. Augels and ministers of Grace, defend us!—
Be thou a Spirit of 'health,—or Goblin 'damned,—
Bring with thee airs from 'heaven,—or blasts from 'hell,—
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a 'questionable[g] shape,
That I will 'speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father!—Royal Dane, O answer me!
Let me not burst in 'ignorance; but tell,
'Why thy canonized bones, hearséd in death,
Have 'burst their cerements?[h] why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,

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[a] keenly. [b] sharp (aigre). [c] was accustomed. [d] hold festival. [e] carousal (a large drinking vessel filled with wine). [f] Rhine wine. [g] that may be subjected to questioning. [h] waxed cloths used in embalming the dead.

Hath 'oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making 'night hideous, and 'us[a] fools of nature—
So horridly to shake our disposition,[b]
With thoughts 'beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, 'why is this? wherefore? what should we 'do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment[c] did desire
To you 'alone.

Ham. It will not 'speak: then will I 'follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the 'fear?
I do not set my 'life at a 'pin's fee;[d]
And, for my 'soul—what can it do to 'that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again:—I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff?
And there assume some other 'horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of 'reason,
And draw you into 'madness? think of it!

Ham. It waves[e] me 'still:—Go on, I 'll follow thee.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall 'not go.

Ham. My Fate[f] cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean[g] lion's nerve.— [The Ghost beckons.
Still am I called.—Unhand me, gentlemen!— [Breaking from them.
By Heaven, I 'll 'make a ghost of him that 'lets[h] me:—
I say, away!——Go on, I 'll follow 'thee. [Exeunt.

The awe-struck Prince is preceded, by the imaged majesty of Denmark, to a more remote part of the fortress.

Ham. 'Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I 'll go no 'farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. . . . I will!

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I, to sulphurous and tormenting flames,
Must render-up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

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[a] O. R. we. [b] natural temperament. [c] information. [d] value. [e] O. R wafts. [f] my goddess of destiny. [g] alluding to the lion killed by Hercules in the Nemean forest near Argos [h] prevents.

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, 'I am 'bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to 'revenge, 'when thou shalt hear.
Ham. . . . What?
Ghost. I 'am thy father's Spirit;
Doomed, for a certain term, to walk the 'night;
And, for the 'day, confined—to fast in 'fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am 'forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I 'could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would 'harrow-up thy 'soul,—'freeze thy young 'blood,—
Make thy two 'eyes, like stars, 'start from their spheres,—
Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,—
And each particular 'hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:[a]
But this eternal blazon[b] 'must not be
To ears of flesh-and-blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father 'love,—
'Revenge his foul and most unnatural 'murder!
Murder 'most foul, as in the 'best it is;
But 'this, 'most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. 'Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May 'sweep to my revenge!
Ghost. I find thee 'apt:
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe[c] wharf,
Wouldst thou 'not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:—
'T is given-out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A 'serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is, by a 'forgéd process[d] of my death,
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The 'serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his 'crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! My uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that beast!
With witchcraft of his wit, won to 'himself
The will of my most 'seeming-virtuous Queen.

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[a] O. R. porpentine. [b] revelation, divulgement of eternity. [c] the river of forgetfulness (in hell). [d] false report.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From 'me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went, hand-in-hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a 'wretch, whose 'natural gifts[a] were poor
To those of mine!
But, soft! methinks, I scent the 'morning air:
Brief let me be.—Sleeping, within mine orchard,
Upon my secure[b] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curséd hebenon[c] in a phial;[d]
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.
'Thus was I, 'sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and Queen, at once despatched;[e]
Cut-off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled,[f] unanointed,[g] unaneled,[h]—
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!
O, horrible! O, horrible! 'most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not!
But, howsoever thou pursuest 'this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy 'mother aught: leave 'her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at 'once!
The glow-worm shows the matin[i] to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual[j] fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [The Ghost vanishes.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant 'old,
But bear me stiffly up!—'Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.[k] Remember 'thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all forms, all pressures[l] past;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by Heaven! . .
I have 'sworn it.

Horatio and Marcellus enter, and eagerly question the Prince concerning the Ghost. He at first gives evasive replies: but after-

[a] abilities. [b] unguarded. [c] the poisonous juice of the ebony tree. [d] O. R. violl.
[e] hastily deprived, bereft. [f] not having received the sacrament. [g] O. R. disappointed.
[h] not having received extreme unction. [i] morning. [j] producing no effect in consequence of day-light. [k] his head. [l] impressions.

wards, having suddenly conceived the idea of concealing his real purpose by assumed insanity, he proposes that they should take an oath of secrecy; and to this they are also urged by one admonitory word from the Ghost, (speaking, as it were, from some hollow cavern of the earth:)

Ghost. Swear!

Horatio exclaims in amazement:

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore, 'as a stranger, give it 'welcome.—
There 'are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are 'dreamt of in our 'philosophy.—But come;—
Here, as before: Never, (so help you mercy!)
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an 'antic disposition[a] on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall—
(With arms encumbered thus; or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some 'doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, 'we know;"—or, "We 'could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If 'we list to speak;"—or, "There 'be, an if there 'might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving-out,)—denote[b]
That you know 'aught of me:—This 'not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

The Ghost solemnly joins in the abjuration:

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear!
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbéd Spirit.

The oath is reverently and silently taken by placing their hands on the cross at the hilt of Hamlet's sword.

So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to 'express his love and friending[c] to you,
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go-in together;
And 'still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,
That ever 'I was born to set it right! [Exeunt.

The grand object of the Prince now is revenge: revenge on the King, for his father's murder—with leniency to the Queen, at that father's express command. Were his secret discovered, he knows that his crafty uncle would take desperate means to remove him.

[a] behaviour. [b] O. R. to note. [c] friendliness.

Besides, he amiably fears the possibility of mistake. Is the Ghost an emissary of Eternal Justice? or a fiend to entice him into crime? Though roused, he is not convinced: he therefore determines to adopt a policy of observation, and to feign madness; that he may have an opportunity, on safe grounds, of carrying out his revenge: as his uncle will believe him incapable of any serious project, and his real perturbation of mind will be best concealed under this guise of lunacy.

The first display of simulated madness is given to her who had recently received his love; and his behaviour, "wiping away this trivial fond record" of the past, is carried-on with a strange blending of enforced rudeness and true affection. The perplexed Ophelia hastens to inform her father:

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted! . . .
My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced,
Ungartered, and down-gyvéd[a] to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,—
Comes-in before me.
Pol. Mad—for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not 'know; but, truly, I do 'fear it.
He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal[b] of my face
As he would 'draw it. Long stayed he so:
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,—
He raised a 'sigh—so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,[c]
And 'end his being. That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way 'without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went 'without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on 'me.
Pol. This is the very 'ecstacy[d] of love!—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath 'made him mad. Come, go we to the King:—
This must be 'known, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to 'hide, than 'hate to utter 'love. [Exeunt.

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[a] hanging down like gyves or fetters. [b] examination. [c] body.
[d] extreme distraction, madness.

To sustain the deceit, Hamlet throws himself in the way of two courtly spies—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—who had been appointed by the King and Queen to find out the cause of his distraction. Besides, he writes a fantastic, euphuistic letter to the Lady Ophelia; which letter her garrulous father, with much self-gratulation, hastens to communicate to their majesties.

Pol. I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail[a] of 'policy so sure
As it hath used[b] to do—that I have found
Thē very 'cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O! speak of that; that do I 'long to hear.
Pol. My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate[c]
What 'majesty should be,—what duty 'is,—
'Why day is day,—night, night,—and time is time,
Were nothing but to 'waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since 'brevity is the 'soul of wit,
And 'tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
'I will be 'brief. Your noble son is 'mad:
Mad 'call I it; for, to 'define true madness,
What is 't, but to be . . . nothing else 'but mad?
Queen. More 'matter, with less 'art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use 'no art at all.
That he 'is mad, 't is true; 't is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true.—And now remains,
That we find out the 'cause of this ēffect;
Or rather say, the cause of this 'dē-fect,
For this ēf-fect, dēfective, comes by cause:
I have . . . a daughter; 'have, 'whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise: [He reads.
—"*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*—"
That 's an ill phrase, a vile[d] phrase: "beautified" is a vile[d] phrase but you shall hear.—Thus:
"*In her excellent-white bosom, these, &c.*"

> "*Doubt thou the stars are fire;*
> *Doubt, that the sun doth move;*
> *Doubt truth to be a liar;*
> *But never doubt, I love.*

"*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;*[e] *I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu.*
"*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine*[f] *is to him,* HAMLET."

[a] scent. [b] O. R. as I have used. [c] discuss. [d] O. R. vilde. [e] poetic measures. [f] body.

King. But how hath she 'received his love?
Pol. What do you think of 'me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain 'prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the 'wing,
(As I 'perceived it, I must tell you that,
'Before my daughter told me,) what might 'you,
Or my dear majesty, your Queen here, think,
If I had played the 'desk, or table-book?
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb?
Or looked upon this love with 'idle sight?
What 'might you think? No, I went 'round[a] to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:—
"Lord Hamlet is a 'prince, out of thy sphere;[b]
This 'must not be:" And then I precepts gave her,
That she should 'lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she 'took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulséd,—a 'short tale to make,—
Fell into a 'sadness; then, into a 'fast;
Thence, to a 'watch;[c] thence, into a 'weakness;
Thence, to a 'lightness; and, by this 'dēclension,
Into 'thē 'madness wherein now 'he raves,
And all 'we mourn[d] for.
King. 'Do you think 't is so?
Pol. [Pointing to his head and body.] Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
King. How may we try it 'further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for[e] hours together
Here in the lobby?
At such a time, I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind the arras[f] then;
Mark the encounter: If he love her 'not,
And be not from his reason fallen 'thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a 'State,
But keep a 'farm and carters.
Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes, reading.
Pol. Away! I do beseech you, 'both away:
'I 'll board[g] him presently:—O! give me leave.—[Ex. King and Queen.
The King and Queen withdraw, as Hamlet enters, reading.
How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. . . . Well, God-a mercy!

[a] openly, unreservedly. [b] O. R. starre. [c] watchfulness, want of sleep. [d] O. R. wail.
[e] O. R. foure houres. [f] tapestry (originally made at Arras in France). [g] accost.

Pol. Do you 'know me, my lord?

Ham. 'Excellent well; you are . . . a fish-monger?[a]

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so 'honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is—to be 'one man picked out of ten[b] 'thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For, if the sun breed 'maggots in a 'dead dog,—being a 'god,[c] kissing carrion, . . . Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not 'walk i' the sun:—Friend, look to 't.

Pol. [Aside.] Still harping on my 'daughter:—yet he knew 'me not at first; he said, I was a 'fish-monger! He is far gone, far gone: and truly, in my youth, 'I suffered much extremity for love; 'very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the 'matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you 'read, my lord.

Ham. . . . Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue[d] says here,—that 'old men have 'grey beards; that their faces are 'wrinkled; their eyes purging[e] thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful 'lack of wit, together with most weak 'hams:[f] 'All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently 'believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set 'down; for 'yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am . . . if, like a crab, you could go 'backward.

Pol. [Aside.] Though this be 'madness, yet there 's 'method in 't.—Will you walk 'out o' the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that 'is out o' the air.—[Aside.] How pregnant[g] sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often 'madness hits on, which reason and 'sanity could not so 'prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him; and 'suddenly contrive the means of 'meeting, between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me 'anything that I will

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[a] ons artfully "fishing" for information. [b] O. R. two. [c] O. R a good kissing carrion. [d] O. R. slave—(probably reading from Juvenal in his Tenth Satire). [e] discharging [f] thighs. [g] full of meaning.

more willingly 'part withal:—except my life, except my life, except my life!

Pol. . . . Fare you well, my lord. [Exit Polonius.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

The courtly spies—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—are ready to interview Hamlet, but he shrewdly suspects their underhand designs.

Guil. Mine honoured lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent-good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world 's grown 'honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday[a] 'near: But your news is not 'true. Let me question more in 'particular: What have 'you, my good frieuds, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to 'prison hither?

Guil. 'Prison, my lord?

Ham. 'Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then is the 'world one.

Ham. A 'goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons,—Denmark being one of the 'worst.

Ros. 'We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to 'you; for there is nothing, either good or bad, but 'thinking makes it so: to 'me it is a prison. . . . But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at 'Elsinore?

Ros. To visit 'you, my lord; no 'other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in 'thanks; but I thank you.—Were you not 'sent for? Is it your own 'inclining? Is it a 'free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with 'me: come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we 'say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything—but to the 'purpose. You 'were sent for; there is a kind of confession in your 'looks: I 'know, the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what 'end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach 'me. If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. . . . My lord, . . . we 'were sent for.

Ham. I will 'tell you 'why; so shall 'my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and

[a] the last day (the Day of Judgement).

Queen moult[a] no feather. . . I have, of late,—but wherefore I know not—lost all my 'mirth, foregone all custom of 'exercises; and, indeed, it goes 'so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the Earth, seems to me a 'sterile 'promontory; this most excellent canopy, the Air,—look you, this brave[b] o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted[c] with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to 'me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of 'vapours. What a piece of work is 'Man![d] how noble in 'reason! how infinite in 'faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in 'action how like an 'angel! in 'apprehension, how like a 'god! the beauty of the world! the 'paragon[e] of animals! And yet, to 'me, what 'is this quintessence[f] of 'dust? 'Man delights not 'me;—no, nor 'Woman neither,—though, by your 'smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my 'thoughts.

Ham. Why did you 'laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what 'lenten[g] entertainment the 'Players shall receive from you; we coted[h] them on the way, and hither are they 'coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the 'King shall be welcome; his majesty shall have 'tribute of me: the adventurous 'knight shall use his foil and target; the 'lover shall not sigh gratis; the 'humorous man shall end his part in peace; the 'clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;[i] and the 'lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. 'What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the 'City.

Ham. How chances it they 'travel?[j] Do they 'hold the same estimation they 'did? Are they so 'followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; . . . for my 'uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make mouths[k] at him while my 'father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little![l] There is something in this 'more than 'natural,—if philosophy could find it out.

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[a] change or lose. [b] magnificent. [c] ornamented as with fretwork. [d] O. R. a man.
[e] perfection (match in excellence). [f] the fifth or highest essence. [g] meagre as in Lent. [h] travelled by their sides. [i] a dry affection of the throat, peculiar to old age.
[j] stroll = are strolling players. [k] O. R. mowes. [l] miniature.

Sounds of merry music are heard, announcing the arrival of the Players: the pleased Prince courteously dismisses his outwitted interviewers, politely intimating that they have failed in their purpose:

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You 'are welcome; but . . . my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw.[a]

As Polonius approaches, the mental disguise of Hamlet is more whimsically displayed.

Pol. My lord, my lord! I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell 'you. When Roscius[b] was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz![c]

Pol. Upon my 'honour!—

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass,"—

Pol. The best actors in the 'world, either for tragedy, comedy, history;—pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral;—tragical historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral;—scene individable,[d] or poem unlimited:[e] Seneca[f] cannot be too 'heavy, nor Plautus[g] too 'light. For the law of 'writ,[h] and the 'liberty,[i] these are the only men.

Ham. "O Jephthah,[j] judge of Israel,"—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. 'What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, "One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovéd passing well."

Pol. [Aside.] 'Still on my daughter!

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call 'me Jephthah, my lord, 'I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Four or five Players enter.

Ham. You are welcome, masters; welcome all.—We 'll e'en 'to 't, like French falconers,—fly at anything we

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[a] heron (O. R. handsaw). [b] The great Roman tragedian, and friend of Cicero, whom he instructed in declamation, (died about 129 B. C.) [c] a mere rumour! nonsense! [d] not broken up or divided, but coherent with the Dramatic Unities of Time, Place, and Action. [e] not restricted by these Unities. [f] a Latin author, whose tragedies were translated into English in 1581 (died A. D. 66) [g] Plautus was the father of Latin comedy (died 184 B. C.) [h] strict attention to the author's words. [i] gagging, "speaking more than is set down for them." [j] Jephthah, for six years Judge of Israel, is celebrated for the rash sacrifice of his daughter. (See Judges, xi.)

see: we 'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of 'your quality; [to First Player] come, a 'passionate speech.

1 *Play.* 'What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee 'speak me a speech once,—but it was never 'acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare[a] to the general:[b] but it was an 'excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I 'chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido:—if it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see:—

> "The rugged Pyrrhus,[c] like the Hyrcanian[d] beast," . . .

—'t is not so:—it 'begins with Pyrrhus:—

> "The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
> Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
> Old grandsire Priam[e] seeks."—

So, proceed 'you.

The chief Tragedian gratifies the Prince by continuing the recitation. The story is that of Hecuba:[f] with professional feelings, ever ready at a moment's notice, the actor weeps and changes colour during the delivery of the turgid verse.

Ham. 'T is well; I 'll have thee speak-out the 'rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players 'well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well 'used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your 'death, you were better have a bad 'epitaph, than their 'ill report while you 'live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their 'desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin,[g] man, much 'better! Use every man after his 'desert, and who should 'scape 'whipping? Use them after your own 'honour and dignity: The 'less they deserve, the more merit is in your 'bounty Take them in.—Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow.

All withdraw: but Hamlet recalls the First Player:

Old friend, can you play "The Murder of Gonzago?"

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll have 'it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,

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[a] like sturgeon's roe to the [b] common people—a dainty food, but not esteemed.
[c] a Trojan warrior, son of Achilles [d] the tigers of Hyrcania—a district of Asia, south of the Caspian Sea—were noted for their ferocity. [e] the last King of Troy.
[f] the second wife of Priam, King of Troy, celebrated for her maternal misfortunes.
[g] an old exclamation referring to the sacramental wafer.

which I would set down and insert in 't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and, . . . look you, 'mock him not. [Exit Player.

. . . Now I am 'alone!
O, what a rogue and peasant-slave am I!
Is it not 'monstrous, that this Player here,
But in a 'fiction, in a 'dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own[a] 'conceit,
That, from her working, all his 'visage wanned?[b]
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With 'forms to his conceit? and all for 'nothing!
For 'Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should 'weep for her? What would he 'do,
Had 'he the motive and the cue for passion
That 'I have? He would . . . 'drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general[c] ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,—a dull and muddy-mettled rascal,—peak,[d]
Like John-a-dreams,[e] unpregnant of 'my cause,
And can say 'nothing! no, not for a King,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A foul defeat was made. 'Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
Why, I should 'take it: for it cannot be
But I 'am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region 'kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bloody villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, murderous, kindless[f] villain!
. . . Why, what an 'ass am I! This is most 'brave;
That I, the son of a dear father 'murdered,[g]
'Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

[a] O. R. whole. [b] turned pale (O. R. warmed). [c] public. [d] mope, am spiritless.
[e] John the Dreamer—one of Fancy's children (any inactive dreamy person).
[f] unnatural. [g] O. R. of the deare murthered.

Must, like a fool, unpack my heart with 'words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, a scullion!
Fie upon 't! About,[a] my brains!—Ha! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have 'proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no 'tongue, will 'speak,
With most miraculous organ. . . . I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my 'father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent[b] him to the quick:[c] if he but 'blench[d]—
I know my course! The Spirit that I have seen
May be the 'Devil: and the Devil hath power
To assume a 'pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with 'such spirits,)
Abuses me—to 'damn me! I 'll have grounds
More 'relative[e] than this:—the 'Play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

The treacherous King and Queen are still on the watch; and, by the aid of Polonius, they place Ophelia—who had become a willing tool in their crafty hands—where she will be confronted with the Prince; while they conceal themselves to overhear the conversation. In this interview, we see the struggle between assumed insanity and true affection—evidenced by snatches of emotional tenderness, alternating with violence and severity; especially when he discovers that the woman he loves has entered into this scheme to entrap him. It was necessary for his safety that his sanity should still be doubted; and it was therefore imperative that he should—although at the sacrifice of his true love and all his better feelings—even with Ophelia "put his antic disposition on."

Before the royal party have secreted themselves, the current of Hamlet's agitated thoughts is manifested in a soliloquy—on Death and Futurity;—pondering on suicide as a relief from the perplexities that beset him.

Ham. To 'be?[f]—or 'not to be?—'that is the 'question:[g]
Whether 't is nobler, in the 'mind, to 'suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?
Or, to take arms 'against a siege[h] of troubles,
And, 'by opposing, end them?—To die?—to sleep;
No more:—And, 'by a sleep, to say we end

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[a] rouse up—set wits to work. [b] probe him [c] to the most sensitive spot
[d] shrink, turn pale. [e] applicable. [f] continue to live. [g] subject of deliberation.
[h] O. R. sea.

The heart-ache, and the 'thousand natural shocks
That 'flesh is heir to?—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be 'wished! To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep? perchance to 'dream!—ay, 'there 's the rub![a]
For, in 'that sleep—of death—'what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[b]
Must give us pause. 'There 's the respect,
That makes Calamity of so long life!
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,—
The oppressor's wrong,—the proud[c] man's contumely,—
The pangs of disprized 'love,—the law's delay,—
The insolence of office,—and the spurns
That patient 'merit of the 'un-worthy takes,[d]—
When he himself might his quiétus[e] make
With a bare 'bodkin?[f] Who would these fardels[g] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary 'life.
But that the dread of something 'after Death,—
The 'undiscovered country, from whose bourn[h]
No 'traveller returns,—puzzles the 'will;
And makes us rather 'bear those ills we 'have,
Than fly to others that we 'know not of?
Thus 'Conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of 'resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of 'thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,[i]—
With 'this regard,[j]—their currents turn awry,[k]
And 'lose the name of 'action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia!—

For, the Lady Ophelia, under pretence of returning some love-gifts, now places herself in the Prince's way.

Nymph, in thy orisons[l]
Be all 'my sins remembered.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longéd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, 'now receive them.

Ham. No, not I; I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honoured lord, I know right well you 'did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed

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[a] coll'ding difficulty. [b] surrounding entanglement. [c] O. R. poore. [d] endures, pu's up with. [e] final repose, death. [f] a small instrument to bore holes (a dagger). [g] burdens. [h] boundary, limits. [i] importance. [j] *i. e.*, the dread of futurity. [k] aside. [l] morning prayers.

As made the things 'more rich: their 'perfume lost,
Take these again; for, to the 'noble mind,
'Rich gifts wax 'poor, when givers prove unkind. . . .
There, my lord. [Giving casket.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest? Are you 'fair?

Oph. What 'means your lordship?

Ham. That if you 'be honest and fair, your 'honesty should admit no discourse to your 'beauty.—I 'did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me 'believe so.

Ham. You should 'not have believed me; I loved you 'not.

Oph. I was the more 'deceived.

Ham. . . . . Get thee to a 'nunnery: why wouldst 'thou be a breeder of 'sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had 'not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my 'beck,[a] than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do,—crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, 'all; believe 'none of us. . . Go thy ways to a nunnery.—

Hamlet, in turning from Ophelia, perceives that this interview is watched by the King and Polonius.

Where's your father?

Oph. . . . At 'home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be 'shut upon him; that he may play the Fool, no-where but in 's 'own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry:—Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape 'calumny. 'Get thee to a nunnery! Or, if thou wilt 'needs marry, marry a 'fool; for 'wise men know well enough what 'monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too! Farewell!

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your 'paintings[b] too, well enough: Heaven has given you 'one face,[c] and you make yourselves 'another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your 'wanton-

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[a] at my call, ready to urge me on. [b] personal embellishments, colouring your cheeks (O. R. pratlings). [c] O. R. pace. "I have heard of your pratlings too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you give your selfe another: You gidge, you amble, and you lispe," etc.

ness your 'ignorance. Go to! I 'll no more on 't: it hath made 'me 'mad! . . . I say, we will have no 'more 'marriages: those that are married 'already,—all but 'one,—shall 'live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go! [Exit.

The proof of Ophelia's duplicity cuts her lover to the heart; he has seen her eaves-dropping father watching him. She laments his manner, unconscious of its cause:

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music-vows,
'Now see that noble and most sovereign 'reason,—
Like sweet bells 'jangled,—out of tune and harsh.
O, woe is me,
To have seen what I 'have seen! 'see what I see!

Hamlet, carrying out his dramatic stratagem, has prepared a speech for the chief Player to deliver in the play before the King; and he now gives directions to the Actor—applicable to Speakers in general—for its effective delivery:

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you (as I pronounced it to you,)[a] 'trippingly on the 'tongue; but if you 'mouth it, (as many of our[b] players do,) I had as lief[c] the town-'crier spoke 'my lines. Nor do not 'saw[d] the air too much, with your hand, thus; but use all 'gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the 'whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a 'temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow 'tear a passion to tatters, to very 'rags; to split the ears of the groundlings;[e] who, (for the most part,) are capable of nothing but inexplicable 'dumb-shows and 'noise; I would have such a fellow 'whipped for o'erdoing Termagant;[f] it out-'herods Herod![g] Pray 'you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

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[a] *i. e.*, according to my previous directions. [b] O. R. your. [c] willingly. [d] make meaningless up and down motions. [e] the visitors to the Pit, (then the cheapest, but now the dearest part of the theatre.) The "groundlings" are now the "gods" in the gallery. [f] a ranting violent character. [g] a Scriptural monster of atrocity, often introduced in the Old Moral plays.

Ham. Be not too 'tame neither, but let your own 'discretion be your tutor: Suit the 'action to the 'word, the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the 'modesty of 'Nature: for anything so 'over-done is 'from the purpose of playing; whose end,—both at the first and now,—was and is, to hold (as 't were,) the 'mirror up to Nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure.[a] Now, this 'over-done, or come tardy 'off,[b] though it make the unskilful 'laugh, cannot but make the judicious 'grieve; the censure[c] of the which, 'one, must, in 'your allowance,[d] o'erweigh a whole 'theatre of others. O! there be players that I have 'seen play,—and heard others 'praise, and that highly,—(not to speak it profanely,) that, neither having the 'accent of Christian, nor the 'gait of Christian, pagan, nor 'man,[e] have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's 'journeymen had made men, and not made them 'well—they 'imitated humanity so abominably!

1 *Play.* I hope, 'we have reformed that indifferently[f] with 'us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it 'altogether. And let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set-down for them: for there 'be of them, that will 'themselves laugh, to set-on some quantity of barren[g] 'spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some 'necessary question of the play be then to be considered: That 's 'villainous; and shows a most 'pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [Exeunt Players.

While the Players are preparing for their performance, Hamlet determines to get his friend's assistance in his device:

What, ho, Horatio! [Horatio enters.
Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.[h]

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I 'flatter.
For what 'advancement may I hope, from 'thee
That no revénue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the 'poor be flattered?

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[a] appearance. [b] done without animation. [c] judgement, criticism. [d] admission, estimation. [e] O. R. or Norman. [f] to a reasonable extent. [g] stupid, uncultured. [h] encountered with.

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed 'thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering 'all, that suffers 'nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with 'equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood[a] and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop[b] she please. Give me that man
That is not 'passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,[c] ay, in my 'heart of heart,
As I do 'thee.—Something too 'much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the King;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
(Which I have told thee,) of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest 'that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of 'my soul
'Observe mine uncle. Give him 'heedful note:
For 'I mine eyes will 'rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgements 'join,
In censure of his seeming.[d] . . . They are 'coming to the play; I must be 'idle:[e] Get you a place.[f]

A Danish march and flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other attendant Lords.

The King says:

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. 'Excellent, i' faith; of the 'chameleon's dish: I eat the 'air, 'promise-crammed. You cannot feed 'capons so. [To Pol.]—My lord, you played once i' the University, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a 'good actor.

Ham. And 'what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact 'Julius 'Cæsar; I was 'killed, i' the Capitol; 'Brutus killed me.

Ham. [Aside.] It was a 'brute part of him—to kill so capital a 'calf there!—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

The Queen says:

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by 'me.

Ham. No, good mother; 'here 's metal more attractive.

He carefully moves to a suitable place for watching, and throws himself on the floor at the feet of Ophelia while lightly addressing her:

[a] natural inclination. [b] a set of notes in an organ. [c] centre. [d] in criticising his appearance. [e] eccentric, frivolous. [f] a good position for observation.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. . . . You are 'merry, my lord.

Ham. O, your only 'jig-maker![a] What should a man do, 'but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks,—and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two 'months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the 'Devil wear black, ere[b] 'I 'll have a suit of sables.[c] Die two months ago, and not 'forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's 'memory may outlive his 'life half-a-year; but by 'r lady,[d] he must build 'churches then!

The Play begins. A King and Queen appear on the stage. After some loving conversation, the Player-Queen says:

> In second husband let me be accurst;
> None wed the 'second, but who killed the first.

Hamlet keenly watches his mother:

Ham. Ah! that 's wormwood!

After a time he directly addresses the Queen:

Ham. Madam, how 'like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth 'protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she 'll 'keep her word.

The King uneasily inquires:

King. Have you heard the 'argument?[e] Is there no 'offence in 't?

Ham. No, no; 'they do but 'jest, 'poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you 'call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.[f] This play is the 'image of a murder done in . . . Vienna: Gonzago is the Duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 't is a 'knavish piece of work; but what of that? Your majesty, and we that have 'free[g] souls, it touches 'us not: let the 'galled jade wince, 'our withers[h] are unwrung.—Begin, murderer, begin! Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge!

The Player-King lies down and falls asleep. Then another actor enters stealthily, and pours something into his ear. Hamlet impatiently interrupts:

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[a] (jig, a jest) author of humorous jests. [b] O. R. for. [c] costly black fur.
[d] an exclamation, referring to the Virgin Mary. [e] story, plot of the play.
[f] figuratively. [g] innocent (free from crime). [h] connections between a horse's neck and shoulders.

Ham. He 'poisons him, i' the 'garden, for his 'estate.—His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice 'Italian. You shall see, anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's 'wife!

The King rises in wild excitement:

King. Give me some light!—away!
All. Lights, lights, lights!

All hastily rush-out in confusion. The Prince, now convinced, exclaims:

Ham. What! frighted with 'false fire?

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep
So runs the world away.

O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive? Upon the talk of the poisoning?—
Hor. I did very well note him
Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders![a]

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hastily enter.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a 'word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole 'history.
Guil. The King, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir! what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered[b]
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord; rather with 'choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself richer to signify this to his 'doctor; for, for 'me to put him to his purgation . . . would perhaps plunge him into far 'more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some 'frame, and start not so 'wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am 'tame, sir;—pronounce.
Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the 'right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.

[a] musical instruments like flageolets. [b] excited, (by loss of temper.)

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a 'wholesome answer; my wit 's 'diseased: but, sir, such answer as I 'can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my 'mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O 'wonderful son, that can so astonish a 'mother!—But is there no 'sequel, at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she 'ten times our mother. Have you any further trade[a] with us?

Ros. My lord, you 'once did love me?

Ham. And do 'still, by these pickers and stealers.[b]

Ros. Good my lord, what is your 'cause of distemper? you do surely[c] bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your 'friend.

Ham. Sir, . . . I lack 'advancement.

Ros. How can 'that be, when you have the voice[d] of the King himself for your 'succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows"[e]—the proverb is something musty.[f]

A Musician enters with recorders, and withdraws.

O, the recorders: let me see one. . . Why do you go about to recover the wind[g] of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too 'bold, my 'love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I 'pray you.

Guil. 'Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. [To Ros.] I do beseech 'you.

Ros. I know no 'touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as 'lying: govern these ventages[h] with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.[h]

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[a] petty business. [b] his hands. [c] O. R. freely. [d] spoken promise.
[e] "While the grass grows, the steed starves." [f] stale, spoiled with age.
[g] scent as in pursuit. [h] air-boles.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of 'me. You would play upon 'me; you would seem to know 'my stops; you would pluck out the 'heart of my mystery;[a] you would sound 'me, from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ,—yet cannot you make 'it speak! Why, do you think that 'I am easier to be played-on than a 'pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you 'can 'fret[b] me, you cannot 'play upon me.

Polonius enters to repeat the royal message:

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. . . . Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in shape of a 'camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'it is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a 'weasel?

Pol. It is 'backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. . . . 'Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—They fool me to the top[c] of my 'bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit Polonius.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, 'friends. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.
'T is now the very 'witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes-out
Contagion to this world: now 'could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter[d] business as the 'day
Would quake to look-on. Soft! now to my Mother:—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of 'Nero[e] enter this firm bosom;
Let me be 'cruel, not unnatural:
I will 'speak daggers to her—but use none! [Exit.

While the Queen is anxiously waiting for her son, the conscience-stricken King has withdrawn into the Chapel, where we overhear his fratricidal agitation:

King. O! my offence is 'rank, it smells to heaven!

[a] secret business. [b] irritate (vary the tones). [c] to the utmost (as far as the bow will permit). [d] horrible, repulsive [e] Nero, emperor of Rome, murdered his mother Agrippina, A. D. 59.

It hath the primal[a] 'eldest curse upon 't,
A 'brother's murder!—'Pray can I not;
Though 'inclination be as sharp as 'will,
My stronger guilt 'defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to 'double business bound,
I stand in pause 'where I shall first 'begin,—
And both 'neglect! What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than 'itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves 'mercy,
But to confront the visage of 'offence?
And what 's in 'prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be 'forestallèd, ere we come to fall,
Or 'pardoned, being down? Then[b] I 'll look 'up,
My fault is 'past. But, O, what 'form of prayer
Can serve 'my turn? "'Forgive me my foul murder?"—
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I 'did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be 'pardoned, and 'retain the offence? . . .
In the corrupted currents of this 'world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
And oft, 't is 'seen, the wicked 'prize itself
Buys-out the 'law: But 't is not so 'above;
'There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his 'true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give-in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what 'repentance can: what can it 'not?
Yet what can it, when one 'can 'not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limèd[c] soul, that, struggling to be 'free,
Art more 'engaged! Help, angels!—Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft, as sinews of the new-born babe!
All 'may be well!

As the King retires and kneels, Hamlet is passing to his mother's chamber.

Ham. . . . 'Now might I do it, 'pat,[d] now he is 'praying;
And now I 'll 'do 't!—And so he goes to 'heaven:

[a] first (the murder of Abel—see Gen. iv., 9–15) [b] as soon as.
[c] entangled as by bird-lime. [d] safely and immediately.

And 'so am I revenged? that would be scanned:[a]
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain 'send to heaven.
Why, this is hire-and-'salary, 'not revenge.—
He took my father 'grossly, full of bread;[b]
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush[c] as May;
And how his audit[d] stands, who knows save Heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is 'heavy with him. And am I, then, 'revenged,
To take 'him in the 'purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage? No!
Up, sword; and know thou a more 'horrid hent:[e]
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has 'no relish of salvation in 't;
'Then trip him, 'in his sins. . . . My mother stays.
This physic but 'prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

The wretched King, ignorant of the horrible mercy which has thus spared his life, rises and exclaims:

King. My 'words fly 'up, my 'thoughts remain 'below:
Words, 'without thoughts, never to 'heaven go. [Exit Hamlet.

Polonius has preceded the Prince to the Queen's closet, where the Ghost of the murdered Hamlet is again to excite his son to active revenge. As the Prince approaches, Polonius, anxious to overhear, conceals himself behind the tapestry. Hamlet abruptly enters:

Ham. Now, mother! What 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much 'offended.
Ham. Mother, 'you have 'my Father much offended.
Queen. Come, come! you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go! 'you 'question with a 'wicked[f] tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What 's the matter 'now?
Queen. Have you forgot 'me?
Ham. No, by the rood,[g] not so:
You are the Queen,—your husband's 'brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are 'my 'mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that 'can 'speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not 'budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the 'inmost part of you.

---

[a] considered, inquired into. [b] a scriptural phrase (from Ezekiel, xvi, 49).
[c] O. R. fresh. [d] settlement by examination. [e] seizure, (opportunity).
[f] O. R. an idle. [g] the Cross.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not 'murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Polonius behind the arras exclaims:

Pol. What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. How now! a rat? 'Dead for a ducat, dead!

Hamlet furiously stabs through the tapestry, and kills Polonius.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: Is it the King?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. . . . A 'bloody deed:—'Almost as bad, good mother,
As 'kill a king, and 'marry with his 'brother.
Queen. As 'kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.

He lifts-up the arras and discovers Polonius.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better;[a] take thy fortune.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace! sit you down,
And let 'me wring your 'heart: for so I 'shall,
If it be made of 'penetrable stuff!
Queen. What have I done, that thou 'dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. 'Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of 'modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the 'rose
From the fair forehead of an 'innocent love,
And sets[b] a 'blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: and sweet religion
Makes a rhapsody of 'words!
Queen. Ah me! 'what act?
Ham. Look 'here,—upon 'this picture, and on 'this! [Pointing to pictures.
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on 'this brow:
Hyperion's[c] curls; the front of Jove[d] himself;
An eye like Mars,[e] to threaten and command;
A station,[f] like the herald Mercury[g]
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where 'every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a 'man.
This 'was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

[a] betters. [b] O. R. makes. [c] a fabulous hero, father of the Sun and Moon.
[d] the fabled King of Heaven. [e] the god of war. [f] an attitude.
[g] the winged messenger of the gods.

Here 'is your husband; like a 'mildew'd ear,[a]
Blasting[b] his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain 'leave to feed,
And batten[c] on this 'moor? Ha, 'have you eyes?
You cannot call it 'love; for, at 'your age,
The hey-day[d] in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the 'judgement: and 'what judgement
Would step from this, to 'this? O Shame, where is thy blush?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very 'soul:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A 'murderer, and a 'villain!
A 'slave, that is not twentieth part the 'tithe
Of your 'precèdent lord:—a 'Vice[e] of kings;
A cut-purse[f] of the empire and the rule;
That, from a shelf, the precious diadem 'stole,
And put it in his pocket! A king of shreds and patches,—

The Ghost appears:

. . . Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Ghost. Do not forget. 'This visitation
Is but to 'whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between 'her, and her fighting 'soul!
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with 'you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle Hamlet, whereon do you look?

Ham. On 'him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to 'stones
Would make 'them capable.[g]—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects:[h] then, what I have to do
Will want 'true colour; 'tears, perchance, for 'blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

---

[a] of corn. [b] destroying (see Genesis, xii, 5-7). [c] feed grossly. [d] high day, season of wildness. [e] a degraded imitation—like the Vice of the old Moral plays, (usually dressed in party-colored patches) [f] a thief. [g] fit for action, intelligent. [h] results of action, deeds.

Ham. Do 'you see nothing—there?
Queen. . . . Nothing at all; yet all that 'is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing 'hear?
Queen. No, 'nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you 'there! look, how it stēals away!
My father,—in his habit, as he 'lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[The Ghost disappears.
Queen. This is the very 'coinage of your brain:
This 'bodiless creation, ecstacy[a] is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstacy?
'My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is 'not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will 're-word; which madness
Would 'gambol[b] from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not 'your 'trespass, but 'my 'madness, speaks;
It will but skin and 'film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all 'within,
Infects unseen. 'Confess yourself—to 'Heaven!
'Repent what 's 'past; 'avoid what is to 'come.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
Ham. O, throw away the 'worser part of it,
And live the 'purer with the 'other half.
Good night! 'Assume a virtue, if you 'have it not;
And when 'you are desirous to be 'bless'd,
'I 'll blessing 'beg of you.—For this same lord, [Pointing to Polonius.
I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with 'this, and this with 'me,
That 'I must be their scourge and minister.[c]
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night. . . .
I must be 'cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad 'begins, but[d] worse remains 'behind.— [Exeunt.

When the King hears of the death of Polonius, he feels that such a fate might have been his own, and resolves to get rid of the Prince by sending him to England. In the meantime, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are directed to find out, from Hamlet, where the corpse of the old Lord Chamberlain has been concealed; but his whimsical, evasive answers only perplex them:

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

---

[a] madness, frenzy. [b] start away. [c] authorized delegate. [d] O. E. and.

Ham. Compounded it with 'dust, whereto 't is kin.
Ros. 'Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep 'your counsel, and not mine 'own. Besides, to be demanded by a 'sponge![a] What replication should be made by the son of a 'king?
Ros. Take you 'me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance,[b] his rewards, his authorities.[c] But such officers do the King best service in the 'end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first 'mouthed, to be last 'swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but . . . 'squeezing you; and, sponge, you shall be 'dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it:—a 'knavish speech sleeps in a 'foolish ear.

The King enters:

King. Now, Hamlet! . . . Where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! Where?
Ham. Not where he 'eats, but where he is 'eaten: a certain convocation of politic 'worms[d] are e'en at him. Your worm is your only 'emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat 'us, and we fat 'ourselves for 'maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but 'variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.
King. 'Where 'is 'Polonius?
Ham. In 'heaven: 'send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him . . . i' the 'other place, 'yourself. But, indeed, if you 'find him not, within this month you shall 'nose him—as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. [To Attendants.] Go seek him there.
Ham. . . . He will stay till ye come. [Exeunt Attendants.
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Must send thee 'hence with fiery quickness;
The bark is ready; everything is bent
For 'England.

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[a] a fellow who lives by mean artifices. [b] favour. [c] places of authority.
[d] an allusion to the famous Diet, or ecclesiastical convocation, held at Worms, (Hesse Darmstadt) in 1521.

Ham. For England? Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our 'purposes.
Ham. I see a 'cherub that sees them![a]—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving 'father, Hamlet?
Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my 'mother. Come, for England! [Exit.
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with 'speed aboard; Delay it not, I 'll have him hence to-night. [Exeunt Ros. and Guil.
And, England, if 'my love thou hold'st at aught,[b]—
Effect his present death; for, till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my 'haps,[c] my 'joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.

This sudden removal of the apparently reckless Prince, was to secure the King from further perturbation; and England (which at that time paid tribute to Denmark) was selected as the obedient scene of death; the perfidious custodians, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, holding the King's written instructions to have his bloody purpose executed.

As Hamlet prepares for his departure, he learns that young Fortinbras, the Prince of Norway, is in arms against the Poles, to fight for the possession of a petty patch of worthless territory; and this suggestion—that a brother Prince will risk his life on a point of honour,—again stirs Hamlet to be nobly daring in an act of duty.

Ham. How 'all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a 'man,
If his chief good, and market[d] of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a 'beast,—no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,[e]
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability, and godlike 'reason,
To fust[f] in us 'unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the 'event,[g]—
(A thought which, quartered,[h] hath but 'one part wisdom,
And ever 'three parts coward,)—I do not know
Why yet 'I live to say, "This thing 's to 'do;"
Sith[i] I have cause, and will, and strength, and 'means
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince;

---

[a] O. R. him. [b] at any value. [c] mishaps. [d] profitable employment. [e] powers of mind and speech. [f] rot, become mouldy. [g] consequence. [h] analysed. [i] since.

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes 'mouths[a] at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an 'egg-shell. 'Rightly to be great,
Is—not to stir without great 'argument,[b]
But greatly to find quarrel in a 'straw,
When 'honour 's at the stake. How stand 'I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my 'reason and my 'blood,
And let 'all 'sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty 'thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like 'beds; fight for a plot[c]
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,[d]
To 'hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
'My thoughts be bloody, or be 'nothing worth! [Exit.

Meanwhile, the Lady Ophelia has become crazed with grief for the loss of her father by the hand of her lover: she passes her weary hours in love-lorn lamentations, mingled with sorrowful ravings and homely songs. The King and Queen lament the sad event which had so rudely overthrown the sanity of the gentle Ophelia:

King. This is the 'poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death; O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not 'single spies,
But in 'battalions!

Suddenly, tumultuous noises are heard. Laertes, on being informed of his father's death, instantly left France; and now, aided by a band of riotous Danes, he forces his way into the Palace:

Laer. Where is this King?—Sirs, stand you all without.
O thou vile King, give me my father!
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so 'giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There 's such 'divinity doth hedge a 'king,
That treason can but 'peep to what it would.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Laer. How 'came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To this point I stand,—

---

[a] despises. [b] reason, inducement. [c] a small portion of ground.
[d] capacious, able to contain.

That both the worlds[a] I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be 'reveng'd,
Most throughly,[b] for my father.

King. Good Laertes, that 'I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in 'grief for it,
It shall as level to your 'judgement pierce,
As day does to your 'eye. Lend but your patience,
And we shall 'jointly labour, with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. 'Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I 'must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the 'offence is, let the great axe fall. [Exeunt.

Hamlet—having been conveyed on board a ship bound for England—suspecting some treachery, in the night-time got secretly at the King's dispatches, which gave orders that he should be put to death. But, erasing his own name, he substituted the names of his two perfidious associates, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Soon after, some pirates attacked the vessel: Hamlet became their prisoner; but, for a reward, was landed on shore in Denmark. The Prince then wrote to the King, informing him of his escape; and to Horatio, explaining the strange chance that led to it. The King now enters into a conspiracy with Laertes to kill the Prince. Laertes, being an excellent swordsman, is to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill with the foils: but the King suggests, that, by taking advantage of Hamlet's want of suspicion, Laertes' weapon, instead of being a foil or blunted sword (such as the laws of chivalry required,) should be 'sharp at the point, and dipped in such a deadly poison that the slightest scratch might be fatal. The King improves on the treacherous plan: he is to prepare a poisoned draught, that Hamlet may drink when heated by the contest. No sooner is this agreement made, than the Queen hastily enters:

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.—
There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar[c] leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
But, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver[d] broke;
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,

---

[a] the present and the future. [b] thoroughly.
[c] white (the under-side of the willow-leaf is white). [d] a rent branch.

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress;
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death. Drown'd! drown'd!

Laer. Too 'much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my 'tears: But yet
It is our trick;[a] 'Nature her custom holds,
Let 'shame say what it will.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would 'blaze,
But that this folly 'drowns[b] it! [Exeunt.

On returning to Elsinore, Hamlet, with Horatio, visits the Churchyard: we may presume, to weep over the grave of the murdered father whom he still delayed to avenge. As they approach, two Gravediggers are quaintly conversing, while preparing the Lady Ophelia's last resting-place.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in 'Christian burial, that wilfully 'seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, 'she is; and therefore make her grave straight:[c] the Crowner[d] hath sate on her, and 'finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be,—unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is 'found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*;[e] it cannot be else. For here lies the point:—If I drown myself 'wittingly, it argues an 'act: and an act hath 'three branches; it is, to 'act, to 'do, and to 'perform: argal,[f] she drowned herself 'wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

1 *Clo.* Give 'me leave. . . . Here lies the 'water; good: here stands the 'man; good: If the man 'go to this water, and drown 'himself, it is (will-he nill-he,[g]) he 'goes; mark you that! But, if the water 'come to 'him and drown him, he drowns 'not himself: argal,[f] he that is not guilty of his own 'death shortens not his own 'life.

2 *Clo.* But is this 'law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't; Crowner quest[h]-law.

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[a] a habitual action. [b] O. E. doubts (douts). [c] at once (straightway). [d] coroner. [e] an offence against one's self. [f] therefore (a corruption of *ergo*). [g] willingly or unwillingly. [h] coroner's inquest.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the 'truth on 't! If this had not been a 'gentlewoman, she should have been buried 'out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st! And the more pity, that 'great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their 'even-Christian.[a]—Come, my spade.—There is no 'ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold-up[b] 'Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was 'he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? 'The 'Scripture says, "Adam digged:" could he dig 'without arms? . . . I 'll put 'another question to thee: What is he, that builds 'stronger than either the mason the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* . . . The 'gallows-maker; for 'that frame outlives a 'thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows 'does well: But 'how does it well? it does well to those that do 'ill: now, 'thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the 'church: argal, the gallows may do well to 'thee. To 't again; come.

2 *Clo.* "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"—Marry, 'now I can tell! . . . Mass, I 'cannot tell.

Hamlet and Horatio enter, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your 'dull ass will not mend his pace with 'beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a 'grave-maker: the houses that 'he makes, last till doomsday. Go, fetch me a 'stoup[c] of liquor. [2 Clown. Exit

The Gravedigger, as he throws up shovelfuls of mould, begins to sing:

[d] In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,[e]
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet approaches, and, addressing Horatio, censures the ill-timed levity of the old man:

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[a] fellow-Christian. [b] uphold, continue. [c] large drinking cup.

[d] The three stanzas that the Gravedigger sings are, with slight variations, (consequent on the old man's ignorance or lapse of memory), taken from a short poem by Lord Vaux—but attributed to Lord Surrey (beheaded 1547)—called "The Aged Lover Renounceth Love." It is reprinted in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry": ("Ballads that illustrate Shakespeare") [e] behoof (sweetheart).

Ham. Has this fellow no 'feeling of his business, that he 'sings at grave-making?

Hor. 'Custom hath made it in him a property[a] of 'easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of 'little employment hath the 'daintier sense.

The Gravedigger throws up a skull, and sings:

1 *Clo.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd[b] me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull 'had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls[c] it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder![d] This might be the pate of a 'politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches:[e] one that would circumvent[f] 'Heaven, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's! chapless,[g] and knocked about the mazzard[h] with a sexton's spade. Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't! Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats[i] with them? mine ache to think on 't.

The Gravedigger, resuming his song, again throws up a skull:

1 *Clo.*

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For-and[j] a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a 'lawyer? Where be his quiddits[k] 'now? his quillets?[l] his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave 'now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not 'tell him of his "Action of Battery"? I will 'speak to this fellow.—'Whose grave 's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

[Sings.] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou 'liest in 't.

---

[a] peculiar possession. [b] O. R. caught. [c] throws [d] see Genesis iv, 8.
[e] O. R. o'er offices. [f] outwit, deceive. [g] without the lower jaw. [h] skull.
[i] a game (like nine-pins) played with logs. [j] likewise, besides. [k] legal subtleties.
[l] quibbles (*quidlibets*).

1 *Clo.* You lie 'out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not 'yours; for 'my part, I do 'not lie in 't, and yet it is 'mine.

Ham. Thou 'dost lie in 't, to 'be in 't and 'say it is thine; 't is for the 'dead, not for the quick;[a] therefore, thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'T is a 'quick[b] lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For 'no man, sir.

Ham. What 'woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be 'buried in 't?

1 *Clo.* One that 'was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute[c] the knave is! we must speak by the card,[d] or equivocation[e] will undo us.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* . . . Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell 'that? every 'fool can tell that. It was the very day that 'young Hamlet was 'born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry! 'Why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why? 'because he was mad: he shall 'recover his wits there; or, if he do 'not, 't is no great matter 'there. 'T will not be 'seen in him there; 'there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How 'came he mad?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?[f]

1 *Clo.* Why, here, in Denmark.—I have been Sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. . . . How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he 'rot?

1 *Clo.* I' faith, if he be not rotten 'before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a 'tanner will last you 'nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, 'his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out 'water a great while: and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body.—Here 's a skull now hath lain i' the earth . . . three-and-twenty years.

---

[a] living. [b] nimble. [c] extremely precise. [d] definitely, to the exact point of the compass, (by the chart.) [e] a double meaning. [f] cause (country).

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish[a] on my head once. This same skull, sir, was 'Yorick's skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This? Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick!—I 'knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is![b] Where be your gibes 'now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen![c] Now, get you to my 'Lady's chamber; and tell her,—Let her paint an 'inch thick, to this favour[d] 'she must come; make her laugh at 'that!—

But soft, but soft! aside:—here come the King,
The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow?
Couch we awhile, and mark.

Hamlet and Horatio retire, as the funeral procession forms around the grave. Laertes inquires of the Priest:

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged[e]
As we have warranty:[f] her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,[g]
She should in ground 'un-sanctified have lodged,
Till the last trumpet.

Laer. Must there no 'more be done?

Priest. We should 'profane the Service of the Dead
To sing sage requiem,[h] and such rest to 'her,
As to 'peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And, from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish 'Priest,
A minist'ring 'angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest 'howling.

Hamlet, now knowing for the first time of Ophelia's death, ejaculates:

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

The Queen advances and scatters flowers:

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell.—

[a] Rhine wine. [b] line transposed. [c] depressed, silenced. [d] appearance. [e] extended. [f] O. R. warrantise. [g] authority by church law. [h] a solemn hymn of rest for the dead.

I 'hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's 'wife:
I thought thy 'bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy 'grave.

While the Queen scatters flowers over the coffin, Laertes gives passionate expression to his grief:

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall 'ten times treble on that curséd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious[a] sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold-off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: [Leaps into grave.
'Now, 'pile your dust upon the 'quick[b] and dead,
Till of this flat a 'mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion,[c] or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.[c]

Hamlet advances:

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears 'such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering 'stars, and makes them 'stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not 'well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder!

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon 'this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag. . . .
I 'loved Ophelia: forty 'thousand brothers
Could not, with 'all their quantity of love,
Make up 'my sum.—What wilt thou 'do for her?
Wou't[d] weep? wou't fight? wou't fast? wou't tear thyself?
'I 'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to 'whine?
To outface 'me with 'leaping in her 'grave?
'Be buried quick[e] with her, and so will 'I:
And, if thou prate of 'mountains, let them throw
'Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa[f] like a 'wart! Nay, an thou 'lt 'mouth,[g]
'I 'll rant as well as 'thou.

---

[a] acutely intelligent. [b] living. [c] a mountain in Thessaly.
[d] colloquial form of Would'st thou. [e] alive. [f] a mountain in Thessaly. [g] talk big.

Queen. This is mere madness! Anon he will be patient.
Ham. Hear you, sir:
What is the 'reason that you use me thus?
I loved 'you 'ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exeunt.

The youthful combatants, now parted, must shortly meet again. The trial of skill in fencing is about to take place, and, to make the friendly rivalry more interesting to the swordsmen as well as to the spectators, the King lays a great wager on behalf of Hamlet.—Horatio, knowing the skill of Laertes as a fencer, says to Hamlet:

Hor. You will 'lose this wager, my lord.
Ham. 'I do not think so: since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.[a] Thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart! It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving[b] as would perhaps trouble a 'woman.
Hor. If your 'mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and 'say you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defy 'augury:—there is a 'special providence in the fall of a 'sparrow.[c] If it be 'now, 't is not to 'come; if it be not to come, it will be 'now; if it be not 'now, yet it 'will come: the 'readiness is all.
[d]There 's a Divinity that 'shapes our ends,
'Rough-hew them how we will.

The whole Court is now assembled to witness the sword-play, ostensibly devised to amuse the melancholy Prince. All pre-arrangements have been duly made:—The foil of Laertes, instead of being blunt, has been sharpened and smeared with a deadly unction. The poison for the draught is at hand. The Queen, and the Courtiers, are ignorant of these cruel preparations.

Hamlet, remembering his involuntary slaying of Polonius, and his uncalled-for violence at Ophelia's grave, generously advances to Laertes:

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you 'wrong;
But 'pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a 'purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thought,-
That I have shot my arrow 'o'er the house,
And hurt my 'brother.[e]

---

[a] allowed advantage. [b] misgiving. [c] see St. Matthew, x, 29.
[d] transposed lines from omitted scene. [e] O. R. mother.

Laertes basely and dissemblingly seems to accept the apology:

Laer. I do receive your offered love 'like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it 'freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
I 'll be 'your foil, Laertes: in mine 'ignorance,
Your 'skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off[a] indeed.

The King rises:

King. Set me the stoups[b] of wine upon that table—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
The King shall drink to 'Hamlet's better breath;
And let the kettle[c] to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens. the heavens to earth,
"Now the King drinks to 'Hamlet!"—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

The first passes result in Hamlet's success. The King says:

King. Hamlet, 'this pearl is 'thine:—Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound, and cannon are shot off.

Ham. I 'll play this bout first: set it by awhile.

The second passes are equally successful: again drums and trumpets sound in Hamlet's honour, and the long-throated artillery booms forth its applause. His mother says:

Queen. The 'Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

The King hurriedly says to her:

King. Gertrude, do not drink. . . .

[Aside.] It is the 'poisoned cup: it is too late!

Laertes whispers to the King:

Laer. My lord, I 'll 'hit him now.—And yet it is almost
Against my conscience!

Hamlet calls:

Ham. Come, for the 'third, Laertes. You but dally:
I pray you, pass[d] with your best violence:
I am afeard you make a 'wanton[e] of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. Have at you now!

In this new encounter, Laertes gives the poisoned hit, and wounds Hamlet. This success fires the Prince, and, in the scuffle that ensues, they change weapons, and Hamlet wounds Laertes with his own foil. The Queen faints. Horatio rushes forward:

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[a] that is, shine with flaming brilliancy. [b] large cups or flagons.
[c] a small metal drum. [d] fence (thrust). [e] trifler; an effeminate person.

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?—
How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe;[a]
I am justly killed with mine 'own treachery.

The dying Prince asks for his mother:

Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons[b] to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [She falls dead.

Hamlet exclaims:

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the doors be lock'd!
Treachery! seek it out.

The dying Laertes says:

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art 'slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated[c] and envenomed. The foul practice[d]
Hath turned itself on 'me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy 'mother 's 'poisoned! . . .
I can no more. The King, the 'King 's to blame!
Ham. The 'point? envenomed too? Then, venom, to thy work! [Stabs the King.
Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnéd Dane,
Drink off this potion! Follow my mother. [The King dies.

The villain King is furiously stabbed by the frantic Prince. Laertes, in the agony of death, continues:

Laer. He is 'justly served;
It is a poison tempered[e] by 'himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine, and my 'father's death, come not upon 'thee,—
Nor thine on 'me! [Laertes dies.
Ham. 'Heaven make thee free of it! I 'follow thee.—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell[f] sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest,—oh! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Oh, good Horatio! what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unknown,) shall live behind[g] me!

---

[a] snare, trap. [b] O. R. sounds. [c] unbuttoned, sharp. [d] stratagem.
[e] compounded. [f] cruel. [g] survive.

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story. [March afar off, and cannon fired.
. . . What warlike noise is this?

Lord. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows[a] my spirit:
I cannot live to 'hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has 'my dying voice: . . .
The rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet Prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

END OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

REPRINTS FROM THE FIRST QUARTO:

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARKE,

1603.

COMPARE WITH THE TEXT OF THE FIRST FOLIO (1623) ON PAGE 182.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: maried,
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules.*
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, * * *
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

COMPARE ON PAGE 201.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

[a] overpowers. At the crowing of the cock all ghosts are said to disappear.

For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him,or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand still,and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous,bloody,[a]murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hath,by the very cunning of the scene,confest a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

COMPARE ON PAGE 202.

Ham. To be,or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe,is that all? I all:
No,to sleepe,to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
The happy smile,and the accursed damn'd.
But for this,the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich,the rich cursed of the poore?
The widow being oppressed,the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that,O this conscience mades cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

[a]substituted word.

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Jealousy is the master passion of several Shakespearean heroes—Leontes, in "The Winter's Tale"—Posthumus, in "Cymbeline"—Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—and chiefly "Othello."

The author of "The Night Thoughts"—Dr. Edward Young—in his Tragedy of "The Revenge," (an ambitious rival of Othello,) thus forcibly describes the passion of jealousy:

> "I have turned o'er the catalogue of woes
> Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal:
> It is the hydra of calamities, the seven-fold death:
> The jealous are the damned."

The outlines of the story Shakespeare derived from the Tale of the Moor in Giraldi Cinthio's "Hecatommithi," written in Italian, but early translated into French, and thence into English. The date of composition is uncertain; but the Play is said to have been performed before Queen Elizabeth (in 1602[a]) by Burbidge's players,—Shakespeare's Company,—and again before the Court, in 1605. It was at this time the policy of the Theatres not to print their most popular plays: so the first edition of this Tragedy did not appear until 1622—six years after the author's death—when it was issued as a separate quarto; a bookseller's speculative piracy, preceding by one year its publication in the first folio collection of Shakespeare's plays in 1623:—it contains many lines, and even speeches, not found in the quarto.[b]

The passions which the Tragedy of Othello excites must call forth general sympathy. All well-constituted minds, whether the inmates of the lofty mansion, or the lowly cot—all to whom household peace and honoured honourable love are dear, must follow, with intensity of interest, the windings of this plot from its commencement to its heart-rending catastrophe. Shakespeare, in this the greatest of the world's domestic dramas, has struck a chord which agonizingly and incessantly vibrates.

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[a] In the account of the expenses incurred by Sir Thomas Egerton during his three days' entertainment at Harefield, there is the following entry: "6th Aug., 1602. Rewardes to the Vaulters, Players, and Dancers . . . Of this £10 to Burbidge's players of Othello, . . . 64, 18, 10"—Richard Burbidge was not only the chief actor, but one of the principal proprietors, of the Theatres with which Shakespeare was connected. He died in 1619. His brief epitaph is very expressive—"*Exit Burbidge.*"

[b] The folio (1623) contains 163 lines which are not in the quarto (1622), and the quarto has 10 lines which are not in the folio.

The following is the title of the First Quarto: "The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the Globe and at Black Friars by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare."

The difficulties attendant on the platform-reading of Othello are great. The revolting part of the subject is painted in such masterly colours that "propriety" of expression is frequently lost sight of in the wild glare of passion. Modern conventionalism may—must—reject many of the agonized expressions of the enraged "child of the sun," Othello, the noble Moor; as well as of the malignant cynicisms of the villain Iago—the prototype, in some respects, of Milton's Satan, and Goethe's Mephistopheles: and the Editor has been frequently perplexed how to convey the spirit of the author without yielding altogether to that easily offended propriety, which would omit or soften every bold, vivacious, or truthful expression; making the would-be "decent ear"—which in our day brooks not the natural utterances of passion—the umpire of moral purity. It is possible to carry such decency too far, yet not prudent to ignore its social claim to be respected. If, in omission or commission, the variable conventional limits have been overstepped, the Reader's kindly judgement and pardon must be entreated.

The characters retained in this Condensation are:

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator of Venice, father of Desdemona.*
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio, Uncle of Desdemona.*
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio, Ambassador from Venice.*
OTHELLO, *a Moorish General in the service of the Venetian State.*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*
IAGO, *his Ancient or Ensign.*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian fop in love with Desdemona.*
MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello.*
EMILIA, *her Attendant, Wife to Iago.*
Officers, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

SCENE.—For the First Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a sea-port in the island of Cyprus.

The first Scene presents to us a Street in Venice, where we overhear Roderigo and Iago in earnest conversation. Roderigo is a young gentleman of easy morals and abundant means; and Iago has fastened on him like a leech to bleed his purse. The victim is complaining that he had not had money's worth of Iago's services, in not being informed of Othello's marriage; Roderigo being a special admirer of the fair bride, Desdemona.

Rod. Tush, never tell 'me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse
As if the 'strings were thine,—shouldst 'know of this.
Iago. But you 'll not hear me:—If ever I did 'dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy 'hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do 'not. 'Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make 'me his lieutenant,
Off capped[a] to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my 'price; I 'm worth no 'worse a place;—
But he,—as loving his own pride and purposes,—
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes,"[b] says he,
"I have already 'chose my officer."
And what was 'he? A great . . . arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,—
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a 'spinster. He, sir, had the election:
He, in good time, must his 'lieutenant be,
And I, sir,—bless the mark!—his Moorship's 'Ancient.[c]

Rod. 'I rather would have been his 'hangman.

Iago. Now, sir, be judge yourself, whether I,
In any 'just term, am affined[d] to 'love the Moor.

Rod. I would not 'follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my 'turn upon him:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and 'duty,
But 'seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my 'outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my 'heart
In compliment extern,[e] 't is not long after
But I will 'wear my heart upon my 'sleeve,
For daws to peck at: I 'am not what I 'seem.[f]

Rod. What a 'full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[g]
If he can carry it thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him:—Make after him, poison his delight;
Proclaim him in the streets. Though that his joy 'be joy,
Yet throw such changes[h] of 'vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call 'aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, (by night and negligence,) the 'fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!

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[a] saluted. [b] truly, indeed. [c] ensign. [d] compelled by affinity.
[e] in outward form of civility. [f] O. R am. [g] possess. [h] O. R. chances.

Look to your house, your daughter, and your gold![a]
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears at an upper window.

Bra. What is the 'reason of this terrible summons?
Rod. Signior, is 'all your family within?
Iago. Sir, you are robbed: for shame! Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell!
Arise, I say!
Bra. What! have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know 'my voice?
My 'name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worse[b] welcome:
I 've charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter 's not for 'thee; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)
Upon malicious bravery[c] dost thou come
To start my quiet. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this 'bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of 'robbing? this is 'Venice;
My house is not a 'grange.[d]
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. Sir! you are one of those that will not serve heaven,
if the 'devil bid you.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter
has eloped with the Moor.
Bra. Thou art a villain!
Iago. You are—a senator!
Bra. This thou shalt 'answer: I know 'thee, Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer 'anything. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my 'dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

While Signior Brabantio is searching the house for his daughter, Iago hastily says to Roderigo:

[a] O. R. bags. [b] O. R. worser. [c] O. R. knavery. [d] a lonely farm-house.

Iago. Farewell; for I must 'leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I 'stay, I shall)
'Against the Moor: for, I do know, the State
Cannot with safety 'cast[a] him: he 's embarked
With such loud reason, to the Cyprus wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
'Another of his fathom[b] they have none,
To 'lead their business: In which regard,
Though I do 'hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show-out a flag and 'sign of love,
Which is indeed 'but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the 'Sagittary[c] the raiséd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Brabantio excitedly enters, followed by Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too 'true an evil: gone she is!
And what 's to 'come of my despiséd time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the 'Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O, treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' 'minds,
By what you 'see them act.—
Pray you, lead on. At 'every house I 'll call;
I may 'command at 'most.—Get weapons, ho!
On, good Roderigo;—I 'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

Iago has hastened to attend Othello, (who, with his bride is residing at the official residence known as the Sagittary,) to put him on his guard against Brabantio's anger, and so gain the Moor's esteem by a seemingly loving service. In the meantime, the Senate has received intelligence of the sailing of a hostile Turkish fleet against the Venetian colony in Cyprus, and several parties of messengers have been sent out in search of the General, Othello; for it was the policy, at that time, of the Venetian Senate to place no 'native in command of the army.

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[a] dismiss, cashier. [b] capacity.
[c] the official residence of the Venetian commanders.

Othello, arrested by Brabantio, accompanies him to the midnight session of the Senate: not as a trusted officer to be distinguished by a new State command, but as a culprit to answer a double charge of sorcery and abduction—offences which, by the laws of Venice, were punishable by death.—The Duke at once addresses the distinguished officer:

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.[a]—
I did not see you; welcome, good Brabantio:
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my 'place, nor aught I heard of 'business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the 'general care
Take hold on 'me; for my 'particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows 'other sorrows,
And it is still 'itself.
Duke. Why, what 's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is 'abused, 'stolen from me, and 'corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of 'her, the bloody book of law
You shall 'yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your 'own sense; yea, though our proper 'son
Stood in your action.[b]
Bra. Humbly I 'thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the State affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke. We are very sorry for it.
[To Oth.] What, in your 'own part, can you say to this?
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved-good masters,—
That I have ta'en 'away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have 'married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath 'this extent,—no more. Rude am I in my speech,

[a] the Turks, or Ottomans; so called from Othman, a Sultan of the 14th century.
[b] form of accusation.

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of 'peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, (some nine moons wasted,[a]) they have used
Their dearest action[b] in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I 'grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of 'love; 'what drugs, what 'charms,
What 'conjuration, and what 'mighty 'magic,
(For such proceeding I am 'charged withal,)
I 'won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her 'motion
Blushed at itself:[c] And she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything—
To fall in love with what she feared to 'look on! . . .
It is a judgement maimed, and most imperfect,
That will confess, 'perfection so 'could err
Against all rules of 'nature. I, therefore, vouch again,
That, with some 'mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram 'conjured to this effect,
He 'wrought upon her.

Duke. To 'vouch this, is no 'proof. Othello, speak:
Did you, by indirect and 'forcéd courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by 'request, and such 'fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady—to the Sagittary,—
And let 'her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in 'her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my 'life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; 'you best know the place.—
[Exeunt Iago and attendants.
And, 'till she come, as truly as to 'Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,

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[a] = having been unemployed for nine months. [b] severest duty.
[c] O. R. herself.

'So justly, to 'your grave years, I 'll present
'How I did thrive in this fair lady's 'love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her 'father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the 'story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, 'fortunes,
That I have passed.
I 'ran it through,—even from my 'boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most 'disastrous chances;
Of 'moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being 'taken, by the insolent foe,
And 'sold to 'slavery; of my 'redemption thence,
And portance[a] in my travel's history;[b]
Wherein, of antres[c] vast and deserts wild,[d]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—'such was the process:—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,—
The Anthropophagi,[e]—and men whose heads
Do grow 'beneath their shoulders.[f] These things to hear,
Would 'Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which, ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
'Devour-up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found 'good means
To draw, from 'her, a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage 'dilate,—
Whereof by parcels she had 'something heard,
But not intentively:[g] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
'She gave me, for my pains, a world of 'sighs:[h]
She swore,—In faith, 't was strange! 't was 'passing strange!
'T was pitiful! 't was 'wondrous pitiful!

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[a] deportment, behaviour. [b] O. R. in my Trauellours historie. [c] caves.
[d] O. R. idle [e] man-eaters. [f] Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Descovery of Guiana" (1596), gives an account of such men. [g] with keen attention, (O. R. instinctively.)
[h] O. R. kisses.

She wished she had not heard it; . . . yet she wished
That Heaven had made her[a] such a 'man:[b] she 'thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a 'friend that loved her,
I should but teach 'him how to tell 'my story,
And that would 'woo her. Upon this hint, 'I 'spake! . . .
'She loved 'me, for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved 'her, that she did pity them.
'This only is the 'witchcraft I have used. . .
Here 'comes the lady; let her witness it.

Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants enter.

Duke. I think, this tale would win 'my daughter too.—
Bra. I pray you, hear 'her speak:
If she confess that she 'was half the wooer,
Destruction on 'my head, if my bad blame
Light on the 'man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where 'most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a 'divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to 'respect you; you are the 'lord of duty,—
I am, hitherto, your 'daughter: . . . but here 's my 'husband;
And so 'much duty as my mother showed
To 'you, preferring you before 'her father,
So much I challenge, that 'I may profess
Due to the Moor, 'my lord.
Bra. Please it your grace, on to the State affairs:
Come hither, Moor:
I here do 'give thee that, with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep 'from thee.—I have done, my lord.

Othello is thus triumphantly acquitted: and immediately receives his commission to assume the government of Cyprus, and to repel the invading Ottomans. The emergency of war admits of no delay: even on the day of his marriage, he must leave Venice. The bride entreats permission to accompany her husband; and she is consigned to the care of Iago—to proceed, with him and Emilia his wife, in another vessel, to the island.

When the Duke and Senators withdraw, the love-stricken fop Roderigo, thus, to his friend, laments his disappointed hopes:

[a] for her. [b] husband.

Rod. Iago!
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?
Iago. Why,—go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will, incontinently,[a] 'drown myself.
Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee 'after. Why, thou silly gentleman! Ere 'I would say, "I would drown myself," for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my 'humanity with a 'baboon!
Rod. 'What should I do? I confess, it is my 'shame to be so 'fond; but it is not in my virtue to 'amend it.
Iago. Virtue? a fig! 't is in 'ourselves that we are thus or thus. Come, be a 'man! Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy 'friend, and I could never better stead thee than 'now.... Put 'money in thy purse; 'follow these wars; I say, put 'money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should 'long continue her love to the 'Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to 'her;—put 'but money in thy purse.—A plague of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be 'hanged in 'compassing thy joy, than to be 'drowned ... and go without her.
Rod. Wilt thou be 'fast to my hopes, if I 'depend on the issue?
Iago. Thou art 'sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I 'hate the Moor: 'my cause is hearted; 'thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our 'revenge against him. Traverse; go: provide thy money. Adieu.
Rod. Where shall we meet i' the 'morning?
Iago. At my lodging.
Rod. I 'll be with thee 'betimes.[b]
Iago. Go to; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo? No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod. I am changed.... I 'll go sell 'all my land.
Iago. Go to; farewell! put money 'enough in your purse. [Exit Roderigo.

Thus do I ever make my 'fool my purse;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a 'snipe,
But for my sport and 'profit. I 'hate the Moor;
And 't is thought abroad that with my wife
He wronged me. I know not if 't be true;

[a] immediately. [b] very early.

Yet I, for mere 'suspicion in 'that kind,
Will do, as if for 'surety.[a] . . . He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him. . . .
Let me 'see now;—Cassio 's a 'proper man:
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A 'double knavery!—How, how?—Let 's see: . . .
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be 'suspected; 'framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That 'thinks men honest that but 'seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As 'asses are.—I have it! Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.

The ship in which Othello had sailed is detained by contrary winds. Cassio (with his Soldiers) is the first to reach the island, and he is therefore prepared to welcome Desdemona, who is attended by Iago and his wife. After saluting Emilia, Cassio excuses himself to her husband:

Cas. Let it not 'gall your patience, good Iago,
That I 'extend my manners: 't is my 'breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [Kissing Emilia.
Iago. Sir, would she give 'you so much of her 'lips
As of her 'tongue she oft bestows on 'me,
You 'd have enough.

Desdemona says:

Des. Alas, she has 'no speech.
Iago. In faith, too 'much;
I find it still, when I have list[b] to sleep:
Marry, before your 'ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her 'heart,
And chides with 'thinking.
Emil. You have little 'cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended!
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Emil. 'You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.

[a] certainty. [b] inclination (O. E. leave).

Des. What wouldst thou write of 'me—if thou shouldst 'praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not 'critical.[a]

Des. Come on; assay.—There 's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. . . . I am not 'merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by 'seeming otherwise.—
Come! how wouldst thou 'praise me?

Iago. . . . I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,[b]—
It plucks out brains and all: But my Muse thus ventures:—
She that was ever fair,—and never proud;
Had tongue at will,—and yet was never 'loud;
Never lacked gold,—and yet went never gay;
Fled 'from her wish,—and yet said, "'Now I may;"
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong 'stay, and her displeasure 'fly;
She that could 'think,—and ne'er 'disclose her mind;
See suitors following,—and 'not look behind;—
'She was a wight,—if ever such wight were, . . .
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he 'be thy husband.—How say 'you, Cassio?

Cas. He speaks 'home, madam: you may relish him more in the 'soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago, watchful of Cassio's courtesies to Desdemona, mutters:

Iago. [Aside.] . . . He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said,—whisper: With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do! I will gyve[c] thee in thine own courtship.[d] . . . You say true, 't is so, indeed: If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft. [A salute is heard.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

Othello and Attendants enter.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,

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[a] censorious. [b] coarse woolen cloth. [c] shackle, fetter. [d] acts of courtesy.

To see you here 'before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such 'calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened 'Death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus[a]-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were 'now to die,
'T were now to be most 'happy; for, I fear,
My soul 'hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to 'this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should 'increase,
Even as our 'days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers!
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make! [Kissing her.

Iago. [Aside.] O, you are well-tuned 'now;
But I 'll let-down[b] the pegs that make this music,
As 'honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the Castle.—
News, friends: our wars are done; the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?— [To Montano.
Honey, you shall be well-desired[c] in Cyprus;
'I 've found great love amongst them. O my sweet!
I prattle out-of-fashion,[d] and I 'dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.—
Come, Desdemona; once more well met at Cyprus!
[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Come hither, Roderigo,—list me.[e] The 'Lieutenant to-night watches on the Court-of-guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in 'love with him.

Rod. With 'him? Why, 't is not 'possible!

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus,[f] and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the 'Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him 'still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her 'eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the 'Devil?

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[a] a mountain in Thessaly. [b] O. R. set-down. [c] much sought after
[d] at random (out of form). [e] listen to me. [f] on thy mouth (keep silence).

Rod. I cannot believe that in 'her: she is full of most blest condition.[a]

Iago. Blest fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she 'had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pudding! . . . Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Sir, be you ruled by 'me. Watch 'you to-night; for the command, 'I 'll lay 't upon you; Cassio knows you not:—Do you find some occasion to 'anger Cassio,—either by speaking too loud,—or tainting his discipline;—or from what other course you please.

Rod. Well?

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, may 'strike at you: 'Provoke him, that he 'may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to 'mutiny,—whose qualification[b] shall come into no true trust[c] again, but by the 'displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I 'will do this,—if you can bring it to any 'opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the Citadel: Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

Iago. . . . That Cassio loves 'her, I do well believe it;
That she loves 'him, . . . 't is apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, 'I do love her too;
And so am led to diet my 'revenge,
For I suspect 'Emilia with the Moor:
The 'thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, 'gnaw my inwards;
And nothing 'can, or 'shall, content my soul,
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife!
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor,
At least, into a 'jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash[d] of Venice (whom I trace
For his quick hunting) stand the putting-on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the 'hip;[e]
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

[a] mental disposition. [b] fitness for duty. [c] O. R. taste.
[d] contemptible fellow. [e] in danger of a fall (a term in wrestling).

For making him egregiously an 'ass;
And practising upon 'his peace and quiet
Even to madness! . . . 'T is here, but yet confused:
Knavery's 'plain face is never seen, till 'used. [Exit.

We have now before us the Guard-house of the Castle at Cyprus.—Othello, before retiring, gives special directions to his Lieutenant:

Oth. Good Michael, look 'you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,—
'Not to out-sport 'discretion.
Cas. 'Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
'Will I look to 't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Good night. [Exit.

As Othello withdraws into the Castle, Iago enters to receive his orders:

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock. Our General cast[a] us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame.
Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. . . . Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here, without, are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure[b] to the health of the black Othello.
Cas. Not 'to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for 'drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some 'other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O, they are our 'friends; but 'one cup: I 'll drink 'for you.
Cas. I have drunk 'but one cup to-night, and that was craftily 'qualified[c] too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I dare not task my weakness with any 'more.
Iago. What, man! 't is a night of 'revels: the gallants 'desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I 'pray you, call them in.
Cas. I 'll do 't; . . . but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.
Iago. If I can fasten but 'one cup upon him,

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[a] appointed. [b] a bowl of wine. [c] slyly mixed with water.

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,—
Whom love has turned almost the 'wrong side out,—
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations 'pottle[a]-deep; and 'he 's to watch!
Three lads[b] of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And 'they watch too! Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come.
If 'consequence[c] do but approve my 'dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Cassio re-enters, with Montano, other Gentlemen, and Servant with wine.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse[d] already.
Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] And let me the canakin[e] clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man:
O, man's life 's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink!

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song!
Iago. I learned it in 'England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your round-bodied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your 'English.
Cas. . . . Is your Englishman so expert[f] in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he overthrows your Almain and your Hollander, ere the next pottle can be filled.
Cas. . . . To the health of our General!
Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.[g]
Iago. O sweet England!

[Sings.] [h] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.

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[a] a liquid measure of two pints. [b] O. R. else. [c] the result. [d] a large drink. [e] a little can. [f] O. R. exquisite. [g] I 'll drink as much as you do. [h] the old ballad from which this stanza is taken is found in Bishop Percy's Collection: "Take thy old cloak about thee." [i] rascal.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other!

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, heaven 's above all; and there be souls 'must be saved, . . . and there be souls must 'not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the General, nor any man of quality,—'I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I 'too, Lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, . . . but, by your leave, not before 'me: the 'Lieutenant is to be saved before the 'Ancient.[a]—Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—"Forgive us our sins!"—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am 'drunk: this is my Ancient; —this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am 'not drunk 'now; I can 'stand well enough,—and 'speak well enough—

All. Excellent well!

Cas. Why, 'very well then! you must not think then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

The ready agent of all mischief—drink—having been successfully invoked, Roderigo proceeds to give Cassio great provocation, so that a scuffle at once begins. Amidst cries of "Help! help!" Cassio re-enters, pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! Teach 'me my duty?
I 'll beat the knave into a wicker[b] bottle!

Rod. Beat 'me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [Striking Roderigo.

Montano and Iago endeavour to stay Cassio.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [staying him.] I pray you hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,—Or I 'll knock 'you o'er the mazzard!

Mon. Come, come; you 're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago whispers to Roderigo while Cassio is fighting with Montano:

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny. [Exit Roderigo.
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentleman!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant!—sir!—Montano!—sir! [Bell rings.
The town will rise: You will be shamed for ever.

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[a] ensign. [b] O. R. twiggen.

Othello and Attendants hastily enter.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are 'we turned 'Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the 'Ottomites?
For 'Christian shame, put-by this barbarous brawl!
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he 'dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.[a]—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who 'began this? on thy love, I charge thee!

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but 'now; and 'then,
(As if some planet had 'unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. 'I cannot speak
'Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would, in action glorious, I had 'lost
Those legs, that brought 'me to a 'part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, 'you are thus forgot?

Cas. . . . I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were 'wont be civil;[b]
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of 'wisest censure: What 's the matter,
That you 'unlace[c] your reputation thus?
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a 'night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am 'hurt to 'danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you
Of all that 'I do know; nor know I aught
By 'me that 's said, or 'done, amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a 'vice;
And to 'defend ourselves it be a 'sin,
When violence 'assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to 'rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied,[d]
Assays to lead the way. If I once 'stir,
Or do but 'lift this arm, the 'best of you
Shall 'sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout 'began? who set it 'on?

[a] proper order. [b] quiet, well-conducted. [c] strip of its ornaments.
[d] blackened, obscured.

And he that is 'approved in this offence,
Though he had 'twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall 'loose me.—What! in a town of war,—
Yet wild,—the people's hearts brimful of fear,—
To manage private and 'domestic quarrel!
In night, and on the court a[a] guard of safety!
'T is 'monstrous!—Iago, 'who began it?

Montano cautions Iago:

Mon. If 'partially affined,[b] or, leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more—or 'less—than 'truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do 'offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to 'speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, General:—
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following, with determined sword
To 'execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps-in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the 'crying fellow did pursue;
Lest, by his clamour,—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose: I returned, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords—
And Cassio high in 'oath; which, 'till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as 'again they were
When you yourself did part them.
'More of this matter can I 'not report:—
But . . . men are men: the 'best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little 'wrong to him,—
(As men in rage strike those that wish them 'best)
Yet, surely, Cassio,—I believe,—received,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience 'could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and 'love doth 'mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

---

[a] O. R. and. [b] related by partiality.

[To Mont.] Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—
Lead him off.— [Montano is led off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Cassio, I 'll make thee an 'example!

All but Iago and Cassio enter the Guard-house.

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Ay; past all surgery.—Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my 'reputation! I have lost the 'immortal part of myself, and what remains is 'bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some 'bodily wound. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you 'repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to 'recover the General again: 'Sue to him, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be 'despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot?[a] and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own 'shadow?—O thou invisible Spirit of wine, if thou hast no 'name to be known by, let us call thee 'Devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. . . . I remember a 'mass of things, but nothing 'distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing 'wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into 'beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are 'now well enough: how came you thus 'recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness, to give place to the devil Wrath: 'one unperfectness shows me 'another—to make me frankly 'despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too 'severe a moraler. I could heartily wish this had 'not befallen; but, since it 'is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me, I am a 'drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra,[b]

---

[a] talk idly. [b] the many-headed monster destroyed by Hercules.

such an answer would stop them all. To be now a 'sensible man, by-and-by a 'fool, and presently a 'beast! O, strange!—Every 'inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient 'is a devil!

Iago. Come, come; 'good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you?

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some[a] time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's 'wife is now the General:—confess yourself freely to 'her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so 'blest a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do 'more than she is requested.

Cas. You advise me 'well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of 'love, and honest 'kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, 'betimes in the morning, I 'will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am 'desperate of my fortunes if they check me 'here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, Lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago. [Exit.

Iago. And what 's he then, that says—I play the 'villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honest;
Probal[b] to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this 'parallel course,
Directly to his good? For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour 'my[c] pestilence into his ear—
That she repeals him for her own base ends:
And by how much she strives to do him 'good,
She shall 'un-do her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her 'virtue into 'pitch;
And, out of her own 'goodness, make the net
That shall enmesh[d] them all. Two things are to be done,—
My 'wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,

[a] O. R. at a time. [b] probable. [c] O. R. this. [d] catch in its meshes.

And bring him jump[a] when he may Cassio 'find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that 's the way!
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

In the morning, Cassio prefers his request to Desdemona; and she kindly assures him that he will get his place again, for that she "will rather die than give his cause away": She wishes him to stay and hear her speak for him; but he is too ill at ease with self-reproach and shame; and confusedly, as Othello enters, takes his leave. Iago puts another colour on the circumstance, by ejaculating, as if unconsciously, words which he intends that Othello should overhear:

Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I 'know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure! I cannot think it,
That he would 'steal away,—so guilty-like,—
Seeing 'you coming.
Oth. I do believe ''t was he.

Desdemona enters at once upon her friendly solicitation:

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,—
A man that 'languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your Lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence 'now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left 'part of his grief with 'me;
I[b] suffer 'with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not 'now, sweet Desdemona;[c] some other time.
Des. But shall 't be 'shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for 'you.
Des. Shall 't be 'to-night, at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow 'dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the Citadel.
Des. Why then, 'to-morrow night; on Tuesday 'morn;
Or Tuesday 'noon, or night; or 'Wednesday morn.—

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[a] at the very time. [b] O. R. To. [c] O. R. Desdemon.

I pr'y thee, 'name the time; but let it not
Exceed 'three days. I wonder in my soul,
What 'you could ask 'me, that I should 'deny,
Or stand so mammering[a] on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-'wooing with you? and many a time,
When I have spoke of you 'dis-praisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring 'him in! Trust me, 'I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he 'will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a 'boon;
'T is as I should entreat you do a profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your 'love indeed,
It shall be full of poise[b] and difficulty[c]
And 'fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant 'me this—
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny 'you? no. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch![d] Perdition catch my soul
But I do 'love thee! and when I love thee 'not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. . . . . 'Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
'Know of your love?

Oth. He did,—from first to last: Why dost thou 'ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my 'thought;
No further harm.

Oth. 'Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. . . . . I did not think he 'had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I 'know.

Oth. What dost thou 'think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord! By Heaven, he echoes me,

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[a] hesitating. [b] weight. [c] O. R. difficult weight.
[d] an old term of endearment.

As if there were some 'monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be 'shown.—Thou dost 'mean 'something. . . .
I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: 'What didst not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst, shut-up in thy brain,
Some 'horrible conceit. 'If thou dost love me,
'Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you 'know I love you.

Oth. I 'think thou dost;
And,—for I know thou 'rt 'full of love, and 'honesty,
And weigh'st thy words 'before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore, these stops of 'thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false 'disloyal 'knave,
Are 'tricks of 'custom; but in a man that 's 'just,
They 're close denotements,[a] working from the 'heart—
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn:—I 'think that he is honest.

Oth. 'I think so too.

Iago. . . . Men should 'be what they 'seem;
Or, those that be 'not, would they might 'seem none!

Oth. Certain; men 'should be what they 'seem.

Iago. Why 'then, I think Cassio 's an 'honest man.

Oth. . . . Nay, yet there 's 'more in this.—
I pray thee, speak to me 'as to thy thinkings—
As thou dost 'ruminate; and give thy worst of 'thoughts
The worst of 'words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of 'duty,
I am 'not bound to that all 'slaves are free to.
'Utter my 'thoughts! Why, say they are vile, and 'false,—
As where 's that 'palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?

Oth. Thou dost 'conspire against thy friend, Iágo,
If thou but 'think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A 'stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

[a] O. R. delations.

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft[a] my jealousy
'Shapes faults that 'are not,)—that your wisdom yet,
(From one that so imperfectly 'conceits,)[b]
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a 'trouble,
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. . . .
It were not for your 'quiet, nor your 'good,—
Nor for 'my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,—
To let 'you know my 'thoughts.

Oth. . . . 'What 'dost thou 'mean?

Iago. 'Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the 'immediate[c] 'jewel of their souls:
Who steals my 'purse, steals 'trash; 't is something, 'nothing;
'T was mine, 't is 'his,—and 'has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good 'name,
'Robs me—of that which not enriches 'him,
And makes 'me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I 'll 'know thy thoughts!

Iago. You 'cannot,—if my heart were in your 'hand;
Nor 'shall not,—whilst 't is in 'my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O! beware, my lord, of . . . jealousy!
It is the green-eyed 'monster, which doth 'make[d]
The meat it feeds on. That duped one lives in 'bliss,
Who, 'certain of his fate, loves 'not his wronger;
But, O, what anguished minutes tells 'he o'er
Who 'dotes, yet doubts; 'suspects, yet strongly[e] 'loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is 'rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless,[f] are as poor as winter,[g]
To him that ever 'fears he shall be poor:—
Good Heaven, the souls of all 'my tribe 'defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this? . . .
Think 'st thou, 'I 'd make a 'life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh 'suspicions? No; to be once in 'doubt,
Is once to be 'resolved. 'T is not to make 'me jealous
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;

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[a] O. R. of. [b] conjectures. [c] uearest, dearest. [d] O. R. mock. [e] O. R. soundly.
[f] bouudless, unlimited. [g] the season that produces no fruit.

Where virtue is, these are 'more virtuous:
Nor, from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had 'eyes, and 'chose 'me. No, Iago;
I 'll 'see, before I doubt; 'when I doubt, 'prove;
And, 'on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once, with love—or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of this: for 'now I shall have reason
To 'show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit:—I speak not 'yet of proof. . . .
'Look to your wife: observe her well—with 'Cassio;
Wear your eye[a] thus—not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be 'abused: look to 't! . . .
I know 'our country disposition[b] well;
In Venice, they do let 'Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their 'husbands; their 'best conscience
Is—not to leave[c] 'undone, but keep[c] 'unknown.

Oth. Dost 'thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her 'father, marrying 'you;
And when she seemed to shake, and 'fear your looks,
She 'loved them most.

Oth. . . . And so she did!

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out 'such a seeming,
To seel[d] her 'father's eyes up close as oak,—
'He thought 't was 'witchcraft:—But I' m much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For 'too-much loving you.

Oth. . . . I am bound to thee forever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot! not a jot!

Iago. Trust me, I fear it 'has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my 'love.—But, I do 'see you 're moved;
I am to pray you, not to 'strain my speech
To grosser issues,[e] nor to larger reach
Than to 'suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. 'Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such 'vile success

[a] O. R. eyes. [b] the temperament of the Venetians. [c] O. R. leave't—keep't.
[d] to sew up a hawk's eye. [e] conclusions.

As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy
'friend. . . .
My lord, I 'see you 're moved.
Oth. No, not 'much moved. . . .
I do not think but Desdemona 's 'honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to 'think so!
Oth. . . . And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there 's the point!—As—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposéd matches
Of her 'own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things, 'nature tends—
But pardon me: I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of 'her; though I may fear,
Her 'will, recoiling to her better 'judgement,
May fall[a] to match 'you with 'her country forms,
And (haply) so repent.[b]
Oth. . . . Farewell, farewell.
If 'more thou dost perceive, let me 'know more;
Set-on thy 'wife to observe. . . . Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I 'take my leave. [Going.
Oth. . . . Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows, more, 'much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. [Returning.] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to 'time.
And though 't is fit that Cassio 'have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off 'awhile,
You shall, by that, perceive 'him and his 'means:
Note, if your lady 'strain his entertainment[c]
With any strong or vehement importunity;
'Much will be seen in 'that. In the meantime,
Let 'me be thought too busy in my fears,—
And hold 'her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.[d]
Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit Iago.
Oth. . . . This fellow 's of 'exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities,[e] with a learnéd spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do 'prove her haggard,[f]
Though that her jesses[g] were my dear 'heart-strings,
I'd whistle her 'off, and let her down the wind,

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[a] chance. [b] O. R. and happily repent. [c] employment in office. [d] self-control.
[e] O. R. quantities. [f] irreclaimable, like a wild hawk; wanton.
[g] leathern straps used by falconers.

To prey at fortune. . . . Haply, for I am 'black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That 'chamberers[a] have? Or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years?—yet that 's not much:—
She 's 'gone! 'I am 'abused! and my relief
Must be, to 'loathe her! O the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their 'appetites. I had rather be a 'toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a 'corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.—Desdemona comes:[b]
If 'she be 'false, O, then heaven mocks 'itself!—
I 'll 'not believe it.

Desdemona and Emilia re-enter.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous[c] islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. . . . I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain, upon my forehead, here.
Des. Why, that 's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it 'hard, within this 'hour
It will be well.
Oth. . . . Your napkin[d] is too little.

He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.

Let it alone. . . . Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I 'm 'very sorry that you are not well. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Desdemona, in her loving sympathy for her lord, is forgetful of her usual care of his first gift—that little handkerchief with which she had offered to bind his throbbing temples. The handkerchief lies there—the silent evidence of the constancy of her love—to be perverted, by evil machinations, to bear false witness against her innocence.—Emilia stealthily picks it up:

Emil. I am glad I have 'found this napkin:
This was her 'first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to 'steal 't; now, I 'll 'give 't Iago:
What he will 'do with it Heaven knows, not I;
'I nothing, but to please his fantasy.[e]

Iago re-enters:

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

[a] men of intrigue. [b] O. R. look where she comes. [c] distinguished (hospitable). [d] handkerchief. [e] fancy.

Emil. Do not you chide. What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
For that the Moor first gave to Desdemona?
That which so often you did bid me 'steal.
Iago. 'Hast stol'n it from her?
Emil. No, she let it drop; and, to the advantage,
I, being here, took 't up. Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench! give it me.
Emil. What will you 'do with 't, that you have been so 'earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what 's that to you? [Snatching it.
Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of 'import,
Give 't me again: Poor lady! she 'll run 'mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not 'you known on 't;[a] I have 'use for it.
Go, leave me. . . . [Exit Emilia.
I will, in Cassio's lodging, lose this napkin,
And let him 'find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations—strong
As proofs of Holy Writ. This 'may do something;
The Moor already ch anges with my poison:
Look, where he comes! Not poppy,[b] nor mandragora,[c]
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst[d] yesterday.

Othello enters distractedly:

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me! to 'me!
Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou 'st set me on the 'rack.—
I swear, 't is better to be 'much abused,
Than but to 'know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of love?
I 'saw 't not, 'thought it not,—it harmed not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I 'found not 'Cassio's 'kisses on her lips!
He that is robbed, not 'wanting what is stolen,
Let him not 'know 't, and he 's 'not robbed at all!
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. O now, for ever,
Farewell the 'tranquil mind! farewell content!

[a] O. R. be not acknown on 't. [b] poppy (opium). [c] mandrake, powerful opiates. [d] hadst, didst possess.

Farewell the pluméd troop! and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue, O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and 'all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious 'war!
And, O you mortal engines,[a] whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! . . . Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible? my lord!—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou 'prove my loved one false:
Be 'sure of it; give me the 'ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of 'man's[b] eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a 'dog, Iago,
Than 'answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to 'see 't; or, (at the least,) so 'prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a 'doubt on; or—woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander 'her, and torture 'me,—
Never 'pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation 'add,
Greater than 'that!

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
O wretched fool,
That liv'st[c] to make thine 'honesty a 'vice!—
O mónstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence
I 'll love 'no friend, since[d] love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou 'shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be 'wise; for honesty 's a 'fool,
And loses that it works-for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she 's 'not;
I think that 'thou art 'just, and think thou 'rt 'not:
I 'll 'have 'some 'proof! 'Her[e] name, that was as fresh
As Dian's[f] visage, is now begrimed and black

[a] artillery. [b] O. R. mine. [c] O. R. lov'st. [d] O. R. sith. [e] O. R. my. [f] the Moon's.

As mine own 'face.—'Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten-up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You 'would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I 'will!
Iago. And 'may; but how? how satisfied? Yet, I say,
If 'imputation, and strong 'circumstance,
(Which lead directly to the 'door of truth,)
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
Oth. Give me a 'living[a] reason she 's disloyal.
Iago. I do not 'like the office;
But, sith[b] I am entered in this cause so far,—
Urged to 't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. . . . I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. .
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will 'mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona!
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!" And then
Cry,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the 'Moor!"
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his 'dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone 'conclusion!
Iago. 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it 'be but a dream;
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I' ll tear her all to pieces!
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing 'done;
She 'may be honest yet. Tell me but this:—
Have you not sometimes seen a 'handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I 'gave her such a one: 't was my 'first gift!
Iago. . . . I knew[c] not that: But 'such a handkerchief
(I am 'sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be 'that,—
Iago. If it be that, or 'any that was hers,
It speaks 'against her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty 'thousand lives!
'One is too poor, too weak for my 'revenge.
'Now do I see 't is 'true!—Look here, Iago;

[a] real, not circumstantial. [b] since. [c] O. R. know.

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'T is gone.—
Arise, black Vengeance, from thy hollow cell![a]
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous 'Hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,[b]
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago! blood!

Iago. Patience, I say! Your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago! By yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here 'engage[c] my words. [Kneels.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneeling.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip[d] us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him 'command,
And to 'obey shall bring me no remorse,[e]
What bloody work soever.[f]

Oth. I 'greet thy love,
Not with vain 'thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the 'instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days, let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is 'dead; 't is 'done, at your request:
But let 'her live.

Oth. Out, out on her! O false one!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish some 'swift means of death for 'her.
'Now art 'thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own, for ever! [Exeunt.

Poor Desdemona, little suspecting the snare in which her innocence has been entrapped, inquires of her faithless attendant:

Des. 'Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. . . . I know not, madam.

Des. But that my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As 'jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to 'ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he 'not jealous?

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[a] O. R. hell. [b] load, freight. [c] pledge, confirm. [d] clasp, enclose.
[e] shall be in me remorse. [f] O. R. business ever.

Des. Who? he! I think the sun, when he was born,
Drew all 'such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.

Othello enters.

Des. How is it with you, my lord?
Oth. Well, my good lady.—[Aside.] O, hardness to dissemble!
How do 'you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is 'moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues cheerfulness,[a] and 'liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester[b] from liberty,—fasting, and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise 'devout:
'T is a 'good hand,—a 'frank one.
Des. 'You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my 'heart.
Oth. A 'liberal hand! The hands of 'old gave hearts:[c]
But our 'new heraldry is—hands,[d] 'not hearts.
Des. . . . I cannot speak of this.—Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. . . . I have a salt and sullen[e] rheum offends me. . . .
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I 'gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.—That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my 'mother give;
She was a charmer,[f] and could almost read
The 'thoughts of people: she told her, while she 'kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she 'lost it,
Or made a 'gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits hunt
After 'new fancies. She, 'dying, gave it 'me;
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it 'her. I did so: and take heed on 't!

[a] fruitfulness. [b] withdrawal. [c] O. R. The hearts of old gave hands.
[d] The new order of baronets added a hand *gules* (red) to their family escutcheon.
[e] troublesome (O. R. sorry). [f] an enchantress.

Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't, or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible!

Oth. 'T is 'true: there 's 'magic in the web of it.
A Sibyl[a] (that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses)[b]
In her prophetic fury sewed the 'work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the 'silk;
And it was 'dyed in 'mummy[c],—which the skilful
Conserved, of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. 'Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. It is 'not lost: But what an if it were?

Oth. Fetch 't; let me see 't!

Des. Why, so I 'can, sir;—but I 'will not now. . . .
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
I 'pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief! my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come; you 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit Othello.

Emilia asks:

Emil. 'Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this 'before.
Sure, there 's some 'wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a 'year or two shows us a man.
But look you, Cassio and my husband come.

Iago and Cassio enter:

Des. How now, good Cassio? what 's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my 'former suit.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle, Cassio,

[a] pagan prophetess. [b] *i. e.*, who had lived two hundred years.
[c] the antiseptic liquid obtained from mummies.

'My advocation is not 'now in tune;
My lord is 'not my lord; nor should I 'know him,
Were he in 'favour,[a] as in 'humour,[b] altered.—
What I 'can do, I will; and 'more I will
Than for 'myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago inquires of his wife:

Iago. Is my lord 'angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. 'Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air!
Something of 'moment, then: I will go meet him.
There 's matter in 't indeed, if 'he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [Exit Iago.]—Something, sure, of' State
Hath puddled[c] his clear spirit: I 'll go 'seek him.—
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to 'effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship. [Exeunt.

The plot deepens in intensity and interest. Another proof is devised by Iago to make assurance doubly sure. He brings the Moor to overhear a conversation between Cassio and a familiar acquaintance of his, named Bianca: to whom Cassio had given the gaudy handkerchief which he had found in his lodgings. Othello is led to believe that what Cassio says of Bianca applies to Desdemona: and, to crown all, he sees the handkerchief in the woman's hand!

The griefs of Desdemona are poignant and heart-rending: she has been reviled, and even struck, by her husband, in presence of the State Messengers of Venice; who have been sent, not only to recall Othello from his command, but—what was most galling to him—to transfer the government of the island to Cassio.

We are to suppose the incensed Othello again before us, questioning Emilia; anxious to be just, as well as to revenge.

Oth. You have 'seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever 'heard; nor ever did 'suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together?
Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What! did they never 'whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

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[a] feature, appearance. [b] temper, mental disposition. [c] mudded.

Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange!
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is 'honest,
Lay down my 'soul at stake: if you think 'other,
'Remove your thought; it doth 'abuse your bosom:
For, if she be 'not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the 'purest of her sex[a]
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.— [Exit Emilia.
She 'says enough;—yet she 's a 'simple dame
That cannot say as much. This is a 'subtle one—
A closet lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she 'll 'kneel, and 'pray; . . . I 've 'seen her do 't.

Emilia returns with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither. Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [To Emilia.] Some of 'your function, mistress; hence! and shut the door;
Cough or cry hem if anybody come:
Your mystery,[b] your mystery;—nay, despatch. [Exit Emilia.

Emilia indignantly leaves the chamber. Desdemona tremblingly inquires:

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a 'fury in your words,
But 'not the words.
Oth. . . . Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and 'loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it! 'Swear thou art 'honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Des. . . . To whom, my lord? 'with whom? 'How am I false?
Oth. Oh, Desdemona!—away, away, away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am 'I the occasion[c] of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my 'father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling-back,

[a] O. R. of their wives. [b] secret trade. [c] O. R. motive.

Lay not your blame on 'me; if 'you have lost him,
Why, 'I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased 'Heaven
To try me with affliction; had 'He[a] rained
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,—
I should have found, in some place of my soul,
A drop of 'patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixéd figure for the hand[b] of Scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,—
Yet could I bear 'that too; well, 'very well!
But 'there,—where I have garnered-up my 'heart,—
Where either 'I must live, or bear 'no life,—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up . . . to be discarded 'thence!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest?

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles!
O thou weed, who art so lovely fair, that the sense aches at thee,—
'Would thou had'st ne'er been born

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "falsehood" on? What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The common wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?
Impudent wanton!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are you 'not a wanton?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning one of Venice,
That married with Othello. What, ho! Emilia! You, mistress, you,
That have the office 'opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of 'hell! [Emilia re-enters.] You, you, ay, you:
We've done our course; there 's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [Exit.

Emil. Good madam, what 's the 'matter with my lord?

Des. Who 'is thy lord?

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[a] O. R. they. [b] O. R. time.

Emil. He that is 'yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have 'none: Do not talk to me, Emilia:
I cannot weep: Go call thy husband.
Emil. Here 's a change, indeed! [Exit Emil.
Des. 'T is 'meet I should be used so; 'very meet.

Emilia returns with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so abused her,
And thrown such foul[a] and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I . . . that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called 'wanton? would it not 'make one weep?
Iago. Beshrew him for 't! How comes this trick upon him?

Emilia significantly fixes her look on her husband:

Emil. . . . I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,—
Some busy and insinuating rogue,—
Some cogging, cozening slave,—to get some office,
Have not 'devised this slander; I 'll be 'hanged else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!
Emil. A 'halter pardon him! Who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abused by some most villainous knave!
Some base 'notorious knave! some 'scurvy fellow!—
O Heaven, that such companions[b] Thou'dst unfold;
And put, in every 'honest hand, a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world!
Iago. Speak within door.—You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my 'will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or that I do not,—though he shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And 'his unkindness may defeat my 'life,
But never taint my 'love.

[a] O. R. despite. [b] low creatures, hangers-on.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his 'humour:[a]
The business of the 'State does him offence,
And he does chide with 'you.
Des. If 't were no other,—
Iago. 'T is 'but so, I warrant.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well. [Ex. Des. and Emil.

As Desdemona and Emilia withdraw, Roderigo enters:

How now, Roderigo?
Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st 'justly with me.
Iago. What in the 'contrary!
Rod. Every day thou daff'st[b] me with some device, Iago. I will, indeed, no longer 'endure it!
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your 'words and 'performances are no kin together.
Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Rod. With nought but 'truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a 'votarist![c]
Iago. Well? go to! 'very well.
Rod. 'Very well? go-to? I can'not go-to, man: nor 't is 'not very well: by this hand, I say it is very 'scurvy; and begin to find myself 'fobbed[d] in it.
Iago. 'Very well.
Rod. I tell you, 't is 'not very well. I will make 'myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of 'you!
Iago. Why, 'now, I see there 's 'mettle in thee. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest I have dealt most 'directly in thy affair.
Rod. It hath not 'appeared.
Iago. I 'grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe 'now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it!
Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?
Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

[a] peculiar temperament. [b] puttest me off. [c] one who had taken full vows. [d] cheated (O. R. fopt).

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return to 'Venice?

Iago. Unless his abode be 'lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the 'removing of 'Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean,—'removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him 'uncapable of Othello's place; — knocking out his brains.

Rod. . . . And that you would have 'me do?

Iago. Ay: if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right: he knows not 'yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to 'second your attempt, and he shall fall 'between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a 'necessity in his death that you shall think yourself 'bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it!

Rod. I will hear further 'reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be 'satisfied. Away! [Exit Rod.

Now, whether 'he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
'Every way makes 'my gain: live 'Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona; if 'Cassio do remain,
'He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes 'me ugly:
No, he must 'die:—be it so! This, then, is the night
That either 'makes me, or 'fordoes me quite.

Iago immediately plans that, with his assistance, Roderigo should assassinate Cassio, but Cassio is wounded, not killed: Roderigo, however, is wounded by Cassio; and then the inhuman Iago—to prevent the discovery of these crimes—savagely and remorselessly stabs, through the heart, his doubly-duped victim.

In the mind of Othello, the proofs against his wife amount to demonstration, admitting no particle of doubt; and all the ardour of his nature is concentrated on the means of an ample revenge:

"To strangle her in bed! Good! good!
The 'justice of it pleases: 'very good!"

In the silence of midnight, Othello enters his wife's chamber, where the innocent Desdemona—after having poured forth her sorrows to heaven, and prayed for blessings upon him—has sunk into a calm repose. When he beholds her asleep, a crowd of tender

recollections rushes upon him, and he cannot instantly perform his awful purpose; but he soon reverts to the revolting motive, to fortify his mind anew; for, alas! there is no lingering doubt to stay his sacrificial hand.

Oth. It is the cause! it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die,—else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then,—Put out thy[a] light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat[b]
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the[c] rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it[d] on the tree.—
[Kisses her.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more!—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last!
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona. . . .
Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heavens forfend![e]—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

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[a] O. R. the. [b] Promstheus, by the assistance of Minerva, stole fire from heaven. [c] O. R. thy. [d] O. R. thee. [e] forbid.

Des. If you say so, I 'hope you will not kill me.
And yet I 'fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. 'Why I should fear, I know not,
Since 'guiltiness I know not; but yet, I 'feel I fear!
Oth. Think on thy 'sins!
Des. They are 'loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay!—and for 'that thou diest!
Des. That death 's unnatural that 'kills for loving.—
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. . . . What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my soul! Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Take heed of perjury! thou art on thy 'death bed.
Des. Ay, but not 'yet to die?
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore, confess thee 'freely of thy sin;
For to 'deny each article, with 'oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou 'art to 'die!
Des. Then 'Heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, Amen.
Des. And have 'you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such 'general warranty of Heaven
As I 'might love: I 'never gave him token.
Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost 'stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A 'murder—which I thought a 'sacrifice:
I 'saw the handkerchief.
Des. He 'found it then;
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;
Let him confess the 'truth.
Oth. He 'hath confessed.
Des. What, my lord? He will not say so!
Oth. No; his mouth is 'stopped:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. My fear interprets then.[a]—What! 'is he 'dead?
Oth. Had all his 'hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all!

[a] O. R. O, my fear interprets.

Des. Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone.
Oth. Out, wanton! Weep'st thou for him to my 'face?
Des. O, 'banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, wanton!
Des. Kill me 'to-morrow; let me live 'to-night.—
But half an hour!
Oth. Being 'done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer—
Oth. It is too late.

No longer Revenge, but Justice, pitilessly executes the sad decree. Covering her appealing face, he stifles her. But, ere life has departed, he is disturbed by loud exclamations at the door:

Emil. [Without.] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee 'linger in thy pain.—
So, so!

He stabs her.

Emil. [Without.] O, good my lord! I 'd speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes:—'T is Emilia:—By-and-by.—She 's dead!—
'T is like she comes to speak of 'Cassio's death . . .
Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave!
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do? . . .
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! 'what wife?—I have 'no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Emil. [Without.] I do 'beseech you I may speak with you.
Oth. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—

He unlocks the door, and Emilia enters.

Emil. O, my good lord! yonder 's foul 'murder done.
Oth. It is the very error of the 'moon;
She comes more near the earth[a] than she was wont,
And 'makes men 'mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo killed! . . . And . . . 'Cassio killed?
Emil. No; Cassio is 'not killed.
Oth. Not 'Cassio killed? Then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

The dying Desdemona, slightly relieved by the flow of blood, feebly exclaims:

Des. O, falsely, falsely 'murdered!

[a] O. R. more nearer earth.

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my 'lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A 'guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, 'who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! [Dies.
Oth. Why, how should 'she be murdered?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not 'I?
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. . . . 'T was I that killed her!
Emil. O, the more 'angel she, and you the blacker 'devil!
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as 'fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly 'true.
Oth. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with 'Cassio. Nay, had she been 'true,
If Heaven would make me such another 'world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,[a]
I 'd not have sold 'her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration,[b] woman? I say, thy husband;
My friend, thy husband,—honest, honest Iago.
Emil. 'If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart!
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Nay, do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy 'heaven,
Than thou wast worthy 'her.
Oth. Peace, you were best!
Emil. Thou hast not 'half that power to do me harm
As 'I have to be 'hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee 'known,
Though I lost 'twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

Gratiano, Montano, and Iago, hastily enter.

O, are 'you come, Iago? You have done well,
That men must lay 'their murders on 'your neck.

[a] a precious stone. [b] O. R. iterance.

'Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was 'false.
I know thou didst 'not! thou 'rt not 'such a villain!
Speak, for 'my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I 'thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and 'true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was 'false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a 'lie; an odious, 'wicked lie;
She false, with 'Cassio!—'Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, get you home!

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'T is proper I 'obey him, but not 'now,—
Perchance, Iago, I will 'ne'er go home. . . .
Nay, nay, Othello, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift-up eye.

Oth. [Rising.] O, she was 'foul! . . . [Seeing Gra.]
I scarce did 'know you, uncle. . . . There lies your niece;
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.
I know, this act 'shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's 'dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain!

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she was false with Cassio: Cassio 'confessed it;
And she did gratify his amorous words[a]
With 'my recognizance and pledge of love.
It was a handkerchief—an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers! that handkerchief
I 'found by fortune, and did 'give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
He begged of me to 'steal it.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By Heaven, I do 'not; I do not, gentlemen.—

Iago, maddened by the discovery of his guilt, suddenly springs on his wife, and stabs her; then, in hope of escape, he is rushing out, when intercepted by the infuriated Othello:

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the 'thunder?—Precious villain!

Montano, preventing this attack on Iago, disarms Othello, and calls to Gratiano:

[a] O. R. works.

Mon. Take 'you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor.
Come, guard the door 'without: let not Othello pass,
But 'kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain. [Exit.

The bewildered Othello, stung by his unsoldierly disarmament, piteously says:

Oth. . . . I am not 'valiant neither,
But every puny 'whipster gets my sword.
But why should 'honour outlive 'honesty?
Let it go 'all!

The bleeding Emilia, in her death agony, faintly speaks:

Emil. Moor, she was 'chaste: she 'loved thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak 'true;
So speaking as I 'think, I die,—I die. [Dies.

The lifeless Emilia is carried away. Othello stands but for a moment in perplexity:

Oth. I have 'another weapon in this chamber;
O, here it is.—Uncle, I 'must come forth.

Gratiano replies from without:

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and 'perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. [Gratiano returns.
Behold I 'have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I 've seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I 've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times 'your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his 'fate? 't is 'not so 'now.—
Do you go back 'dismayed? 't is a 'lost fear:
Man but a 'rush[a] against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where 'should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look 'now! O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy sheets![b] When we shall meet at compt,[c]
'This look of thine will hurl my soul from Heaven,
And 'Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O, curséd, curséd slave!—Whip me, ye Devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

[a] a straw. [b] O. R. smock. [c] the last account (the Day of Judgement).

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona![a] Desdemona![a] dead! Oh! 'Oh!

The storm of passion is at last dissolved in tears. The Venetian Ambassador enters, with the wounded Cassio—and Iago, a prisoner!—Lodovico sorrowfully inquires:

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That 's he that 'was Othello;—here I am.
Lod. Where is that 'viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet,[b]—but that 's a fable:
If that thou 'be'st a devil, I 'cannot kill thee. [Wounds Iago.
Iago. . . . I bleed, sir; but not 'killed.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee 'live;
For, in 'my sense, 't is 'happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fallen in the practice[c] of a curséd slave,
'What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable . . . 'murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in 'hate, but all in 'honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part 'confessed his villainy:
Did you and he 'consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. . . . Ay.

The wounded Cassio speaks:

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you 'cause.
Oth. . . . I do believe it,—and I ask your pardon.
Will 'you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
'Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me 'nothing: 'what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speak word.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.

All the circumstances are now speedily explained. In the pockets of the slain Roderigo are found letters which reveal Iago's villainy; establishing Cassio's innocence, and consequently Desdemona's, beyond a doubt. To fill his cup of woe to overflowing, the anguish-stricken Othello inquires:

Oth. How 'came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?
Cas. I 'found it in my chamber:
And he himself confessed, but even now,
That there he 'dropped it; for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. . . . O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,

[a] O. R. Desdemon. [b] to see if he was cloven-footed. [c] snare, stratagem.

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
'Brave me upon the watch; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—'Iago hurt him,
Iago set him 'on.

Lodovico, the Venetian Ambassador, addresses his prisoners:

Lod. [To Oth.] 'You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command are taken off,
And 'Cassio rules in Cyprus.— [To Iago.] For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. [To Oth.] You shall close 'prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian State.—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I 'am; nothing 'extenuate,
Nor set down aught in 'malice: then must you speak
Of one that 'loved—not wisely, but too well;
Of one not 'easily jealous, but, being 'wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears—as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal[a] gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him—'thus. [Stabs himself.] O, Desdemona!
I 'kissed thee, ere I 'killed thee:—no way but 'this, . . .
[Falling upon Desdemona.
Killing 'myself, to 'die upon a kiss! [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure[b] of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the State
This heavy act with heavy 'heart relate. [Exeunt.

END OF OTHELLO.

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[a] O. R. medicinable. [b] judicial sentence.

KING LEAR.

The story of "King Lear," though partly fictitious, is founded on fact. The old chroniclers of English history state that Lear succeeded his father Bladud, as King of Britain, in the Year of the World 3160, or about eight hundred years before the Christian era. The story figures in the old "Gesta Romanorum"; we find it in the "Chronicles" of Geoffrey of Monmouth (1128) and in the later chronicles of Raphael Holinshed, who died in 1580. Nor must we forget that there is a brief poetical version of the story in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," (1590) which Shakespeare must have read: for he follows Spenser by changing the name of Lear's youngest daughter from Cordella to the more euphonic Cordelia. And there is a Ballad (published in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry") evidently written after Spenser's poem, and before Shakespeare's play.

A tragedy bearing the title of the "True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella," was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594,[a] but of this edition no copy remains: a second edition appeared in 1605, and evidently served as the foundation of Shakespeare's Tragedy, which must have been performed about the same time. It is probable that this reprint of the old play may have been prompted by the success of Shakespeare's new one. Shakespeare's version was printed three times in 1608; the next appearance being in the folio of 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death.

The episode of the Duke of Gloster and his two sons is taken from a story in Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," entitled "The Paphlagonian Unkind King and his Kind Son." This episode is found, for the first time, in the play of 1608; it belongs, therefore,

[a] The following entries in the Stationers' Register may be interesting:
"May 14, 1594. A booke entituled the famous Historie of Leire King of England and his three Daughters."
The supposed reprint is thus entered:
"May 8, 1605. A booke called the Tragicall Historie of King Leir and his three Daughters as it was lately acted." This was published in the same year as "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted."
The following is the first entry of Shakespeare's play:
"Nov. 26, 1607. Mr. Willm Shakespeare, his Historye of King Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last" (1606) "by his Majestie's Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bancksside."
The publication was in 1608, when it appeared with the following title: "Mr. William Shakespeare his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed Humor of Tom of Bedlam, as it was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall upon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies: By his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side." Two other editions were printed in the same year. Its next appearance was in the folio of 1623—the title being simply "The Tragedie of King Lear."

exclusively to Shakespeare, who has dove-tailed it, with the greatest art, into the main story.

But the acted King Lear was a later and a very different one. In 1681, Mr. Nahum Tate produced a version which, for more than one hundred and fifty years, kept possession of the stage: it makes, among many other changes, the Princess Cordelia become the wife of Edgar, and, as in the old ballad, restores the King to reason and to his Kingdom. The character of the Fool was altogether omitted. Charles Knight says: "Tate was tolerated, because Shakespeare was not read." Shelley, in his "Defence of Poetry," maintains that this is "the most perfect specimen of Dramatic art existing in the world."

The Dramatis Personæ retained in this Condensation are:

LEAR, *King of Britain.*[a]
KING OF FRANCE.[b]
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.[c]
DUKE OF CORNWALL.[d]
DUKE OF ALBANY.[e]
EARL OF KENT.[f]
EARL OF GLOSTER.[g]
EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
A PHYSICIAN.
A FOOL.
A HERALD.
GONERIL, } *Daughters to Lear.*
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, }
Knights, Officers, and Attendants.

Scene.—Britain.[a]

The first Scene discloses a Room of State in King Lear's Palace. In addition to King Lear, his daughters Regan and Goneril, and their husbands the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, we are to suppose the Earls of Gloster and Kent with other Courtiers in the Presence Chamber. Without, are the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, rival suitors for the hand of the youngest daughter, the Princess Cordelia.

The aged Lear addresses the Court:

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy. [Exit Gloster.
Meantime we shall 'express our darker[h] purpose.
Give me the map there. Know, lords, we have divided
In 'three our kingdom: and 't is our fast[i] intent
To shake all cares and business from our 'age,
Conferring them on 'younger strengths; while we,
Unburdened, crawl toward death.—Our son of 'Cornwall,

[a] the old name of England (South Britain)—from the Celtic *brith* or *brit*, painted: because the ancient inhabitants painted their bodies with woad.
[b] the most westerly portion of Central Europe, taking its name from the Franks, its early inhabitants.
[c] an ancient province of France, early occupied by a German tribe called the Burgundi.
[d] a maritime county in the south-west extremity of England.
[e] the ancient name for the northern part of Scotland (the Highlands).
[f] a maritime county of England, forming, with Sussex, the south-western angle of the island.
[g] Gloucester, a midland county of England, forming a part of Murcia during the Saxon Heptarchy. [h] more secret. [i] fixed.

And you, our no less loving son of 'Albany,
We have, this hour, a constant will to 'publish
Our daughters' several dowers,—that 'future strife
May be prevented 'now. The princes, 'France, and 'Burgundy,
(Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,)
Long in our Court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be 'answered. Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you, (shall we say,) doth love us 'most?
That we our largest 'bounty may extend,
Where 'nature doth with 'merit challenge it.
Goneril, our eldest-born, speak 'first.

Gon. Sir, 'I love you, more than 'words can wield[a] the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be 'valued, rich or rare;
A love that makes breath 'poor, and 'speech unable;—
'Beyond all manner of so much, 'I love you.

Lear. . . . Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains[b] riched,
With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee 'lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this 'perpetual.—What says our 'second daughter—
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. 'I am made of that self-metal as my 'sister,
And prize me at 'her worth. In my true heart
I find she names 'my very deed[c] of love,
Only she comes too 'short; that 'I profess
Myself an 'enemy to all 'other joys,
And find, I am 'alone felicitate[d]
In your dear highness' love.

Lear. . . To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample 'third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[e] and pleasure,
Than that conferred on 'Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least;[f] to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interessed;[g] what can 'you say, to draw
A third—more opulent[h] than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

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[a] express. [b] open fields. [c] amount. [d] made happy. [e] valus.
[f] O. R. and least. [g] interested. [h] O. R. ponderous.

Lear. 'Nothing will 'come of nothing: Speak again!
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My 'heart into my 'mouth! 'I love your majesty
According to my 'bond; nor more, nor less.
Why have my sisters 'husbands, if they say
They love 'you 'all? Haply, when 'I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my 'plight,[a] shall carry
'Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, 'I shall never marry, like my sisters,
To love my father 'all.
Lear. . . . But goes thy 'heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and 'true.
Lear. 'Let it be so: thy 'truth then be 'thy dower!
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate[b] and the night,
Here I 'disclaim all my paternal care;
And, as a 'stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever!

The Earl of Kent interposes:

Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the Dragon[c] and his wrath.
I loved 'her 'most, and thought to set my rest[d]
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and 'avoid my sight!—
So be my 'grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart 'from her!—Call 'France. Who stirs?—
Call 'Burgundy. Cornwall, and Albany,
With my 'two daughters' dowers digest[f] this 'third:
Let 'pride, which 'she calls 'plainness, marry her. . . .
I do invest 'you, jointly, with my power,
Pre-eminence, and 'all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,—
With reservation of an Hundred Knights,
(By 'you to be sustained,)—shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The 'name, and all the 'additions[g] to a king;
The sway, revénue, execution[h] of the rest,

[a] marriage-promise (troth-plight). [b] O. R. the miseries of Hecat. [c] A Teutonic and Celtic emblem of authority borne by the Kings of England, in connection with the legendary St. George. [d] to stake my remaining years. [e] care, nursing. [f] incorporate, include. [g] additional titles. [h] performance of executive duties.

Belovéd sons, be 'yours: which to 'confirm,
This coronet part[a] between you. [Giving his crown.

Kent again interposes:

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my 'king,
Loved as my 'father, as my 'master followed,
As my great 'patron thought-on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make 'from the shaft!

Kent. Let it 'fall rather, though the fork[b] invade
The region of my heart. 'Be Kent 'unmannerly,
When Lear is 'mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have 'dread to speak,
When power to 'flattery bows? To 'plainness honour 's bound,
When majesty stoops[c] to 'folly.

Lear. Kent, on thy 'life no more!

Kent. My life I never 'held, but as a 'pawn[d]
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to 'lose it,
Thy 'safety being the motive.

Lear. O, vassal! recreant! [Laying his hand upon his sword.

Kent. Do! 'Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul 'disease. 'Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I 'can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee, thou dost 'evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant![e] On thine 'allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us 'break our vow,
And come betwixt our 'sentence and our 'power,
Our potency[f] made good, take thy reward:—
'Five days we do allot thee for 'provision,
And, on the 'sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the 'tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our 'dominions,
The moment is thy 'death. Away!—By Jupiter,
This shall not be 'revoked.

Kent. . . . Fare thee well, King! Since[g] 'thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives 'hence, and 'banishment is here.—
[To Cor.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly 'think'st, and hast most rightly 'said!—
[To Reg. and Gon.] And 'your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good 'effects may spring from 'words of love.—

[a] divide. [b] arrow-head. [c] O. R. falls. [d] a thing of the lowest value (as a pawn in chess). [e] O. R. miscreant. [f] authority. [g] O. R. sith.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his 'old course[a] in a 'country new. [Exit.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy are now called in. Burgundy declines the match with a dowerless princess; but the King of France accepts with rapture:

Fra. Fairest Cordelia, that art most 'rich, being 'poor;
Most 'choice, 'forsaken; and most 'loved, 'despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I 'seize upon.—
Thy dowerless daughter, King, thrown to 'my chance,
Is 'Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France!
Lear. Thou 'hast her, France: 'let her be thine; for 'we
Have no 'such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore, begone!
'Without our grace, our love, our benison.[b] [Exeunt Lear, &c.

The old King, still muttering his anger, withdraws. The King of France says to Cordelia:

Fra. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. . . . Ye[c] jewels of our father! with washed eyes[d]
Cordelia leaves you. I 'know you, what you 'are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to 'call
Your faults as they are named. Love 'well our father:
To your 'professing[e] bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a 'better place.
So farewell to you both. [Exeunt.

Leaving Cordelia for some time, we are to see how the naturally cruel disposition of the elder sisters manifests itself: they now unite to insult their confiding father. He is about to commence his first monthly sojourn with his eldest daughter, Goneril; and, while he is approaching her residence, he is encountered by the banished Earl of Kent, in the disguise of a peasant—still affectionately "shaping his old course,"—by watching over his royal master.

Lear. Let me not stay a 'jot[f] for dinner; go. get it ready. [Exit Attendant.]—[Seeing Kent.] How, now! what art 'thou?
Kent. A man, sir.
Lear. What dost thou 'profess? What wouldst thou with 'us?
Kent. I do profess—to 'be no less than I 'seem; to serve him truly, that will 'put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says

[a] former conduct. [b] blessing. [c] O. R. the. [d] washed with tears. [e] professéd. [f] an instant.

little; to fear judgement; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.[a]

Lear. What 'art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the 'King.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a 'subject as he is for a 'King, thou art poor enough. 'What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. 'Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. . . . Dost thou 'know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your 'countenance which I would fain call 'master.

Lear. What 's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. 'What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can . . . keep honest counsel; ride, run; mar a curious[b] tale in telling it, and deliver a 'plain message 'bluntly: that which 'ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the 'best of me is, diligence.

Lear. . . . How 'old art thou?

Kent. Not so 'young, sir, to love a woman for 'singing; nor so 'old, to 'dote on her for 'anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou 'shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse 'after dinner, I will not part from thee 'yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where 's my knave? my Fool? Go you, and call my Fool hither. [Exit Attendant. Oswald enters.] You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [Exit Oswald.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpoll[c] back. [Exit Knight.]—Where 's my Fool, ho?—I think the world 's asleep. [Re-enter Knight.] How now! where 's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not 'well.

Lear. Why came not the slave 'back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me, in the roundest manner, he would 'not. My lord, I know not what the 'matter is; but, to 'my judgement, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious 'affection as you were wont.[d]

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so? Thou but rememberest me of mine 'own conception: I will look 'further into 't.—

[a] attend to no fast-days. [b] singular (elaborate). [c] stupid fellow (O. E. clotpole). [d] accustomed.

But where 's my Fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. . . . No more of that; I have noted it 'well.—Go you, and tell my 'daughter I would speak with her [Exit Att.]—Go 'you, call hither my 'Fool. [Exit Att.

Oswald re-enters:

O! you sir, you; come you hither, sir! Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's 'knave! You dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am 'none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with 'me, you rascal? [Striking him.

Osw. I 'll not be 'struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor 'tripped neither, you base football player! [Kent kicks him out.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I' ll 'love thee. There 's 'earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.

At this moment the Fool enters, and offers the new attendant his cap, or coxcomb—so called, because, on the top of the Fool or Jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock.

Fool. Let 'me hire him too:—here 's my 'coxcomb. [Giving Kent his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. [To Kent.] Sirrah, you were 'best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that 's 'out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the 'wind sits, thou'lt catch 'cold shortly:[a] There! 'take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished 'two on 's daughters, and did the 'third a blessing against his will: if thou follow 'him, thou must 'needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle?[b] 'Would I had 'two coxcombs,—and two 'daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my 'living,[c] I 'd keep my 'coxcombs myself. There 's 'mine; 'beg another of thy 'daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the 'whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to 'kennel; 'he must be 'whipped-out, when the 'lady-brach[d] may snore by the fire.

Lear. A pestilent gall to 'me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech. Mark it, nuncle:

---

[a] by being turned out of doors.
[b] a contraction of "mine uncle."
[c] property, means of living.
[d] a female hound.

'Have, more than thou showest;
'Speak, less than thou knowest;
'Lend, less than thou owest,[a]
'Ride, less[b] than thou goest;
'Learn, more than thou trowest,[c]
'Stake,[d] less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink, and thy snore,
And keep in-a-door:
And thou shalt have more
Than 'two tens to a score.

Kent. This is 'nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing 'for it.—Can you make no 'use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; 'nothing can be made 'out of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent.] Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his 'land comes to: he will not believe a 'Fool.

Lear. A 'bitter Fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the 'difference, my boy, between a 'bitter Fool and a 'sweet Fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. [Singing.]

That lord, that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do 'thou for him stand:
The 'sweet and 'bitter Fool
Will presently appear;
The one, in motley 'here,—
The other, found out [pointing to Lear] there!

Lear. Dost thou call 'me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast 'born with.

Kent bluntly says:

Kent. This is not 'altogether fool, my lord?

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me; if I 'had a monopoly out, they would have 'part on 't: and 'ladies too, 'they will not let me have 'all fool to 'myself; they 'll be 'snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee 'two crowns.

Lear. 'What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why,—after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat-up the meat,—the two crowns of the 'egg! . . . Thou

[a] ownest, possessest. [b] O. R. more. [c] believest. [d] O. R. set (risk).

hadst little wit[a] in thy 'bald crown, when thou gavest thy 'golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing.] Fools had ne'er less grace[b] in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of rhymes,[c] sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy 'mother:[d] for when thou gavest them the rod and barest thine own back,

[Singing.] Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,—
And go the fools among!

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to 'lie: I would fain 'learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you 'whipped.

Fool. . . . I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: 'they 'll have me whipped for speaking 'true, 'thou 'lt have me whipped for 'lying;—and sometimes I 'am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be 'any kind o' thing than a 'fool; and yet I would not be 'thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' 'both sides, and left 'nothing i' the middle.—Here comes 'one o' the parings!

The Lady Goneril angrily approaches her father:

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that 'frontlet[e] on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the 'frown.

Fool. Thou 'wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to 'care for her frowning; 'now, thou art an O,[f] without a figure. 'I am better than 'thou art now; I am a 'fool, thou art 'nothing.—[To Gon.] Yes, forsooth, I 'will hold my tongue; so your 'face bids me, though you 'say nothing. Mum! Mum!

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of 'all, shall want 'some.

That 's a 'shelled peascod.[g] [Pointing to Lear.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed Fool,
But 'other of your insolent retinue

[a] sense. [b] favour. [c] O. R. songs. [d] O. R. mothers. [e] frown. [f] a cipher. [g] a pod containing nothing.

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots.
Sir, I had thought, by making this well-known unto you,
To have found a safe 'redress; but 'now grow fearful,
(By what yourself too late have spoke and done,)
That you 'protect this course, and put[a] it on
By your 'allowance;[b] which if you 'should, the fault
Would 'not 'scape censure, nor the redresses 'sleep.

Lear. . . . Are you our 'daughter?
Does any here know 'me? Why, this is not 'Lear:
Does Lear 'walk thus? 'speak thus? where are his 'eyes?
Who is it that can 'tell me who I am?—
Your 'name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration,[c] sir, is much o' the savour[d]
Of 'other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes 'aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be 'wise.
Here do you keep a 'hundred Knights and Squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched,[e] and bold,
That this our Court, 'infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous 'inn: Be then desired
By her,—that else will 'take the things she begs,—
A little to 'dis-quantity your train;
And the 'remainder that shall still depend,[f]—
To be such men as may besort your 'age,
And[g] know 'themselves and 'you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate Goneril! I 'll not trouble 'thee:
Yet have I left a daughter. Woe, that too late repents! [Albany enters.
O, are you come Lord Albany?
Is it 'your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted 'fiend!
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a 'child,
Than the sea-monster![h]

Albany endeavours to soothe the King:

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [To Gon.] Detested kite![i] thou liest:

---

[a] urge. [b] approbation. [c] pretended astonishment. [d] taste, nature.
[e] O. R. deboshed. [f] remain as your dependants. [g] O. R. which.
[h] the hippopotamus. [i] a rapacious bird.

My train are men of choice and 'rarest parts,
That all 'particulars of duty know.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in 'Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[a] wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all 'love,
And added to the 'gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgement 'out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, 'whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;[b]
But let his disposition have that scope
That 'dotage[c] gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a 'fortnight?

Alb. What 's the 'matter, sir?

Lear. I 'll tell thee, Albany—[To Gon.] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast 'power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee 'worth them. . . . Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented[d] woundings of a father's 'curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause 'again, I 'll 'pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper 'clay.—Yet have I 'left a daughter;
When she shall hear this of 'thee, with her nails
She 'll 'flay thy wolfish visage! Thou shalt find
That I 'll 'resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast-off forever.

The Duke again speaks:

Alb. My lord, I 'm 'guiltless, as I am 'ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It 'may be so, my lord.—
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature 'fruitful! If she 'must teem,[e]
Create her child of 'spleen; that it may 'live—
And be athwart,[f] dis-natured 'torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent[g] tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

[a] an instrument of torture, the rack. [b] O. R. more of it. [c] imbecility of old age.
[d] unprobed, deep. [e] bring forth children. [f] perverse. [g] ever-falling.

To laughter and contempt: that 'she may feel
How sharper than a 'serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exeunt.

Having left his daughter Goneril, the enraged King turns to Regan; and despatches Caius with letters to this second daughter, who, with her husband the Duke of Cornwall, is, for a time, residing, as a guest, with the old Earl of Gloster. But Goneril has been beforehand; having sent her Steward—the same whom Caius had previously tripped by the heels for his saucy behaviour—with letters to Regan, advising her not to receive her father with so great a train of followers.—Early in the morning the sturdy Caius recognizes the Steward, as he approaches Gloster's castle.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee 'not.
Osw. Why, then I care not for 'thee. I 'know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know 'thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me 'for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy, 'worsted[a]-stocking 'knave; a lily[b]-livered, super-serviceable, finical 'rogue; 'one trunk-inheriting-slave; one that wouldst be a villain, in way of 'good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, and the son and heir of a mongrel cur; one whom I will 'beat into clamorous 'whining,—if thou 'deniest the least syllable of thy addition.[c]
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to 'rail on one that is neither 'known of thee, nor 'knows thee!
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art 'thou, to 'deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the King? Draw, you rascal! You come with letters 'against the King, and take Vanity[d] the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so 'carbonado[e] your shanks—draw, you rascal: 'come your ways. [Beating him.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

The brawl thus raised is communicated to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, who order the old King's servant to be put in the stocks.[f]

---

[a] not silk (then worn by the wealthy). [b] white. [c] list of titles, description.
[d] a character in the old moral plays. [e] hack as for broiling. [f] a wooden machine, with holes for the feet, for the exposure and punishment of petty offenders.

Lear and the Fool come to the gates of the Castle, while Kent is undergoing this ignominious punishment.

Lear. 'T is strange that they should 'so depart from home,
And not send back my 'messenger!

Caius calls out:

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! Mak'st thou this shame thy 'pastime?

Fool. Ha, ha! look! he wears cruel[a] garters! 'Horses are tied by the 'head, dogs and bears by the 'neck, monkeys by the 'loins, and 'men by the 'legs: when a man 's 'over-lusty at legs, then he wears 'wooden nether-stocks.[b]

Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee 'here?

Kent. It is both he and she,—your son and daughter.

Lear. No!

Kent. Yes.

Lear. 'No, I say.

Kent. 'I say, 'yea.

Lear. By Jupiter,[c] I 'swear, no!

Kent. By Juno,[d] I swear, ay!

Lear. They 'durst not do 't;
They 'could not, 'would not do 't!
Resolve[e] me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst 'deserve, or they 'impose, this usage,—
Coming from 'us.

The circumstances are narrated, and the excited King can scarcely restrain his anger:

Lear. O, how this mother[f] swells up toward my head![g]
Hysterica passio! 'down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's 'below.—Where 'is this daughter?

The Earl of Gloster sadly whispers to the King.

Lear. 'Deny . . . to speak with 'me? They are 'sick? they are 'weary?
They have travelled all the night? Mere 'fetches,[h] sir:
The images[i] of revolt and flying-off!
Fetch me a 'better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke—

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
'Fiery? 'what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his 'wife.

[a] a pun on crewel (worsted). [b] a pun on stockings. [c] the supreme deity of the heathens. [d] Jupiter's queen. [e] satisfy. [f] a symptom of hysteria. [g] O. R. heart. [h] pretexts, devices. [i] precursors, signs.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have 'informed them so.

Lear. Informed them! Dost thou understand me, man?
The 'King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his 'daughter speak, 'commands her[a] service:
Are they "informed" of 'this? My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery Duke?—Tell the hot Duke, that
'Lear . . .
No, but not yet:—may be, he is 'not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound: we are not 'ourselves,
When nature, being oppressed, commands the 'mind
To suffer with the 'body. I 'll 'forbear;
And am fallen-out with my more headstrong[b] will,
To take the in-disposed and 'sickly fit
For the 'sound man.—[Seeing Kent.] Death on my state!
Why sits my 'servant here? 'This act persuades me
That this remotion[c] of the Duke and her,
Is 'practice[d] only. Give me my servant 'forth!
Go, tell the Duke, and 's wife, 'I 'd speak with them,—
Now—presently! Bid them come forth, and hear me;
Or, at their chamber-door, I 'll beat the drum,
Till it cry sleep to 'death! . . .
O me, my heart! my 'rising heart!—but, down!

Fool. 'Cry to it, nuncle! as the cooky[e] did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste 'alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs[f] with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'T was her 'brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, 'buttered his hay!

Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Gloster's servants enter.

Lear. . . . Good morrow to you both.

The stocked Caius is immediately set at liberty. Regan says:

Reg. I am 'glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I 'think you are; I know what 'reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst 'not be glad,
I would 'divorce me from thy mother's 'tomb. . . .
[To Kent.] O! are you free?
Some other time for that.—Belovéd Regan,
Thy sister 's naught:[g] O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-toothed 'unkindness, like a vulture,[h] 'here. . . .
[Points to his heart.

[a] O. R. tends. [b] O. R. more headier. [c] removal to Gloster's castle. [d] artifice.
[e] O. R. cockney. [f] heads [g] worthless (wicked).
[h] alluding to the story of Prometheus.

I can scarce speak to thee: O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. If perchance
She have 'restrained the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all 'blame.

Lear. My 'curses on her!

Reg. O, sir! you are 'old; you should be ruled and led
By some 'discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you 'yourself. Therefore, I pray you
That to our sister you do make 'return:
'Say you have wronged her, sir.

Lear. Ask 'her 'forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the House:[a]—
"Dear daughter, I 'confess that I am 'old;
Age is un-necessary:[b] on my 'knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are 'unsightly 'tricks.
'Return you to my sister!

Lear. [Rising.] 'Never, Regan.
She hath abated[c] me of half my train;
Looked 'black upon me; 'struck me, with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very 'heart.—
All the stored vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ungrateful top![d] Strike her young bones,
You taking[e] airs, with lameness!
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall, and 'blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on 'me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan; 'thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted[f] nature shall not give
'Thee o'er to harshness: 'thou better know'st
The 'offices[g] of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast 'thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. . . . Who put my man i' the stocks? [Distant music is heard.

Corn. . . . What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know 't; my sister's: this 'approves[h] her letter,

[a] the family relationship. [b] unprovided for, unable to procure necessaries.
[c] deprived, lessened. [d] head. [e] infectious. [f] heaved by tenderness.
[g] duties. [h] confirms.

That she would 'soon be here. [Oswald enters.] Is your lady come?

Lear. This slave again? Out, varlet, from my sight! . . .
Who stocked 'my servant? Regan, I have good hope
'Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? . . .
[Goneril enters.] O heavens,
If you do 'love old men,—if your sweet sway
Allow 'obedience,—if 'yourselves are old,
Make it 'your cause; send down, and take 'my part!—
[To Gon.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? . . .
O Regan, wilt thou take 'her by the hand?

Goneril haughtily replies:

Gon. Why 'not by the hand, sir? How have I 'offended?
All 's not offence that 'indiscretion finds,[a]
And dotage 'terms[b] so.

Regan adds:

Reg. I pray you, father, 'being weak, 'seem so.
If, till the expiration of your 'month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
(Dismissing 'half your train,) come 'then to 'me:
I am 'now from 'home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to 'her? and fifty men dismissed?
No! rather I abjure 'all roofs, and choose
To wage[c] against the enmity o' the 'air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with 'her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[d]
To this detested 'groom. [Pointing at Oswald.

Gon. At your 'choice, sir.

Lear. . . . [To Gon.] I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
'mad: . . .
I will not trouble 'thee, my child; farewell.
We 'll no more meet,—no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my 'daughter; . . .
Or, rather, a 'disease that 's 'in my flesh,
Which I must 'needs call mine! . . . thou art a 'boil,[e]
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,[f]
In my corrupted blood! . . . But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not 'call it:
I do not 'bid the thunder-bearer[g] shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou 'canst; be better, at thy 'leisure:

[a] considers. [b] names. [c] contend (wage war). [d] a beast that carries loads.
[e] O. R. byle. [f] a swelled or rounded tumor. [g] Jupiter (Jove).

'I can be 'patient; . . . I can stay with 'Regan,
I, and my 'hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I looked not for you 'yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. If you will come to 'me—
For 'now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but 'five-and-twenty: to no 'more
Will 'I give place or notice.
Lear. . . . I gave 'you 'all!—
Reg. And in good 'time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a 'reservation,—to be followed
With 'such a number. What! must I come to 'you
With 'five-and-twenty? Regan, said you 'so?
Reg. And speak 't 'again, my lord; no more with 'me.
Lear. . . . Those 'wicked creatures yet do look 'well-favoured,
When others are 'more wicked; not being the 'worst
Stands in some rank of 'praise.—Goneril, . . . I 'll go with 'thee:
Thy 'fifty yet doth 'double five-and-twenty,
And thou art 'twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or 'five,
To follow in a house where 'twice so many
Have a 'command to tend you?

Regan, as a climax, adds:

Reg. What need 'one?
Lear. . . . O, reason not the 'need; our basest 'beggars
Are in the poorest thing 'superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature 'needs,
'Man's life is cheap as 'beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go 'warm were 'gorgeous,
Why, nature 'needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely 'keeps thee warm. But, for 'true need,
You Heavens, give me that 'patience,—patience 'I need! . . .
You see me here, you gods, a 'poor old man,
As full of 'grief as age;—wretched in both!
If it be 'you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it 'tamely; touch me with noble 'anger.
O, let not 'woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my 'man's cheeks!—No, you 'unnatural 'hags!

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall, . . . I will do such things, . . .
What they 'are, yet I know not; but they 'shall be
The 'terrors of the earth! You think, I 'll 'weep;
No, I 'll 'not weep:—
I have full 'cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall 'break, into a hundred-thousand flaws,[a]
Or ere I 'll 'weep. . . . O Fool! I shall go mad! [Exeunt.

In order that the underplot of the Tragedy may be comprehended, we shall now give a summary of the principal incidents in which the Earl of Gloster and his sons—the legitimate Edgar, and the illegitimate Edmund—are concerned. Edmund, whose birth precludes him from inheriting his father's title and possessions, by wicked artifices arranges and executes a plot against Edgar, his unsuspicious and unoffending brother: Edmund comes into his father's presence with a letter, intended to deceive the old Earl, by making him believe that its contents are the composition of Edgar, and its object a plot for the assassination of their father.

This villainy of Edmund succeeds. Edgar is publicly denounced; and the Officers of Justice are in pursuit of the supposed would-be parricide. To escape unmerited punishment, Edgar has no resources, but flight and disguise as a wandering maniac. He thus describes his dangerous position:

Edg. I heard myself 'proclaimed;[b]
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
'Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Do not attend my taking. Whiles I 'may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and the[c] poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of 'man,
Brought near to 'beast: My face I 'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf[d] all my hair in knots;
And, with presented nakedness, outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of 'Bedlam[e] beggars; who, with roaring voices,
Strike, in their numbed and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden spikes, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And, with this horrible object,—from low farms,
Poor pelting[f] villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,—
Sometime with lunatic bans,[g] sometime with prayers,
'Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood?[h] poor Tom?
'That 's something yet:—'Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

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[a] fragments (cracks). [b] outlawed by public announcement. [c] O. R. most poorest.
[d] tangle as by elves. [e] a corruption of Bethlehem (a hospital for the insane).
[f] paltry. [g] curses. [h] name of a well-known fraternity of naked beggars.

We shall now return to the main plot.—A fearful storm unites with the mental tempest raised by Lear's rebellious daughters. The night is wild, and the country around is desert heath. Into the storm the old King plunges, distracted. His faithful follower, the disguised Earl of Kent, finds means to send privately a Messenger to France, informing Queen Cordelia of her father's plight; and, that duty done, he hastens after Lear, who is still attended by the affectionate Fool. The old King thus apostrophizes:

Lear. Blow, winds, and 'crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,[a]
'Vant-couriers[b] of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
'Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds! all germins[c] spill[d] at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. Good nuncle, in; 'ask thy daughters' blessing: here 's a night pities neither 'wise men nor 'fools.

Lear. Rumble thy full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my 'daughters:
I tax not 'you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave 'you kingdom, called you children;
'You owe me no obedience:[e] then let 'fall
Your horrible pleasure! Here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and 'despised old man:—
But yet I call you 'servile ministers,[f]
That have, with two pernicious daughters, joined
'Your high-engendered[g] battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul![h]

Fool. He that has a 'house to put his head in, has a 'good head-piece.

Lear. . . . . No, I will be the 'pattern of all patience; I will say 'nothing.

Kent enters:

Kent. Alas, sir, are you 'here? things that love 'night
Love not 'such nights as these. Since I was man,
Such 'sheets of fire, such 'bursts of horrid thunder,
Such 'groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry[i]
The 'affliction, nor the 'fear.

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[a] lightnings destroying as quickly as thought. [b] precursors (avant couriers).
[c] seeds of matter. [d] destroy. [e] O. R. subscription. [f] agents, delegates.
[g] produced by high (heavenly) powers. [h] wicked, disgraceful. [i] endure.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[a] o'er our heads,
Find out their 'enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee 'undivulgéd crimes,
Unwhipped of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular[b] man of virtue
That art a hypocrite: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That, under covert and convenient 'seeming,[c]
Hast practised on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[d] and cry
These dreadful summoners 'grace?—'I am a man
More sinned 'against, than sinning.

Kent. Gracious my lord, hard-by here is a 'hovel;
'Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you 'there.

Lear. . . . My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our 'necessities is strange,
That can make 'vile things 'precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor Fool and knave, I have 'one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for 'thee.—

The pitying Fool, with kindly wishes, tries to enliven the way by singing:

Fool.

[Sings.] He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho! the wind and the rain,
Must make 'content with his fortunes fit,—
Though the rain it raineth every day.[e]

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, 'bring us to this hovel.

[Exeunt Lear and Kent.

Kent leads Lear to a wretched hut, in which Edgar—under the assumed manner of a madman—has taken refuge from his brother's villainy and his father's enmity.

Kent. 'Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the 'open[f] night 's too rough
For nature to endure. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I 'd rather break mine 'own. 'Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious 'storm

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[a] noisy confusion (O. R. pudder). [b] seeming. [c] pretence [d] boundaries.
[e] a part of the Clown's song at the end of "Twelfth Night." [f] unsheltered.

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to 'thee;
But where the 'greater malady is fixed,
The 'lesser is scarce 'felt. When the mind 's 'free,
The 'body 's delicate: the 'tempest in my 'mind
Doth, from my senses, take all feeling else
Save what beats 'there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should 'tear this hand
For lifting 'food to 't?—But I will punish 'home:—
No, I will 'weep no more.—In 'such a night,
To shut 'me out!—Pour-on; I will endure:—
In such a night as 'this! . . . O Regan! Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, . . .
O, 'that way 'madness lies! let me 'shun that!
No more of 'that!

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go-in 'thyself; seek thine 'own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me 'more.—But I 'll 'go in.
In, boy; [To Fool.] go first. . . . You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get 'thee in. I 'll 'pray, and 'then I 'll sleep.—
[The Fool goes in.
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped[a] and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as 'these? O, 'I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose 'thyself to feel what 'wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux[b] to 'them,
And show the heavens more just.

The Fool, having entered the hovel, runs back terrified:

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here 's a 'Spirit! Help me! help me!

The watchful Caius calls out:

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Edgar, disguised as a madman, rushes out:

Edg. Fathom and half! fathom and half! Poor Tom! . . . Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
[Seeing the King.] Hum! . . . Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst 'thou give all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to 'this?

[a] O. R. lopped. [b] superfluity.

Edg. Who gives 'anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame; through ford and whirlpool; o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay[a] trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a 'traitor.—Bless thy five wits![b] Tom 's a-cold.—O! do-de! do de! do-de!—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting,[c] and taking![d] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. . . . There could I have him now!—and there!—and there!—and there again, and there!

Lear. What! have 'his daughters brought him to 'this pass?[e]—
Couldst thou save 'nothing? Didst 'thou give them 'all?

Kent. He hath 'no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To 'such a lowness, 'but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the 'fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was 'this flesh begot
Those 'pelican[f] daughters.

Edg. Pillicock[g] sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, 'loo, 'loo!—

Lear. . . . What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man,[h] proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves[i] in my cap; swore as many 'oaths as I spake 'words, and 'broke them in the sweet face of heaven! false of heart, light of ear,[j] bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to folly; keep thy foot out of danger, thy hand out of dalliance, thy pen from lenders' books, and 'defy the foul fiend!—'Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says, "Suum, mun, hay no nonny!" Dolphin,[k] my boy, my boy! sessa![l] let him trot by.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy 'grave, than to answer, with thy uncovered body, this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than 'this? Consider him well. Thou

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[a] brown, almost chestnut. [b] five senses. [c] evil planetary influences. [d] infection. [e] condition. [f] blood-sucking. [g] the name of an imaginary demon. [h] not a servant, but a beau (cicisbeo). [i] as ladies' favours. [j] credulous to believe. [k] a supposed attendant spirit. [l] cease! silence! (O. R. Sesay).

owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat[a] no perfume.—Ha! here 's 'three of us are sophisticated:[b] 'thou art the thing itself: 'unaccommodated[c] man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked[d] animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.— [Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to 'swim in.—Look! here comes a walking fire!

Edg. . . . This is the foul fiend 'Flibbertigibbet:[e] he begins at curfew,[f] and walks till the first cock;[g] he gives the web[h] and the pin,[h] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold[i] footed thrice the wold;[j]
He met the Night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint[k] thee, witch, aroint thee right!

This "walking fire" is the Earl of Gloster, bearing a torch. Edgar at once recognizes his father, and displays increased madness. The good Earl, whose kindness of heart has led him to seek for and succour the hapless King, is surprised to find him with a wandering lunatic; little dreaming that this was his own son—who, to avoid his unjust punishment, had recourse to such unmannerly disguise.

Glo. What are you there? Your name?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing[l] to tithing; and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who 'hath had 'three suits to his back, 'six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.[m]

Beware my follower!—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?—
Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer

---

[a] the civet-cat. [b] changed, not genuine. [c] unclothed. [d] legged (having two prongs, like a fork). [e] a fiend, (mentioned by Bishop Latimer in one of his sermons). [f] at the ringing of the curfew (*couvrefeu*) bell all fires were to be extinguished. [g] after the first crowing of the cock Spirits were not allowed to "walk." [h] diseases of the eye (cataract). [i] St. Withold (Swithold or Vitalis) was said to have power over the night-mare. [j] wild, open county. [k] commanding a witch to depart. [l] an old English division of a county (occupied by ten families).
[m] quotation from the old ballad of "Sir Bevis of Hampton."

To 'obey, in 'all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction 'be to bar my doors,
And 'let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Lear. . . . First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the 'cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, 'take his offer: 'go into the house.

Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. [Whispers to Edgar.

Kent. 'Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou 'blame him?
His daughters seek his 'death.—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it 'would be thus,—poor banished man!—
Thou say'st, the King grows 'mad: I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad 'myself. I 'had a son,
'Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, 'very late: I 'loved him, friend,—
'No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed 'my wits. . . . What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,— [Storm continues.

Lear. O! cry your mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.
Come, good Athenian. [Exeunt Lear, Kent and Gloster.

Edgar unwillingly follows; but, to avoid his father's observation, continues his raving:

Edg.

Child[a] Roland 's to the dark tower come;
His word was still,—"Fie, foh, and fum!"
I smell the blood of a British man.[b] [Exeunt.

Led by the kindly Gloster, they all proceed to a farm-house not far from the Earl's castle. He says:

Glo. Here is 'better than the open air; take it thankfully.
I will piece-out the comfort with what addition I can:
I will not be long from you.

Kent. The gods reward your kindness. [Exit Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto[c] calls me, and tells me, Nero[d] is an angler

[a] the old term for an English Knight. [b] quotation from the old ballad of "Child Rowland (Orlando) and Burd Ellim." [c] another fiend [d] an anachronism—Lear's traditional reign preceded that of the infamous Nero.

in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,[a] and beware the foul fiend.

Lear. . . . To have a 'thousand, with red burning spits,
Come hissing[b] in upon them. . . .

*** It shall be done; I 'will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, [to Edg.] most learned justicer;—
Thou, sapient sir, [to Fool] sit here.—Now, you she-foxes!—

Kent kindly endeavours to quiet the excited King:

Kent. How do you, sir? Will you lie down and rest?

Lear. I 'll see their 'trial first.—Bring-in the evidence.—
Thou robéd man of justice, [to Edgar] take thy place.
And thou, [to Fool] his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his side:—'You [to Kent] are of the commission, sit you too.—
Arraign[c] 'her first; 't is 'Goneril! I here take my oath, before this honourable assembly, she 'kicked the poor King, her father.

The Fool humours and jests with this new hallucination: he addresses an empty chair:

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. . . . Cry you mercy, I took you for a 'joint-stool!

Lear. And here 's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store 'her heart is made of.—'Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

[Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. . . . The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they 'bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach[d] or lym;[e]
Or hobtail-tike, or trundle-tail,[g]—
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled!

Edgar resumes his wild exclamations:

Do de, de de! Sessa! . . . Come, march to wakes,[h]

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[a] fools were formerly called innocents. [b] O. R. hizzing.
*** The speeches that follow (to Edgar's exclamation "Bless thy five wits!") are not in the folio, but in the earlier quarto. [c] place on trial, accuse.
[d] beagle. [e] blood-hound. [f] a worthless cur with cropped tail. [g] dog with long round tail. [h] night-watches over the dead.

and fairs, and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn[a] is dry.

Lear. . . . Then let them 'anatomise Regan! 'see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that 'makes these hard hearts?—[To Edg.] You, sir, I entertain 'you for 'one of my Hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are 'Persian; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. . . . Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the 'morning; so, so, so. [Sleeps.

Gloster returns, and anxiously says to Caius:

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of 'death upon him!
'There is a litter, ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward 'Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection.—Come, away!

Kent, Gloster, and the Fool bear off the King. The wretched Edgar is alone:

Edg. When we our 'betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our 'foes.
Who 'alone suffers, suffers most i' the 'mind,
Leaving 'free things, and 'happy shows, 'behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth 'o'erskip,
When grief hath 'mates,[b] and bearing[c] fellowship.
How light and portable[d] 'my pain seems now,
When that which makes 'me bend, makes the 'King bow:
'He childed, as I 'fathered!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises,[e] and thyself bewray;[f]
When false 'opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just 'proof 'repeals and 'reconciles thee. [Exit.

The Dramatist now brings before us a most revolting atrocity. Gloster, having thus shown sympathy for the miserable King, is, by the minions of the Duke of Cornwall, held down in a chair, while Regan plucks the white hairs from the old man's beard; and then the miscreant Duke tears out, one by one, the old man's eyes, and treads upon them. The eyeless Earl at first invokes the vengeance of his son Edmund; but the father's heart is doomed to feel pangs greater than his 'physical torture, at learning that it was

[a] drinking-horn. [b] companions. [c] endurance. [d] endurable. [e] prevalent reports. [f] make known.

Edmund who had denounced him to the Duke, and that he has been deceived throughout by the crafty villainy of this trusted son; while he finds that Edgar, whom he had outlawed, has been foully wronged. The miserable, sightless Earl is then thrust from his own gates, and brutally told to 'smell his way to Dover. In this condition, deceived, betrayed, outcast, and blind, he is found upon the heath by his son Edgar, who is, however, still under the necessity of covering the feelings of nature by maintaining his lunatic disguise. The object of the wretched Gloster is to be led to one of the high cliffs near Dover, from which to precipitate himself, and terminate his sorrows with his life.

As they pass along, a sympathizing tenant of the Earl's furnishes clothing for the shivering Edgar; and so they proceed without exciting observation. The eyeless Gloster thus asks his unrecognized companion:

Glo. When shall I come to the 'top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it 'now: look how we labour.
Glo. Methinks the ground is 'even.
Edg. Horrible 'steep.
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your 'other senses grow imperfect
By your 'eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst?
Edg. You 're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my 'garments.
Glo. Methinks, you 're better 'spoken.

Then Edgar proceeds to describe, to his blind father, an imaginary precipice:

Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place:[a] stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs,[b] that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross[c] as 'beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,[d]—dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like 'mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her 'boat,—her boat, a 'buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

[a] one of the chalky heights near Dover is affectionately named "Shakespeare's Cliff." [b] sea-birds. [c] large. [d] a plant (used in pickling) that grows on a rocky shore.

Cannot be heard so high.—I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple me down headlong.

Glo. Set me where 'you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand . . . You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap from this.[a]

Glo. Let 'go my hand.
Here, friend, take this purse; in it, a jewel
Well 'worth a poor man's taking: Go thou 'further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me 'hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [Speaks as from a distance.

[Aside.] 'Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to 'cure it.

Glo. . . . O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If Edgar live, O, bless him!—Now, fellow, fare thee well!

Gloster leaps and falls—but not from a cliff. He is again accosted by Edgar, who speaks to him as a stranger, persuades him that he has really fallen from the dread summit, but that his life has been miraculously saved by the direct interposition of the gods. The good old Earl, bewildered, then resolves to wait his appointed time:

Glo. I do remember now: Henceforth I 'll 'bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and "Die."

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

It is the old King—now witless quite, fantastically decked with wild flowers and a crown of straw. His mind wanders to every fancy of a diseased imagination; but it often reverts to the sad circumstances which have overthrown his reason.

Lear. No, no, no! they cannot touch 'me for coining;[b] I am the King himself. 'Nature 's above 'art, in that respect. — There 's your press-money. — That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[c] draw me a clothier's yard.[d]—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. — There 's my gauntlet, I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown-bills.[e]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[f] i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.[g]

[a] O. R. leap upright. [b] O. R. crying. [c] a man kept to scare away crows.
[d] a long arrow. [e] battle-axes. [f] the white centre of a target. [g] watch-word.

Edgar, humouring the old King, replies like a soldier:

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass! pass!

The blind Gloster, anxiously listening, exclaims:

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a 'white 'beard!—They 'flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had 'white hairs[a] in my beard, ere the 'black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no 'good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not 'peace at my bidding; 'there I found them, there I smelt them out! Go to! they are not men o' their words: they told me I was . . . 'everything; 't is a lie, I am not 'ague-proof.

Glo. The trick[b] of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the 'King?

Lear. Ay, every 'inch a king!
When 'I do stare, see, how the subject 'quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy 'cause?—
Thou shalt not die.—Fie, fie, fie! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination; there 's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me 'wipe it first; it smells of 'mortality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature! This great 'world
Shall 'so wear out to 'nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine 'eyes well enough. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters 'suns, I could not see 'one.

Lear. Read! read! read!

Glo. What! with this case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you 'there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Yet you 'see how this world goes?

Glo. I see it 'feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with 'no eyes. Look with thine 'ears: see how yon' 'Justice rails upon yon' simple 'thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,[c] 'which is the 'Justice?—which is the 'thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a 'beggar? And the creature

[a] signs of early wisdom. [b] peculiar sound. [c] a game among children, changing from one hand to the other.

'run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of 'Authority: a 'dog 's obeyed in office.—
The 'usurer hangs the 'cozener.[a]
Through 'tattered clothes 'small vices do 'appear:
'Robes, and furred gowns, 'hide 'all. Plate[b] sin with 'gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in 'rags, a pigmy's 'straw doth pierce it.
Take that of 'me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. . . . Get thee 'glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, 'seem
To see the things thou dost 'not.—Now, now, now, now!
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder;—so!

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixed!
'Reason in 'madness!

Strange glimpses of returning sanity gleam through the old King's brain, as he turns to the sightless Earl:

Lear. . . . If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take 'my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be 'patient. We came 'crying, 'hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl[c] and cry. . . . I will 'preach to thee: mark me:—
When we are 'born, we cry—that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block?[d]—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with 'felt:[e] I 'll put 't in 'proof;
And when I 've stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Here the kind offices of the Earl of Kent are again manifested. In consequence of his information, the King and Queen of France, at the head of a powerful invading army, have landed in England, and officers are immediately sent by Queen Cordelia to remove her old father, for greater safety, to the French camp. Thus rescued, Lear is now seen asleep, attended by a Physician; with Cordelia, like an angel, calming his troubled spirit into peace.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on 'my lips; and let this kiss
'Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you 'not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged[f] pity of them. Was 'this a face

---

[a] cheater. [b] O. E. place. [c] wail. [d] shape for a hat. [e] unwoven woollen cloth. [f] claimed.

To be opposed against the warring winds?
Mine enemy's 'dog,
Though he had 'bit me, should have stood 'that night
Against my fire. And wast 'thou fain,[a] poor father,
To hovel thee, with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy 'life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded 'all.—He wakes.
How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. . . . You do me 'wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
'Thou art a soul in 'bliss; but 'I am bound
Upon a wheel of 'fire,—that mine own tears
Do scald, like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you 'know me?

Lear. You are a 'Spirit, I know. 'When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

The Physician says:

Doct. He 's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. . . . Where have I been! Where 'am I!—Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abused.[b]—I should even 'die with pity,
To see 'another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are 'my hands:—
'Would I were 'assured of my conditiou!

Cor. O, 'look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in 'benediction o'er me!—
No, sir, 'you must not kneel.

Lear. . . Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind. . . .
Methinks, I should know 'you, . . . and know this 'man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What 'place is this; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these 'garments; nor I know not
Where I did 'lodge last night. . . . Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think, . . . this lady . .
To be my child, Cordelia!

Cor. And so I am! I am!

Lear. Be your tears 'wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, 'weep not;
If you have 'poison for me, I will drink it.

[a] glad. [b] deceived by appearances.

I know, you do not 'love me; for your 'sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
'You have some cause,—'they have not!

Cor. 'No cause, no cause.

Lear. . . . Am I in 'France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

The Physician interposes, to relieve their mutual distress:

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cured[a] in him. Desire him to go in;
Trouble him no more, till 'further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must 'bear with me.
Pray you now, forget . . . and forgive: I am old, and foolish. [Exeunt.

We leave the poor King to the enjoyment of his new consolation in Cordelia's love; and turn to the Earl of Gloster and his sons Edgar and Edmund. A price has been set upon the old Earl's head, but he is still watchfully guarded by the faithful Edgar. The Lady Goneril's Steward discovers the Earl, and is about to kill him as a proclaimed traitor, when Edgar—maintaining, by his dialect, his appearance as a rustic—interposes. The Steward pompously calls to Edgar:

Osw. Bold peasant, hence! Let go his arm.

Edg.[b] Ch'ill[c] not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou 'diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,[d] and let poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been 'zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man: keep out, che vor'ye,[e] or ise[f] try whether your costard[g] or my ballow[h] be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir! Come; no matter vor your foins.[i] Come! come!

They fight, and Edgar overcomes the hireling Villain. This incident is fraught with unexpected consequences:

"To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their 'hearts;
Their 'papers are more lawful."

On the person of the Steward are found letters which disclose a complexity of past and farther-plotted guilt between Edmund and both of Lear's unnatural daughters.

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[a] O. R. killed. [b] Edgar assumes a West of England dialect; it may have been that of Somerset, but it does not much resemble what is heard there in our day. [c] I will. [d] way. [e] I warn you. [f] I shall. [g] head. [h] a knotted club-stick. [i] thrusts.

Regan, the second daughter, has in the meantime been made a widow. Her husband the Duke of Cornwall, after having plucked out Gloster's eyes, was attacked by one of his own servants, and slain; and thus Regan hopes to transfer the name of husband to Edmund. But Goneril, the wife of Albany, indulges a similar passion for him; and, that Regan may not intercept her wishes, she not only prepares a poisoned draught for her sister, but resolves to assassinate her husband.—Both these guilty stratagems are explained in the letters thus intercepted by Edgar; and, with these proofs of crime, the disguised peasant hastens to the good Duke of Albany.

We now suppose before us—on the verge of the battle between the French forces, headed by the King of France, and the English army, commanded by the Duke of Albany and Edmund,—the English encampment near Dover.

As Edmund withdraws, Edgar, still disguised as a peasant, addresses Albany:

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
'Before you fight the battle, ope this letter:
If you have 'victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: 'wretched though I seem,
I can produce a 'champion, that will 'prove
What is avouchéd there. May fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have 'read the letter.
Edg. I was 'forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. [Exeunt.

Before venturing on the brunt of the battle, Edmund thus muses on the perplexing dilemma in which he has placed himself:

Edm. To 'both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other—as the stung
Are, of the adder. 'Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? To take the 'widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril:
And hardly shall I carry out my side,[a]
Her 'husband being alive. As for the mercy
Which 'he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never 'see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to 'defend, not to debate. [Exit.

The succeeding events are all adverse to the cause of humanity: the French army is totally defeated; the British forces being victorious: King Lear and Queen Cordelia, taken prisoners of war, are to be disposed of by the conquering Edmund. While he is outside his camp, the captive King and his daughter are brought before him.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to 'censure them.
Cor. We are not the 'first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the 'worst.
For 'thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down;
'Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not 'see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask 'me blessing, 'I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee 'forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we 'll talk 'with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;
And take on us the mystery of things,
As if we were Heaven's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the 'moon.
Edm. Take them away!
Lear. Upon 'such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods 'themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that 'parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And 'fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
They shall not make us 'weep: we 'll see them 'starve first. Come. [Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.

The martial sounds of victory are heard; and with music swelling and colours flying, the Duke of Albany and the Ladies Goneril and Regan, enter. The perplexed Albany (having perused the letters placed by the Peasant in his hands) coldly addresses Edmund:

Alb. Sir, you have the captives
Who were the 'opposites of this day's strife:
We do 'require them of you.

Edmund haughtily replies:

Edm. . . . Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention[a] and appointed guard;
With him I sent the Queen.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a 'fitter place.

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[a] safe-hold.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a 'subject of this war,
Not as a 'brother.

The widowed Regan advances:

Reg. That 's as 'we list to grace him.

Goneril exclaims to her sister:

Gon. Mean you to 'wed him?

Her husband Albany interposes:

Alb. The 'let-alone lies not in 'your good will.

To whom Edmund replies:

Edm. Nor in 'thine, lord.

Alb. 'Half-blooded fellow, yes.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On 'capital 'treason; and, in 'thy arrest,
This gilded serpent 'Goneril.—For 'your claim, fair widow.
I bar it, in the interest of my 'wife;
'T is 'she is 'sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict 'your bans.—
Thou art armed, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove, upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is 'my pledge [throwing down a glove]; I 'll prove[a] it on thy 'heart,
Ere I taste bread,—thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Edm. There 's my 'exchange [throwing down a glove]: What in the world 'he is
That names me 'traitor, villain-like he 'lies.
'Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

A Herald enters.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

The Herald reads:

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

[a] O. R. make.

Edmund defiantly exclaims:

Edm. Sound!—Again!—Again!

Trumpets answer within, and the last call is followed by the entrance of a Knight with his vizor down. Albany says to the Herald:

Alb. Ask him his 'purposes,—'why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet?
Her. 'What are you?
Your name? your quality?[a] and 'why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble—as the 'adversary
I come to cope.[b]
Alb. 'Which is that adversary?
Edg. What 's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edmund advances:

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech 'offend a noble heart,
Thy 'arm may do thee justice: Here is 'mine:[c]
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre[d] thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-sword, and fire-new[e] fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou 'art a 'traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrous prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most 'toad-spotted traitor!
Edm. 'Back do I toss these treasons to 'thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy 'heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

The fight is short and decisive. Edmund falls. The victor then proclaims himself: he is Edgar, the maniac, the peasant, the avenging champion!

In the meantime, Regan drinks of the poison her sister had prepared, and dies. And, when Goneril finds that her perfidy is exposed, she—to fill up the measure of her atrocity—terminates, with her own hand, her detested life.

[a] rank. [b] encounter. [c] my sword. [d] in spite of, notwithstanding (malgré). [e] brand new (newly coined).

The dying villain, Edmund, confesses even new crimes. He has already given orders to put Queen Cordelia to death: repentant, he now sends a reprieve. Edgar hurries on this mission of mercy—but he is, alas, too late! He finds the agonized King Lear with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of 'stone!
Had 'I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should 'crack.—She 's gone for ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth!—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives. . . .
This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent affectionately kneels.

Kent. O my good master!
Lear. Pr'ythee, away!
Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors 'all!
I 'might have saved her; now, she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion[a]
I would have made them 'skip: I am old 'now,
And these same crosses spoil me. . . . Who are 'you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I 'll tell you straight:
This is a 'dull sight.—Are you not Kent?
Kent. Your 'servant Kent. Where is your servant 'Caius?
Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too.—He 's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,
That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps—
Nor no man else.—'All 's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have foredoomed[b] 'themselves,
And, desperately, are 'dead.
Lear. . . . Ay, so I think. . . .

[a] a scimitar, or curved sword. [b] O. R. fordone.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and 'vain is it
That we present us to him.—O see, see!
Lear. And my poor 'Fool is hanged! . . . [To Cor.] No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never,—never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [Dies.
Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—
Kent. . . . Vex not his ghost: O, 'let him pass! he 'hates him,
That would, upon the rack of this rough[a] world
Stretch him out 'longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed!
The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we 'feel, not what we 'ought to say.
The 'oldest hath borne most: we, that are 'young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long. [Exeunt.

END OF KING LEAR.

[a] O. R. tough.

CYMBELINE.

"Cymbeline" belongs to the latest group of Shakespeare's plays—"Timon of Athens" and "The Tempest," following; thus closing the long series of his dramatic compositions. It is supposed to have been written about 1610,[a] but was not printed till 1623.

The story is partly founded on one of the Tales in Boccaccio's "Decameron," (translated by William Paynter, in his "Palace of Pleasure," 1566–7)—partly on the "Chronicles" of Holinshed, (died about 1580)—and partly on "Westward for Smelts," (1603).

Many eminent commentators—among them Tieck and Coleridge—believe that the first *sketch* of this Tragedy belongs to Shakespeare's early career, but that it was not performed till his fame was fully established. The first mention of it as an acted play is in Dr. Forman's "Diary"[a] (1610, 1611), in which an outline of the plot is given;—a distinction which tends to establish its novelty at that date.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *Husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, ARVIBAGUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* *Italian gentlemen.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.

Two Gentlemen.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The Scene is sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

[a] This record, valuable to the Shakespearian inquirer, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; the manuscript is called "A Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof, for Common Pollicie." After stating that he (Dr. Forman) had, on the 17th of May, 1611, seen the "Winter's Tale," he proceeds (but without specific date) to give an account of "Cymbeline."—A few lines will give a specimen of his chatty memoranda:

"Remember also the story of Cymbeline, King of England in Lucius' time; how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after sent Lucius

Cymbeline, King of Britain, is described by the old English Chroniclers as contemporary with Augustus Cæsar at Rome,—about the 16th year of the Christian era. In early life, the King had been left a widower, with one daughter—the Princess Imogen—and two sons, both of whom had been stolen from him in their childhood. Cymbeline afterwards married a widow who had a son named Cloten, and it was the King's intention to marry his own daughter to his wife's son: But Imogen had been privately wedded to Leonatus Posthumus, an accomplished gentleman then resident at her father's court; and on the discovery of the marriage, Posthumus was sentenced to banishment.

We overhear Two Gentlemen conversing on the subject, in the Garden of King Cymbeline's Palace:

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but 'frowns: 'our looks[a]
No more obey the heavens than our 'courtiers';
Still 'seem as do the 'King's.
2 *Gent.* But what 's the 'matter?
1 *Gent.* 'His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife 's sole son—a widow,
That late he 'married—hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. 'She 's 'wedded;
Her husband 'banished; she imprisoned:—all
Is 'outward sorrow; though, I think, the 'King
Be touched at very 'heart: And not a courtier,—
'Although they wear 'their faces to the bent
Of the 'King's looks,—hath a heart that is not
'Glad, at the thing they 'scowl at.
2 *Gent.* And 'why so?
1 *Gent.* He that hath 'missed the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that 'hath her—
(I mean, that 'married her,—alack, good man!—
And 'therefore banished)—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the 'earth
For one his like, there would be something 'failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an 'outward, and such stuff 'within,
Endows a man 'but him. As to his 'mistress,
For whom he now is banished,—her 'own price

with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Imogen, the king's daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter.

"And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest, and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love and others to be presented to the king And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth of it," &c., &c.

[a] O. R. bloods.

Proclaims how 'she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
'What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she 'sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His 'only child:—
He 'had two 'sons,—the eldest, at three years,
I' the swathing-clothes the other,—from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, (past twenty years,)
No guess which way they went.

2 *Gent.* That a 'King's children should be so conveyed!
So slackly guarded! And the 'search so slow
That could not 'trace them!

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here come the gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

The Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen enter:

Queen. No, be assured; you shall not find 'me, daughter,—
After the slander of 'most stepmothers,—
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my 'prisoner; but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock-up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can 'win the offended King,
I will be 'known your advocate: marry, 'yet
The fire of 'rage is in him; and 't were good
You leaned unto his sentence.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence 'to-day.

Queen. You know the 'peril.—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections; though the King
Hath 'charged, you 'should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. O, dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can 'tickle where she 'wounds!—My dearest husband,
I fear my father's wrath: You 'must be gone;
And 'I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is 'this jewel in the world,
That I 'may see again. [Weeps.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth 'become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;

Who to my 'father was a friend, to 'me
Known but by 'letter: Thither 'write, my Queen!
And, with mine eyes, I 'll 'drink the words you send,
'Though ink 'be made of 'gall. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little!
Were you but riding forth to 'air yourself,
'Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's: take it, 'heart;[a] [Giving a ring.
But 'keep it, till you woo another wife,—
When Imogen is dead!

Post. How! how! 'another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I 'have,
And cere-up[b] my embracements from a next
With bonds of 'death!—[Putting on the ring.] Remain, remain thou here,
While sense can keep thee on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for 'you,
To your so infinite loss, so, in our 'trifles,
I 'still win of you: For 'my sake, wear this: [Giving a bracelet.
It is a manacle of love! I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

While Posthumus is clasping the bracelet on his wife's arm, Cymbeline, her father, enters.

Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after 'this command, thou fraught[c] the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou 'diest. Away!
Thou 'rt 'poison to my blood.

Post. . . . The gods protect 'you,
And bless the 'good remainders of the Court!
I am gone. [Exit.

As Posthumus withdraws, the unhappy Imogen exclaims:

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in 'death
More sharp than this is!

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That 'might'st have had the sole son of my Queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might 'not! I chose an 'eagle!
And did avoid a puttock.[d]

Cym. Thou took'st a 'beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for 'baseness!

Imo. No; I rather added a 'lustre to it.

[a] sweetheart. [b] O. R. sear (cere, to close up as if with cere-cloth). [c] frequent.
[d] a worthless hawk, a kite.

Cym. O thou vile one! What! Art thou 'mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!
Cym. Nay, may you languish
A 'drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
'Die of this folly! [Exeunt Cym. and Lords.

As soon as the angry King has retired, Pisanio, the faithful attendant on the banished Posthumus, waits on the bereaved Princess to inform her of her husband's sorrowful departure.

Imo. I would thou 'grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should 'write,
And I not 'have it, 't were a paper 'lost—
As offered 'mercy is. What was the 'last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, His queen, his queen!
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And 'kissed it, madam.
Imo. 'Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was 'all?
Pis. No, madam; for—so long
As he could make me, with or eye or ear,[a]
Distinguish 'him from 'others, he did keep
The deck,—with glove, or hat, or handkerchief
Still waving; as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his 'soul sailed on,
How swift his 'ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a 'crow, or less, ere 'left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. 'I would have 'broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but
To 'look upon him; till the diminution
From space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted, from
The smallness of a 'gnat, to 'air; and 'then . . .
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we 'hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam, with his next 'vantage.[b]
Imo. I did not take my 'leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would 'think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes[c] of Italy should not betray

[a] O. R. as he could make me with his eye, or eare. [b] advantage. [c] ladies.

Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him—
At the 'sixth hour of morn, at 'noon, at 'midnight—
To 'encounter me with 'orisons—for then
'I am in heaven for 'him; or ere I could
Give him that 'parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,—comes-in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.[a]—Go now, Pisanio:
Those things I bade you do, get them 'despatched.
I will attend the 'Queen. [Exeunt.

The Scene now changes to Rome; where, in an apartment of Philario's house, we overhear a conversation between a French gentleman, and two Italians—Iachimo and Philario. They have been speaking of the newly-arrived Briton, Posthumus; and Iachimo (one of the prominent characters of the play) at once shows his natural tendency to cavil and detraction:

Iach. 'Believe it, sir; I have 'seen him in Britain: he was of a 'crescent note;[b] but I could 'then have looked on him without the help of 'admiration.

Phi. You speak of him when he was 'less furnished than 'now he is.

French. 'I have seen him in 'France: we had very 'many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by 'her value, than his 'own,) 'words[c] him, I doubt not, a great deal from the 'matter.

French. And then his 'banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that 'weep this lamentable 'divorce! But how comes it, Philario, he is to sojourn with 'you?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been 'often bound, for no less than my 'life.—Here 'comes the Briton.

Posthumus enters.

I beseech you all, be 'better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble 'friend of mine: 'How worthy he is, I will leave to appear 'hereafter, rather than story him in his 'own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. 'Since when, I have been debtor to you for courtesies —which I will be 'ever to pay, and yet pay 'still.

---

[a] O. R. growing. [b] becoming noted, increasing in celebrity. [c] describes.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone[a] my countryman and you: It had been pity you should have been put together with so 'mortal a 'purpose, upon difference[b] of so 'slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a 'young traveller; rather 'shunned to go even with what I 'heard, than, in my every action, to be guided by 'others' experiences: but, upon my 'mended judgement—if I offend not[c] to say it 'is mended—my quarrel was not altogether 'slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of 'swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other—or have fallen both!

Iachimo, ever intent on scandal, inquires:

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask, What 'was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. It was much like an argument that fell out last 'night, where each of 'us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman, at that time, vouching 'his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, than any the rarest of 'our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not 'now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. 'She holds her 'virtue still, and 'I my 'mind.

Iach. As fair and as good had been something 'too fair and too good, for 'any lady in Britany. If she went 'before others I have seen,—as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld,—I could not but believe she 'excelled many; but I have not seen the 'most precious 'diamond that is—nor you the 'lady.

Post. I 'praised her as I 'rated her; so do I my ring.[d]

Iach. 'What do you esteem 'it at?

Post. More than the 'world enjoys!

Iach. . . . Either your unparagoned mistress is dead,—or she 's 'out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be 'sold, or 'given,—if there were 'wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the 'gift: the other, is 'not a thing for sale—and only the gift of the 'gods!

Iach. Which the gods have given 'you?

---

[a] reconcile (make one). [b] O. R. importance. [c] O. R. offend to say. [d] O. R. stone.

Post. Which, by their graces, I will 'keep.

Iach. You may wear her in 'title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your 'ring may be 'stolen too: so, of your 'brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but 'frail, and the other 'casual: A cunning 'thief, or a that-way accomplished 'courtier, would hazard the winning, both of first and last.

Post. Your 'Italy contains none so accomplished a 'courtier to convince[a] the honour of 'my mistress; if in the holding, or loss, of that, you term her 'frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of 'thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Philario kindly interposes.

Phi. Let us 'leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior (I thank him) makes no 'stranger of me; we are familiar at 'first.

Iach. With 'five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair 'mistress; make her go back, even to the 'yieldiug,—had I 'admittance, and 'opportunity to friend.

Post. No! no!

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my 'estate to your 'ring; which, in 'my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against 'your confidence than 'her reputation: and, (to bar[b] your offeuce herein too,) I durst attempt it against 'any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[c] in too bold a persuasion; and, I doubt not, you 'd 'sustain what you 're worthy of, by your 'attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A 'repulse: though your 'attempt (as you call it) deserves 'more,—a 'punishment too.

Philario again interposes:

Phi. Gentlemen! enough of this.

Iach. 'Would I had put 'my estate, and my 'neighbour's, on the approbation[d] of what I have spoke!

Post. 'What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. 'Yours; who, in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand 'ducats to your 'ring,

[a] overcome. [b] prevent, hinder. [c] deceived. [d] proof.

that,—commend me to the Court where your lady is,—with no more advantage than the opportunity of a 'second conference, I will bring from thence that 'honour of hers, which you imagine so 'reserved.

Post. I will wage, against your gold, gold 'to it: my 'ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is 'part of it.

Iach. You are afraid;[a] and therein the wiser! But I see you have some 'religion in you—that you 'fear!

Post. This is but a custom in your 'tongue: you bear a graver 'purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I 'swear.

Post. Will you?—I 'dare you to this match! Here 's my ring.

Philario again interposes:

Phi. I will have it 'no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it 'is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have succeeded, my ten thousand ducats are 'yours;—provided, I have your 'commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I 'embrace these conditions; let us have 'articles betwixt us. Only, 'thus far you shall 'answer:—If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have 'prevailed, ... I am no further your 'enemy; she is not worth our debate: If she remain 'faithful,—you not making it appear 'otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her honour, you shall answer me with your sword!

Iach. A covenant! I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers 'recorded.

Post. Agreed, agreed! [Exeunt.

After a short interval, the Scene returns to Britain—to a room in King Cymbeline's palace—the Lady Imogen's apartment; where she is meditating on her 'new domestic griefs.

Imo. A father 'cruel, and a step-dame 'false!
A foolish suitor to a 'wedded lady,
That hath her husband 'banished!—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! Had 'I been stolen,
(As my two brothers,) happy! Blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest 'wills,
Which season[b] comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

---

[a] O. R. a friend. [b] give a relish to.

Her servant Pisanio enters, introducing Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord, with letters. [Exit Pisanio.

Iachimo insidiously advances:

Iach. 'Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir: You 're kindly welcome.

She reads, while Iachimo looks on admiringly.

Iach. [Aside.] All of her, that is 'out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a 'mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird,[a]—and I
Have 'lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Imo. [Reads aloud.] . . . *He is one of the 'noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*[b] LEONATUS . . .

So far, I read 'aloud. . . .
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have 'words to bid you; and shall 'find it so,
In all that I can 'do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady,—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch? and can they not
Partition make, with spectacles so precious,
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What 'makes[c] your admiration?
Continues 'well my lord? His 'health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to 'mirth? I 'hope he is.

Iach. 'Exceeding pleasant! not a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton 'reveller.

Imo. . . . When he was 'here,
He did incline to 'sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him 'sad—
But, heaven knows, some men are much to blame. . . .
Whilst I am bound to 'wonder, I am bound
To 'pity too.

Imo. 'What do you pity, sir?

---

[a] the phœnix. [b] O. R. trust. [c] causes, excites.

Iach. 'Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am 'I one, sir? . . .
Deliver with more openness your answers:
'Why do you pity me?
Iach. Had 'I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty, should I (so blest[a])
Slaver[b]—with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol? O, it were fit,
That all the plagues of 'hell should, at one time,
Encounter 'such revolt!
Imo. My lord, I fear, has 'forgot Britain?
Iach. And 'himself!—Not I,
'Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is 'your 'graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
'Charm this report out.
Imo. . . . Let me hear no more!
Iach. O, dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me 'sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an 'empery,[c]
Would make the great'st king 'double! . . . Be 'revenged:
Or, she that bore you was no Queen, and you
'Recoil from your great stock.[d]
Imo. Revenged? Alas!
'How should I be revenged? If this be 'true,—
Iach. . . . I dedicate 'myself to your sweet pleasure;
Let me my service tender on your 'lips.
Imo. 'Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert 'honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for 'virtue; not
For 'such an end thou seek'st,—as base, as strange!
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from 'honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
'Thee, and the 'devil, alike!—What, ho, Pisanio!—
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault! What, ho, Pisanio!—
Iach. O 'happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of 'thee,
'Deserves thy trust; and 'thy most perfect goodness

[a] O. R. damn'd then. [b] slobber, drivel. [c] married to an emperor, [d] race, lineage,

'Her assured credit.—Blesséd live you long!
A lady to the 'worthiest sir, that ever
Country called his; and you, his mistress, only
For the 'most worthy fit. Give me your pardon,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To 'try your taking of a 'false report! The love I bear him
Made me to 'fan you 'thus. 'Pray, your pardon!

Imo. . . . All 's well, sir. Take 'my power i' the Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks.—I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request:—
Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The 'best feather of our wing,—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor[a] for the rest, have done
In France: 'T is plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form. May it please you
To take them in 'protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My 'lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my 'bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To 'send them to you,—only for this night:
I must aboard 'to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. It 'must be, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with 'writing, do 't 'to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender[b] of our 'present.

Imo. I 'will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be 'kept,
And truly 'yielded you. You are 'very welcome. [Exeunt.

This trunk, said to contain large and valuable presents for the Emperor, is speedily carried into Imogen's chamber. But it has far more dangerous freight—the villain Iachimo himself. Imogen is in bed reading—a Servant attending.

Imo. Who 's there? My woman Helen? What hour is 't?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

---

[a] agent. [b] guidance.

Imo. Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
Sleep hath seized me wholly.— [Exit Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

As soon as Imogen is asleep, Iachimo steals from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing; and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by 'rest.—Ha! Cytherea,[a]
How bravely thou 'becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might 'touch!
But 'kiss; 'one kiss!—'T is her breathing that
'Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To 'see the enclosed lights.—But my design?
To note the chamber, I will 'write all down:—
Such and such 'pictures;—There the 'window;—Such
The adornment of her 'bed;—The arras,—figures,—
Why, such, and such:—Ah! but some 'natural notes,
Above ten thousand meaner 'movables,
Would testify, to 'enrich mine inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a 'monument,
Thus in a 'chapel lying!—Come off, come off;— [Taking her bracelet.
As 'slippery, as the Gordian knot[b] was 'hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness 'outwardly,
To the 'madding of her lord.—On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted,[c] like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. 'Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever 'law could make. No more.
Now to the trunk again! I lodge in fear;
Though this a 'heavenly angel, 'hell is here.
One, two, three,—Time, time! The clock has struck.

Without awaking the sleeper, Iachimo steals back to his hiding place. The scene closes.

Meantime Prince Cloten continues his suit to the Lady Imogen. Besides the influence of the King and Queen, he hopes to succeed by rich gifts and music. One of the attendant Lords obsequiously addresses him:

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most 'patient man in loss; the 'coldest that ever turned up ace.

[a] a surname for Venus. [b] an intricate knot, tied by Gordius, afterwards King of Phrygia: this knot, typical of the conquest of Asia, Alexander the Great severed with his sword. [c] having five spots (as on dice).

Clo. It would make 'any man cold to 'lose.

1 *Lord.* But not 'every man 'patient, after the noble temper of your 'lordship. 'You are most hot and furious when you 'win.

Clo. Winning will put 'any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. . . . I would this 'music would come. I am advised to give her music o' 'mornings. [Musicians enter.] We 'll try with 'tongue too: if 'none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet 'air; with admirable rich 'words to it,—and then . . . let her consider!

The attendant Musicians begin this song:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;
And Phœbus[a] 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty bin,[b]
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

The secluded Princess gives no reply to the amorous Cloten. While he is waiting for some acknowledgement, the King and Queen enter:

Clo. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern 'daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have 'assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too 'new;
She hath not 'yet forgot him: some 'more time
Must wear the print of 'his remembrance out,
And then she 's 'yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the King;
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To 'orderly solicits, and make denials
'Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were 'inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all 'obey her,—
Save when command to your 'dismission tends,
And therein you are 'senseless. [Exeunt King and Queen.

[a] the sun. [b] Q. R. is.

Clo. Senseless? not so.
If she be 'up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho! [Knocks.
I know her 'women are about her. What
If I do 'line one of their hands? . . . 'T is 'gold
Which buys admittance; 'oft it doth; yea, and it is gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the 'thief;
Nay, sometimes, 'hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not 'do, and 'un-do? I will make
One of her women 'lawyer to me. [Knocks again.

A Lady enters:

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. What is your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's presence: Is she ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clo. . . . There 's 'gold for you: 'sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good 'name? or to report of you
What I shall 'think is good?—The Princess!— [Exit.

Imogen enters:

Clo. Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, 'sir. You lay out too much 'pains
For purchasing but 'trouble: the 'thanks I give,
Is—telling you that I am 'poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I 'swear, I love you!
Imo. If you swear still, your recompense is, still,
That I regard it not. Learn now, for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By the mere truth of it, I 'care not for you.
Clo. You sin against obedience to your father. For
The 'contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms,—it is 'no contract, none!
Imo. Wert thou the son of 'Jupiter,—and no more
But what thou 'art, besides,—thou wert too base
To be his 'groom!
Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet 'more mischance, than come
To be but 'named of 'thee. His 'meanest 'garment,
That ever hath but clipped[a] his body, is dearer,
In 'my respect, than all the 'hairs above thee,
Were they 'all made 'such 'men.—How now, Pisanio!
[Pisanio enters.

[a] wrapped, surrounded.

To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
I am sprighted[a] with a 'fool;
'Frighted, and angered 'worse!—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; last night
'T was on mine arm; I hope, it be not gone.

Pis. 'T will not be 'lost.

Imo. I 'hope so: go and search. [Exit Pisanio.

Clo. . . . You have abused me:—
"His meanest garment"?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

Clo. I will inform your 'father!

Imo. Your 'mother too:
I leave you, sir, to the 'worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be revenged.—"His meanest garment"?—Well! well! [Exit.

The Scene brings us back to Rome. Iachimo, with his apparent proofs of success, returns to the house of Philario, whom he now finds in conversation with Posthumus. As Iachimo joyously enters, Posthumus gravely addresses him:

Post. The swiftest harts have 'posted you, by 'land;
And winds of all the corners kissed your 'sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
I hope, the 'briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your 'return.

Iach. Your lady . . .
Is one of the 'fairest that I 've looked upon!

Post. And, therewithal, the 'best!

Iach. . . . Here are letters for you.

Post. [Having read.] All is well yet.—
Sparkles your ring[b] as it was 'wont? or is 't not
Too 'hard to come by?

Iach. Not a whit,—your lady being so 'easy.

Post. . . . Make not, sir,
Your 'loss your 'sport: I hope, you know
That we must not 'continue friends?

Iach. Good sir, we 'must,
If you keep covenant. For I do now
Profess myself the winner of her 'honour,
Together with your ring; and not the 'wronger
Of her or you,—having proceèded but
By 'both your wills.

---

[a] haunted. [b] O. R. this stone.

Post. . . . If you can make 't 'apparent,
My ring 'is yours: if 'not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
'Your sword, or mine!—Proceed!
Iach. First, her 'bedchamber:—It was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman;[a]
A piece of work so bravely done, so rich,
That it did strive in 'workmanship, and 'value.
Post. This is true; and this you might have 'heard-of here,
By me, or by some other.
Iach. And the chimney-piece,—
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report[b] themselves.
Post. 'This is a thing
Which you might from relation 'likewise reap,
Being, as it is, 'much spoke of.
Iach. The 'roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted—
Post. 'This her 'honour?—
Let it be granted, you 'have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance!) the description
Of what is in her 'chamber, nothing saves
The 'wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
Be 'pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; See!—
[He pulls out the bracelet.
Post. . . . Jove!—
Once 'more let me behold it. 'Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, 'that:
She 'stripped it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty 'action did outsell her 'gift,
And yet 'enriched it too. She 'gave it me,—
And said, she prized it 'once.
Post. May be, she plucked it off to send it 'me?
Iach. She 'writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O! no, no, no; 't is true! Take this ring, too!
[Giving the ring.
It is a basilisk[c] unto mine eye!
O, above measure 'false!

Philario interposes:

Phi. Have patience, sir:

---

[a] Marc Antony. [b] make known (be able to speak).
[c] a fabulous serpent which had the power of killing with a glance.

It may be probable she 'lost it; or,
(Who knows?) if one of her 'women, being corrupted,
Hath 'stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
Render to me some 'corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this 'was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm!

Post. Hark you, he 'swears! 'By 'Jupiter he swears!
There, 'take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you! [Throwing away the bracelet.

Iach. If you seek
For 'further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the[a] pressing!—lies a 'mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. You 'remember
This stain upon her? I 'll be 'sworn,—

Post. No swearing! . . .
O, that I had her 'here, to tear her limb-meal![b]
I will go 'there, and 'do 't! i' the Court! before
Her father. — I 'll do 'something.—Vengeance, Vengeance! [Exeunt.

The dramatist brings us back to Britain: for thither, maddened with jealousy and burning with revenge, Posthumus at once proceeds. For greater safety, the banished husband lands at Milford Haven, in South Wales, and writes two letters—one to his faithful servant Pisanio; in which he informs him of his wife's unworthiness, and of the fearful death-punishment which he asks him to inflict: The second is addressed, as a decoy, to the Lady Imogen herself.

We have now before us another Apartment in Cymbeline's Palace; and Pisanio—reading the letter which he has just received.

Pis. How! of 'adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her 'accuser?[c]—Leonatus . . .
O master! what a 'strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! Disloyal? No:
She 's punished for her 'truth; and undergoes,
More 'goddess-like than 'wife-like, such assaults
As would take-in[d] some virtue.—O my master!
If it be 'so to do good service, never
Let 'me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to 'lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—[Reading.] "*Do 't. The letter*

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[a] her. [b] limb by limb. [c] O. R. what monster 's her accuse. [d] overcome.

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity."—O wicked paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee. Lo! she comes.
I am 'ignorant in what I am commanded

Imogen enters.

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? 'thy lord? that is 'my lord.
Good-wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! . . .
'Good news, gods!

[Reads.] *Justice, and your father's wrath, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures! Take notice, that I am in Cambria,*[b] *at Milford-Haven:*[c] *What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, 'he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with 'wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: How far is 't thither?
If one of 'mean affairs may plod it in a 'week,
Why may not 'I glide thither in a 'day?—
How many score of miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. 'One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for 'you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's 'execution, man,
Could never go so slow: Provide me presently,
A riding-suit—no costlier than would fit
A franklin's[d] housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. Do as I 'bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none 'but Milford-way. [Exeunt.

It will be remembered that the two sons by the King's first marriage,—therefore the brothers of the Princess Imogen,—had been stolen in their infancy. Belarius, a nobleman who, on a false charge of treason, had been banished by Cymbeline, had, in revenge, secretly carried off these young Princes to a safe retreat in the mountains of South Wales; where the boys, living as hunters, have been brought up as his own sons; the banished Belarius being now known as Morgan; and the princes, (Guiderius and Arviragus), as Polydore and Cadwal. The Three Hunters are now before us, at the entrance to their Cave in the mountains. Belarius speaks:

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[a] that is, to commit murder. [b] Wales. [c] a town in Pembrokeshire. [d] freeholder's.

Bel. A goodly day 'not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop,[a] boys: This gate
Instructs you 'how to adore the heavens, and 'bows you
To morning's holy office.—Hail, fair heaven!
'We house i' the 'rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As 'prouder livers do.

The youths fervently repeat:

Gui. and Arv. Hail heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain-sport. Up to yon hill:
'Your legs are young; 'I 'll tread these 'flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is 'place, which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve[b] what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:—
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[c] beetle in a safer hold[d]
Than is the full-winged 'eagle. O, 'this life
Is nobler, than attending on the great;[e]
Richer, than doing nothing for a 'bribe;[f]
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for 'silk,—
'No life to 'ours!

Gui. Out of 'your 'proof you speak: 'we, poor unfledged,
Have never winged from view o' the 'nest; nor know not
What air 's 'from home. Haply, this life is best,
If 'quiet life be best; but unto 'us, it is
A cell of 'ignorance; traveling 'a-bed;
A 'prison,—for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.[g]

Arv. What should 'we speak of
When we are 'old as you? 'We have seen 'nothing;
We are 'beastly; subtle as the 'fox, for prey;
'Like warlike as the 'wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what 'flies; our 'cage
We make a 'quire, (as doth the prisoned bird,)
And sing 'our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the 'city's usuries,[h]
And 'felt them knowingly: the art o' the Court,
As hard to 'leave as 'keep; whose 'top to climb
Is certain 'falling, or so slippery that
The 'fear 's as 'bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek-out 'danger

[a] O. R sleepe. [b] meditate. [c] sheath-winged. [d] place of defence.
[e] O. R for a check. [f] O. R. babe [g] to go beyond bounds. [h] for usages.

I' the name of fame and honour,—O boys, this story
The world may read in 'me: My body 's 'marked
With Roman swords; and my report[a] was once
First with the 'best of note: 'Cymbeline loved me;
And when a 'soldier was the theme, 'my name
Was not far off: 'Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did 'bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, (call it what you will,)
Shook-down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me 'bare to weather!

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being 'nothing, (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains swore to Cymbeline
I was 'confederate with the Romans: so,
Followed my banishment; and for twenty years
This rock and these demesnes[b] have been my 'world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom,—paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The 'fore-end of my time.—But, to the 'mountains!
This is not 'hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison 'first, shall be the 'lord o' the feast.
I 'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt Gui. and Arv.
. . . How hard it is to 'hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the 'King;
And Cymbeline dreams not that they are alive.
They think they are 'mine; but Nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to 'prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others.—Hark! the game is roused! [Exit.

The Princess Imogen, travelling with all speed towards Milford Haven, is accompanied by the heart-stricken Pisanio. This faithful attendant cannot allow his mistress to proceed, without informing her of the foul accusation conveyed in the letter which he had received from her husband.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand.—Pisanio! man,
Where is Lord Posthumus? What is in thy 'mind? . . .
Why tender'st thou that 'paper? Speak; thy 'tongue
May take off some extremity, which to 'read
Would be even 'mortal to me.

Pis. 'Please you, read;
And you shall find me, (wretched man!) a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

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[a] repute. [b] lands.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played false; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak 'surmises; but from 'proof—as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. 'That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; where,—if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done,—thou art the pander to 'her dishonour, and equally to 'me disloyal.*

Imogen faints:

Pis. What shall I 'need to draw my sword? the 'paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No; 't is 'Slander,—
Whose edge is 'sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms[a] of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the 'grave
This viperous Slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. 'False to his bed! What! is it to be 'false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on 'him?
To 'weep, 'twixt clock and clock? 'If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful 'dream of him,
And cry myself awake? 'That false to 's bed? is it?
Come, fellow, be thou 'honest:
'Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness 'my 'obedience: Look!
I draw the sword 'myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love—my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things—but grief!
Thy master is 'not there, who was, indeed,
The 'riches of it! 'Do his bidding; strike!—
Thou may'st be valiant in a 'better cause,
But 'now thou seem'st a 'coward!

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou 'shalt not stain my hand.

Imo. Why, I 'must die;
And if I do not by 'thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against 'self-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens[b] 'my weak hand. Come, here 's my 'heart: [Opening her dress.

[a] serpents. [b] renders cowardly.

Something 's afore 't:[a]—we 'll no defence:—What 's here? [Taking out letters.
The scriptures[b] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to 'heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith!—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb 'entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy 'master's bidding,
When 'I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I received command to 'do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then!

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.[c]

Imo. Wherefore, then
Didst 'undertake it? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,[d] when thou hast ta'en thy stand,—
The elected deer 'before thee?

Pis. But to win time,
To 'lose so bad employment. Good lady,
Hear me with patience!

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a 'false one; and mine ear
Can take no 'greater wound. But speak!

Pis. Madam, it cannot be but that my master is 'abused:
Some villain,—ay, and 'singular in his art,—
Hath done you both this curséd injury.
I 'll give but 'notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody 'sign of it; for 't is commanded
I 'should do so.

Imo. What shall 'I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what 'comfort, when I am
Dead to my 'husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the Court,—

Imo. No Court, no father!

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a 'woman; change
'Command into 'obedience—

Imo. Nay, be brief: I see into thy end,
And am almost a 'man already!

Pis. First, make yourself but 'like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them.

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[a] O. R. afoot. [b] sacred writings. [c] O. R. I 'll wake mine eye-balles first. [d] to stand with bow unbent.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Away, I pr'ythee!
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being missed, 'I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your 'manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen!—I thank thee. [Exeunt.

By means of this "box," the Queen's malignant disposition is displayed; for, finding the marriage of her son Cloten to Imogen an impossibility, she contemplates the destruction of the Princess by slow poison. She has given this box of a fatal mixture to Pisanio, with great commendation of its medical virtues. The Physician, however, by whom the drug had been prepared,—fearing the Queen's treachery,—substituted, for the poison, a powerful but harmless opiate.

In a short time, the flight of Imogen is discovered at the Court. Pisanio has prudently returned; and, directly charged with being an accessory, and threatened with instant death, he is driven to the expedient of preparing a feigned letter from Posthumus.

Prince Cloten is overheard, thus:

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
I 'love, and 'hate her; for she 's fair and royal,
And that she has all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: she, of 'all compounded,
'Outsells them all. I 'love her, 'therefore. But,
Disdaining 'me, and throwing favours on
The low 'Posthúmus, slanders so her judgement,
I will conclude to 'hate her; nay, indeed,
To be 'revenged upon her! Who is here? [Pisanio enters.
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a 'word!—or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends!
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
'Speak! or thy silence, on the 'instant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death!
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.
Clo. Let 's see 't. It is Posthúmus' hand; I know 't.—

Sirrah, if thou wouldst 'not be a villain, but do me 'true service,—that is, what villainy soe'er I 'bid thee do,—thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord?

Clo. 'Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's 'garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. Fetch 'that suit hither: let it be thy 'first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clo. 'Meet thee at Milford-Haven! Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I 'kill thee! She said that she held the very "garment" of Posthumus in more respect than 'my noble and natural 'person. With 'that suit upon my back, will I 'kill him, and in her eyes! He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, to the Court I 'll 'knock her back, 'foot her home again! She hath despised me 'rejoicingly, and 'I 'll be merry in my 'revenge. [Exit.

The Princess Imogen, having exchanged her dress for that of a boy, is soon exhausted by fatigue and hunger; and she now, by chance, directs her steps to the Cave where her lost brothers are living as the sons of old Morgan.

Imo. I see, a 'man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and, for two nights together,
Have made the 'ground my bed: I should be 'sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
Thou wast within a 'ken.[a] O Jove! I think
Foundations[b] fly the 'wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be 'relieved. But what cave is this?
Here is a 'path to 't: 'T is some 'savage hold:[c]
'T were best 'not call; I 'dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean[d] it o'erthrow nature, makes it 'valiant.—
Ho! Who 's here? No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But 'fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely 'look on 't.
Grant 'such a foe, good heavens! [Enters the cave.

[a] an appreciable distance. [b] institutions founded to relieve distrees; asylums. [c] place of defence. [d] completely.

As the disguised Princess enters the Cave, Belarius and the two young men are returning from the chase. Belarius says:

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved 'best archer,[a] and
Are 'master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the 'cook and 'servant. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!—[Looking into the cave.] Stay: come not in!
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a 'fairy! . . .
By Jupiter, an 'angel! or, if not,
An earthly 'paragon!—Behold divineness,
No elder than a 'boy!

The surprised Imogen comes from the Cave.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
'Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have 'begged, or 'bought. Good troth,
I have 'stol'n nought; nor 'would not, though I had found
'Gold strewed o' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted so,
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to 'dirt!
As 't is no 'better reckoned, but of those
Who worship 'dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you 're angry.
Know, if you 'kill me for my fault, I should
Have 'died had I 'not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What 's your name?

Imo. . . . Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy: he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I 'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no 'churls; you shall have 'better cheer
Ere you depart; and 'thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a 'woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your 'groom.—In honesty,
I 'bid for you, as I do 'buy.

[a] O. R. woodman.

Arv. 'I 'll make 't 'my comfort
He is a 'man : I 'll love him as my 'brother ;
And such a welcome as I 'd give to 'him
After long absence, such is 'yours.—'Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst 'friends.

Imo. 'Mongst 'friends !
[Aside.] If 'brothers ! 'Would it had been so, that they
'Had been my father's sons !

Bel. Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supped,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,—
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, 'less welcome ! [Exeunt.

Prince Cloten, relying on Pisanio's information, has at last reached the forest, close to the entrance of the Cave. He looks round cautiously :

Clo. I am 'near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his "garments" serve me ! Posthumus, thy head, which 'now is growing upon thy 'shoulders, shall within this hour be 'off, thy mistress taken, thy "garments" cut to pieces before thy face ; and, all this done, 'spurn her home to her father,—who may, haply, be a little 'angry for my so rough usage ; but my 'mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my 'commendations. My horse is tied up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very 'description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive 'me. [Exit.

As Cloten is continuing his search, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and the disguised Princess Imogen, enter from the Cave.

Bel. [To Imo.] You are not well : remain here in the Cave ;
We 'll come to you 'after hunting.

Arv. [To Imo.] Brother, 'stay here : Are we 'not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man 'should be ;
But clay and clay 'differ in dignity,—
Whose 'dust is both 'alike. I am very 'sick.

Gui. [To Arv.] Go 'you to hunting ; I 'll abide with 'him.

Imo. So please you, leave me ; I am not 'very sick,
Since I can 'reason of it : pray you, trust me here !
[Exit Bel., Gui., and Arv.
[Aside.] These are 'kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard !

Our 'courtiers say, all 's savage 'but at court:
Experience, O, thou dost 'disprove report. . . .
I am sick still; 'heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug.

She drinks from the vial, containing the opiate substituted for the poisonous potion of the Queen. As she totters back to the Cave, the Huntsmen return, and, at the same time, Prince Cloten enters: the mountaineers stand aside to watch him:

Clo. I cannot 'find those runagates: that villain
Hath mocked me.—I am faint!
Bel. "Those runagates?"
Means he not 'us? Ah! I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the Queen. I fear some ambush.
Gui. He is but 'one. You and my brother, search
What 'companies are near: Pray 'you, away;
Let me 'alone with him. [Exeunt Bel. and Arv.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have 'heard of such.—Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, and a villain! Yield thee, thief!
Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as 'big as thine? a 'heart as big?
Thy 'words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my 'mouth. Say, 'what art thou?
'Why should I yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base, know'st me not by my 'clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy 'tailor, rascal,
Who is thy 'grandfather: 'he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make 'thee.
Clo. Injurious thief, hear but my name, and tremble!
Gui. 'What 's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain!
Gui. Cloten, thou 'double villain, 'be thy name,
I 'cannot tremble at it: were 't Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Clo. To thy 'further fear,
Nay, to thy mere 'confusion, thou shalt know
I 'm son to the 'Queen!
Gui. I 'm sorry for 't; not seeming so worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not 'afeard?
Gui. Those that I 'reverence, 'those I fear—the 'wise:
At 'fools I 'laugh!—not fear them.
Clo. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town[a] set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer!

After a brief conflict, the sword of the hardy Guiderius prevails: Prince Cloten is slain, and his corpse falls a prey to the conqueror. Guiderius returns, meeting Belarius and Arviragus.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an 'empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his 'brains, for he had none.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. Cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him; now let it to the sea,
And tell the 'fishes, he 's the Queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [Exit.

Guiderius enters the cave, in which the disguised Princess, overcome by the powerful narcotic, lies stupified and motionless.—Belarius says to Arviragus:

Bel. I fear, 't will be revenged.
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst 'not done 't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would 'I had done 't!
Bel. We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no 'profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks; I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Guiderius re-enters:

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music is heard from the cave.

[a] Lud was one of the legendary Kings of England; he founded Kaer Lud—corrupted into Caerlondon, and now abbreviated into London.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal 'now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for 'nothing, and lamenting 'toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Arviragus re-enters bearing Imogen (as dead.)

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. Oh Cadwal! Oh Cadwal! The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on!
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My 'brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st 'thyself.
Bel. Thou blessèd thing!
Jove knows what 'man thou might'st have made; but ah!
Thou diedst, a most rare 'boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark,[a] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had 'tickled slumber;—
Not as 'death's dart, but laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Why, he but 'sleeps!
If he be 'gone, he 'll make his 'grave a 'bed:
With 'female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander it,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock[b] would,
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides,—when flowers are none,—
To winter-ground[c] thy corse.
Gui. Pr'ythee, have done; and let us bury him
By good Euriphile, our mother.

[a] rigid. [b] robin red-breast. [c] protect from the inclemency of winter.

Arv. And let us, Polydore, 'sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use 'like note, and words,—
Save that Euriphile must be 'Fidele.
Gui. I cannot 'sing: I 'll weep, and 'word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are false.
Arv. We 'll 'speak it then.

Belarius advances:

Bel. 'Great griefs, I see, medicine the 'less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a 'Queen's son, boys;
And though you took his life, as being our 'foe,
Yet bury him as a 'prince.
Arv. If 'you 'll go fetch him,
'We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. [Exit Bel.

Then, while old Morgan has gone to seek the headless trunk of Cloten, the two brothers, in antiphonic verses, repeat the Dirge for their dead mother—over the lifeless Fidele:

DIRGE.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
'Golden[a] lads and girls 'all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow 'this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
'Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, 'all lovers, must
Consign[b] to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser[c] harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation[d] have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but, 'bout midnight, more:

[a] the most valued. [b] yield, submit. [c] conjurer, enchanter.
[d] completion of decay.

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Come on, away:
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their 'pleasures here are past, so is their 'pain. [Ex. Bel., Gui. and Arv.

The headless trunk of Cloten, and the senseless Imogen, are thus laid together. The Princess slowly recovers from the effects of the opiate:

Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how 'far thither?
'Ods pittikins![a]—can it be six miles 'yet?—
I have gone all night.—Now, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body of Cloten.
A 'headless man!—The garment of 'Posthúmus!
Pisanio! all curses be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous[b] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord!—O 'Posthumus! Alas!
This is 'Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's:—Oh!—my lord!
my lord!

Abandoning herself to grief, she falls in agony on the headless body,—as she supposed from the dress he wore,—of her husband; till she is discovered by the Roman general Caius Lucius: for a Roman army had arrived to enforce the payment of a neglected tribute due by Britain. Lucius, surprised at this sudden view of 'double death, addresses one of his Captains:

Luc. Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The 'ruin speaks, that sometime[c]
It was a 'worthy building.—How! a Page!—
Or dead, or sleeping?
Cap. He 's 'alive, my lord.
Luc. He 'll then 'instruct us of 'this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Who 'was he?
And what art 'thou?
Imo. I 'am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to 'be were better. This . . . was . . . my master,
That here by mountaineers lies slain!
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost 'approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.

[a] a corrupted adjuration derived from "God's pity to me." [b] lawless, licentious.
[c] formerly.

Wilt take thy chance with 'me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well 'mastered; but, be sure,
No less 'beloved.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[a] can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I 've strewed his grave,
And on it said a 'century of prayers,
Such as I can,—twice o'er,—I 'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow 'you,—
So please you entertain me.

Luc. I will, good youth.
Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some 'falls are means the happier to 'arise. [Exeunt.

Both Iachimo and Posthumus have arrived in England with the Roman forces. Posthumus, however, determines not to fight against his country; therefore he quits the Roman camp, and, disguised as a peasant, follows the British forces. He is now before us, holding in his hand the blood-stained handkerchief—the token of Imogen's death—which had been sent to him by Pisanio.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou 'shouldst be coloured 'thus! You married ones,
If each of you should take 'this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying[b] but a 'little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not 'all commands:
No bond, but to do 'just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on 'my faults, I never
Had lived to put-on[c] this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch! more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch 'some hence for 'little faults; that 's 'love,
To have them fall no more!
But 'Imogen is your 'own: do your blest[d] wills,
And make 'me blest to 'obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy 'mistress. Peace!
I 'll give no wound to 'thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose:—I 'll disrobe me

[a] her fingers. [b] going wrong, erring. [c] urge on, instigate. [d] O. R. best.

Of these 'Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a 'Briton 'peasant: So I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every 'breath, a 'death!
Gods! put the strength o' the 'Leonati in me!—
To shame the guise o' the world, I will 'begin
The fashion—less 'without and more 'within. [Exit.

A battle immediately ensues between the Romans and the Britons. Cymbeline is on the point of being slain, when he is rescued by his own sons, and their reputed father, old Morgan—aided by a poor but valiant Soldier, who is no other than Posthumus in his peasant's disguise. This loyal service performed, Posthumus resumes the garb of a 'Roman soldier; and, as such, is made prisoner—with Lucius, Iachimo, and the Page Fidele.

Cymbeline, in his tent, with his mountaineer preservers beside him, commands the Roman prisoners to be brought into his presence.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
'Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor 'Soldier that so richly fought,—
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targe of proof,[a]—cannot be found:
'He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can 'make him so.—'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are? report it.

Belarius replies:

Bel. Sir, in Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
'Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,—
Unless I add, we are 'honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my 'Knights o' the battle: I create you
'Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Cornelius, the King's Physician, and Ladies, enter.

There 's 'business in these faces.—Why so 'sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like 'Romans,
And not o' the Court of 'Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. . . . 'How ended she?

Cor. With horror! 'madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the 'world, concluded

---

[a] target of tested steel.

Most cruel to 'herself.
First, she confessed she never loved you;
Your daughter, whom she bore in hand[a] to love,
She 'had,[b] but that her flight prevented it,
Ta'en off by poison; and so to work
Her 'son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; opened,[c] in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were 'not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Mine 'eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine 'ears, that heard her flattery; nor my 'heart,
That thought her like her 'seeming; yet, O my daughter!
That it was 'folly in me 'thou may'st say,
And 'prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

The Roman prisoners—Caius Lucius the general, with Iachimo and others—are now brought forward, guarded: Posthumus and Imogen the Page stand at some distance behind.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for 'tribute: 'that
The Britons have 'razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That 'their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of 'you their captives,—which ourself have 'granted:
So, think of your estate.[d]

Luc. Consider, sir, the 'chance of 'war: the day
Was yours by 'accident: had it gone with 'us,
'We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
'Our prisoners with the sword. This one thing only
I will entreat: my Page, a Briton born,
Let him be 'ransomed,
Though he have served a 'Roman; save 'him, sir;
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. . . . 'I have surely 'seen him:
His favour[e] is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast 'looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—Ne'er 'thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll 'give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a 'prisoner,

[a] pretended. [b] would have. [c] made known. [d] perilous condition. [e] countenance, appearance.

The noblest ta'en. . . . Know'st 'him thou look'st on? speak;
Wilt have 'him live? Is he thy 'kin? thy 'friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to 'me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
. . . Am 'something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in 'private; if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. Walk with me; speak freely.

Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart, while old Belarius turns to his young new-made Knights:

Bel. Is not this the boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think 'you?

Gui. The same 'dead thing 'alive.

After a brief communication, Cymbeline and Imogen advance.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand 'aloud.—Signior Iachimo, step forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it 'freely.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had 'that 'ring.—How 'came it yours?

Iach. I am glad to be 'constrained to utter that
Which torments me to 'conceal. By 'villainy
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel—
Whom thou didst banish,—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
'Quail[a] to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter!—what of her? Strive, man, and speak!

Iach. . . . Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 't was at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned, or at least
Those which 'I heaved to head!) the good Posthúmus—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the 'matter!

Iach. All too soon I shall——
Your daughter's 'chastity.—I wagered with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this,—which then 'he wore

[a] sink tremblingly.

Upon his honoured finger,—to win this ring
By 'her and 'my dishonour. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, 'stakes this ring;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with 'simular[a] proof enough,
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his 'belief in her renown—
Whereupon,—methinks I see him now,—

Posthumus rushes forward:

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer! thief! 'anything
That 's due to all the villains past—in being,—
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer![b] Thou King, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is 'I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth 'amend,
By being 'worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter:—villain-like. I 'lie;
That caused a 'lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't!—The temple
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she[c] herself! . . .
Spit, and throw stones! cast mire upon me! set
The dogs o' the street to bay me! 'every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 't was! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen! Imogen!

The agitated Imogen exclaims:

Imo. Peace, my lord! Hear, hear me!
Post. Thou scornful Page, away! There lie thy part, [Striking her: she falls.

At the cruel blow given by Postbumus, the ever faithful Pisanio rushes forward:

Pis. O gentlemen, help
Mine and 'your mistress!—O, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till 'now.—Help, help!—
Mine honoured lady!
Cym. . . . 'Does the world go round?
Imo. . . . Why did you throw your wedded lady 'from you?

[a] plausible. [b] judge. [c] Virtue.

Think that you are upon a 'rock; and now
Throw me again! [Embracing him.
Post. Hang there like 'fruit, my soul, till the tree die.

Cymbeline advances:

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child! . . .
Wilt thou not speak to 'me?
Imo. [Kneeling.] Your blessing, sir.
Cym. My tears, that fall, prove 'holy water on thee!
Imogen, thy mother 's dead. O, she was naught! Her 'son
Is gone; we know not how, nor where.

Pisanio explains:

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is 'from me, I 'll speak truth[a]. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my 'instant death. By accident,
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy,—in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me,—away he posts,
With unchaste purpose.

Guiderius impatiently continues:

Gui. Let 'me 'end the story: 'I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend![b] Deny 't again!
Gui. I 've spoke it,—and I did it!
Cym. He was a Prince—
Gui. A most 'uncivil one. The wrongs he did would make me spurn the 'sea,
If 'it could so roar to me. I cut off his head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To 'tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.—Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

The old Mountaineer advances:

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is 'better than the man he slew,

---

[a] O. R. troth. [b] forbid.

As well descended as 'thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a 'band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Guards, let his arms alone;
They were not 'born for 'bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou 'undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our 'wrath? 'How of descent
As good as 'we?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here 's my knee. [Kneeling.
These two young gentlemen, that call me 'father,
And 'think they are my sons, are 'none of mine:
They are the issue of 'yourself, my liege,
So sure as you 'your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that 'Belarius whom you sometime[a] banished.
These gentle Princes,
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I trained up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Their nurse, Euriphile,
(Whom for the theft I wedded,) 'stole these children
Upon my banishment. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons 'again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are 'worthy
To inlay heaven with 'stars!

Cym. Blest may[b] you be,
That, after this strange starting 'from your orbs,
You may reign 'in them 'now.—O, my Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got 'two 'worlds by 't.—My gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am 'truest speaker: you called me 'brother,
When I was but your 'sister; I, you 'brothers,—
When ye[c] 'were so indeed!

Cym. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the Temple with our sacrifices.
The forlorn Soldier, that so nobly fought,
'He would have well become this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Posthumus advances:

Post. 'I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three.

---

[a] formerly. [b] O. R. pray. [c] O. R. we.

Speak, Iachimo: I had you 'down, and might
Have made you 'finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down 'again; [Kneeling.
But now my heavy 'conscience sinks my knee,
As then your 'force did. 'Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your 'ring first,—
And here the 'bracelet, of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to 'me:
The power that I have on you, is to 'spare you;
The malice towards you, to 'forgive you. Live,
And deal with others 'better.

Cym. 'Nobly doomed:
Pardon 's the word to 'all. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blessed altars. Never war[a] did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a 'peace.
[Exeunt.

END OF CYMBELINE.

---

[a] O. R. never was a war.

MACBETH.

The tragedy of "Macbeth," if not the most fascinating, is at least one of the most popular productions of Shakespeare; in writing which he is not known to have followed any preceding dramatist. The work is entirely his own. The story is taken from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (1577); but even the main incidents cannot be accepted as strictly historical. For, the circumstances attendant on the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth belong to another event, narrated in the same Chronicles—the murder of King Duff by one Donwald and his wife: while the real King Duncan (we otherwise read) was killed in battle; and the real Macbeth ascended the throne of Scotland as the conqueror, not the murderer, of his King. But the tragedy could have no additional power over our minds, were it in exact accordance with History; and it loses no power, if we regard it, altogether or in part, as a work of Imagination.

A belief in Witchcraft was general in the days of Shakespeare. His contemporary King, James the First, wrote learnedly on the functions of the Powers of Darkness. It is said that, to gratify the King, Shakespeare chose this Scottish story for a drama—redeemed the character of James's ancestor, the brutal Banquo, from historical infamy—and, to humour the prejudices of the British "Solomon," gave, in the Three Witches, a visible representation of Satanic agency.

A play on this subject was performed in the University of Oxford, before the King, on his royal visit there, in 1605; the first performance being in Latin to please the King; and then in English to the Queen and the young Prince. Of these compositions no portion is now known to exist. But Shakespeare was a member of the company of the King's players that then visited Oxford, when a friendly letter, (now unfortunately lost,) was written to Shakespeare by the King.—In which year Macbeth, as we have it, was written, cannot now be ascertained, probably about 1605; but its first ascertained presentation was in 1610; for, on April 20th of that year, Dr. Forman tells us in his Diary[b]—preserved in the Ashmole Collection—that he saw it acted at the "Globe" Theatre, and he gives an outline of the plot, which he surely would not have done were it a mere revival, or reproduction, of an old play.

The earliest printed copy is that in the folio collection of 1623—seven years after Shakespeare's death.

Sir William D'Avenant's alteration, to which the Editor has made frequent reference, (and in which Locke's music was introduced.) was first performed in 1674.

[a] See "The Oxford Triumph," by Anthony Nixon, 1605.

[b] This manuscript, written by Dr. Simon Forman, is entitled "The Booke of Plaies, and Notes thereof for Common Pollicie." (See Note[a] p. 319.)

The Dramatis Personæ here retained are:

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *His Sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, ANGUS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
A Soldier.
LADY MACBETH.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and Three Witches.*
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, and Attendants.
The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

Scene—in the end of the Fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

On a sterile dismal plain—now popularly known as the Harmuir (or Shakespeare's) Heath—between Elgin and Nairn—and in the midst of a wild thunder-storm, Three Supernatural Beings—Witches, weird sisters, or, as Holinshed explains, "goddesses of Destiny," Fate-tellers—like preludial chords in music striking the key-notes of a mysterious melody, thus open the tragedy:

1 *W.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder-lightning,[a] or in rain?
2 *W.* When the hurley-burley[b] 's done—
When the battle 's lost and won.
3 *W.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *W.* Where the place?
2 *W.* Upon the heath.
3 *W.* There to meet with——
2 *W.* Whom?
3 *W.* Macbeth.
1 *W.* I come, Graymalkin.[c]
2 *W.* Paddock[d] calls.
3 *W.* Anon!
All. Fair is 'foul, and foul is 'fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [The Witches vanish.

The Scene changes to the royal camp near Forres.[e] King Duncan and his sons, the Princes Malcolm and Donalbain, are awaiting intelligence of a great battle impending against the King of Norway, who had invaded Scotland. A wounded soldier is brought in: the King asks—

[a] not summer or sheet lightning. [b] noisy tumult of war. [c] a spirit like a cat.
[d] a spirit like a frog. [e] a town in Moray-shire, Scotland (O. R. Fores).

Dun. What bloody man is that? 'He can report,
(As seemeth by his plight,) of the revolt
The 'newest state.

Malcolm replies:

Mal. This is the Sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the 'King the 'knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,
(Worthy to be a rebel,) from the Western Isles
With kerns[a] and gallowglasses[b] is supplied;
But brave Macbeth—well he 'deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel
Carved out his passage; till he 'faced the slave,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with Valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns[a] to trust their 'heels,
But the Norweyan lord, with 'new supplies,
Began a 'fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes; as sparrows, 'eagles; or the hare, the 'lion!
But I am faint; my gashes cry for 'help.

Dun. So well thy 'words become thee as thy 'wounds;
They smack of honour 'both.—Go, get him surgeons.

The bleeding soldier is led off as the Thane of Ross hastily enters.

Ross. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?[c]

Ross. From Fife,[d] great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout[e] the sky,
And 'fan our people cold. Norway[f] himself,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor,[g] 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's[h] bridegroom,[i] lapped in proof,
Confronted him with 'self-comparisons,—
Point 'against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

[a] light-armed infantry. [b] heavy-armed Irish infantry. [c] a Scottish title of nobility, equivalent to Baron. [d] a county on the east coast of Scotland. [e] insult. [f] the King of Norway (Sweno). [g] in Nairn (Cawdor Castle is near the town of Nairn). [h] the goddess of war. [i] meaning Macbeth.

'Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on 'us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. Now Sweno, Norway's king, craves composition;[a]
Nor would we deign him 'burial of his men,
Till he disburséd, at Saint Colme's Inch,[b]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Pronounce his 'present 'death,
And with his former title greet 'Macbeth.

Ross. I 'll 'see it done.

Dun. What he hath 'lost, noble Macbeth hath 'won. [Exeunt.

The victorious Generals, Macbeth and Banquo, are now returning to meet the main body of the army encamped with the King near Forres. As they march across the Heath, the Three Witches already await their approach. After pursuing devious ways of mischief, each hag has her own adventures to relate:

1 *Witch.* Where hast 'thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched:—"Give 'me," quoth I:—
"Aroint[c] thee, 'Witch!" the saucy ronyon[d] cries.—
Her husband 's to Aleppo[e] gone, master o' the *Tiger*;[f]
But in a 'sieve I 'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail:—
I 'll do! I 'll do! I 'll do!

2 *Witch.* I 'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself 'have all the other.
I will 'drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse-lid;[g]
He shall live a man 'forbid.[h]
Weary seven-nights,[i] nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be 'lost,
Yet it shall be 'tempest-tost.—
Look what 'I have.

---

[a] settlement, arranged truce. [b] St. (Columbo's Inch), an island (now called Inch-Keith) in the Frith of Forth. [c] avaunt, begone. [d] a fat woman. [e] a city of Syria. [f] name of a ship. [g] his eyes declining like the roof of a shed. [h] under a curse. [i] weeks

2 *and* 3 *W.* Show me! Show 'me!
1 *W.* Here I have a pilot's 'thumb,
Wrecked, as 'homeward he did come. [Drum within.
3 *W.* A drum, a drum! 'Macbeth doth come.
All. The Weird[a] Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to 'thine,—and thrice to 'mine,—
And thrice 'again,—to make up "Nine!"[b]
Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

Macbeth and Banquo enter; and, as if to show the sympathy of the mind of Macbeth with these three mysterious visitors, their recent closing words, "Fair is foul and foul is fair," introduce his own utterances, as he ominously says:

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo inquires of his fellow-general:

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres?[c]—'What are these.
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That 'look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are 'on 't? Live you?—or are you aught
That man 'may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: You 'should be 'women;
And yet your 'beards forbid me to interpret
That you 'are so.
Macb. Speak, if you 'can! 'What are you?
1 *W.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis![d]
2 *W.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of 'Cawdor![e]

A title new to Macbeth, and conveying an honour to which he is ignorant of any pretension. But the Third opens the vista of the rapt listener's inherent ambition:

3 *W.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be 'King, hereafter!
Ban. Good sir, why do you start? and seem to 'fear
Things that do sound so 'fair?—I' the name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical?[f] or that indeed
Which 'outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with 'present grace, and great 'prediction—
Of noble 'having,[g] and of 'royal 'hope—
That 'he seems rapt[h] withal: to 'me you speak not.
If you 'can look into the 'seeds of time,
And say which grain 'will grow and which will 'not,

[a] fate-speaking, prophetic. [b] 3, 7, and 9 were the old magic numbers. [c] a small town in Moray-shire, near Elgin, (O. R. Soris). [d] in Forfarshire, near the town of Forfar. [e] in Nairn, on the river Calder. [f] imaginary (creations of fantasy). [g] possession. [h] abstracted.

Speak then to 'me,—who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 W. Hail! *2 W.* Hail! *3 W.* Hail!

1 W. Lesser than Macbeth, and 'greater.

2 W. Not so happy, yet much 'happier.

3 W. Thou shalt 'get kings, though thou be none.
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo! Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers! tell 'me more.
By Sinel's[a] death, I 'know I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of 'Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor 'lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be 'King,
Stands not within the prospect of 'belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You 'owe this strange intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way
With 'such prophetic greeting? Speak, I 'charge you.

[The Witches vanish.

Ban. . . . The 'earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them! Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the 'air; and what seemed 'corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had 'stayed!

Ban. 'Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the 'in-sane root[b]
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your 'children shall be 'kings!

Ban. 'You shall be 'king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.—Who 's here?

The Thanes of Ross and Angus enter.

Ross. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy 'personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His 'wonders, and his 'praises, do contend—
'Which should be thine, or his. As thick as tale[c]
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And 'poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, 'thanks.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a 'greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of 'Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!

---

[a] Macbeth's father. [b] henbane, hemlock. [c] as quickly as they could be counted.

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor 'lives! Why do 'you dress me
In 'borrowed robes?
Ang. Who 'was the Thane, lives yet:
But treasons,—capital, confessed and proved,—
Have overthrown him.
Macb. . . . Glamis, 'and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is 'behind!—Thanks for your pains.—[To Ross.]
Do you [to Ban.] not hope your children shall 'be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to 'me,
'Promised no less to 'them?
Ban. That, trusted 'home,[a]
Might yet 'enkindle you unto the crown:
But oftentimes,—to win us to our harm,—
The Instruments of Darkness tell us 'truths;
Win us with 'honest 'trifles, to 'betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth walks apart to continue his meditation:

Macb. 'Two truths are told,—
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the 'imperial theme!—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This 'supernatural soliciting[b]
Cannot be 'ill . . . cannot be 'good:—If 'ill,
Why hath it given me 'earnest of success,
'Commencing in a 'truth? I 'am Thane of Cawdor:
If 'good, . . . why do I yield to that suggestion[c]
Whose horrid 'image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? 'Present 'fears
Are less than 'horrible 'imaginings.
My 'thought, (whose murder yet is but 'fantastical,)[d]
Shakes so my single state of man, that 'function[e]
Is smothered in 'surmise,[f]—and nothing 'is,
But what is 'not!
Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.—
Macb. If Chance will have me 'King, why, Chance may
'crown me,
'Without my stir.—
Ban. New honours come upon him,
(Like our strange garments,) cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of 'use.

---

[a] to its full extent. [b] incitement. [c] secret incitement, tempting hint.
[d] in imagination (fantasy). [e] action. [f] doubt, speculation.

Macb. 'Come what come may!
Time and the hour[a] run through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:[b] my dull brain was wrought[c]
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are 'registered, where, every day, I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.—
[To Banquo.] Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
(The interim having weighed it,)[d] let us speak
Our 'free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.

The Scene returns to Forres. In the Castle we see King Duncan, with his sons Malcolm and Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution 'done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet 'returned?
Mal. They are not 'yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that 'saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he 'confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing 'in his life
Became him like the 'leaving it: he died
As one that had been 'studied in his death,—
To throw away the 'dearest thing he owed,[e]
As 't were a careless 'trifle.
Dun. There 's 'no art
To find the 'mind's construction[f] in the 'face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute 'trust.—

Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus enter.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my 'ingratitude, even 'now,
Was heavy on me. Would thou hadst 'less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been 'mine: only I have left to say,
'More is thy due than more than 'all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays 'itself. Your 'highness' part
Is to 'receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;

---

[a] time and opportunity. [b] pardon. [c] agitated. [d] *i. e.*, in the intervening time having pondered on it. [e] owned. [f] disposition.

Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have 'begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee 'full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less 'deserved,—nor must be 'known
No less to have done so,—let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. 'There if I 'grow, the harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous 'joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of 'sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, 'Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland:[a] which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest 'him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On 'all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,[b]
And bind us 'further to you.

Macb. The 'rest is 'labour, which is not used for 'you:
I 'll be 'myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my 'wife with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor! [Exeunt King, &c.

The King and Train withdraw.

Macb. The prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which 'I must fall down, or else o'erleap—
For in my way it lies. Stars! 'hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The 'eye wink at the 'hand! Yet let that 'be,
Which the eye fears, when it is 'done, to see.— [Exit.

Macbeth hastens to Inverness, to prepare Lady Macbeth for this unexpected visitor. She is introduced to us while reading a letter from her husband, informing her of the predictions of the Weird Sisters:

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned, by the perfectest report,[c] they have more in them than 'mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves 'air—into which they vanished! Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives[d] from the King,

---

[a] an honorary title given to the heir elect to the Scottish throne: Cumberland being then held as a fief by Scotland. [b] a royal borough in Inverness-shire (at the mouth of the river Ness). [c] most reliable information. [d] messengers.

who all-hailed me "Thane of 'Cawdor;" by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me; and referred me to the coming-'on of time, with "Hail, 'King that 'shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver 'thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of 'what greatness is promised 'thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and 'Cawdor; and 'shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the 'nearest way. Thou 'wouldst be 'great;
Art not without 'ambition: but without
The 'illness should attend it: what thou wouldst 'highly,
That wouldst thou 'holily; wouldst not play 'false,
And yet wouldst 'wrongly 'win: Thou 'dst 'have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must 'do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost 'fear to do,
Than wishest should be 'un-done. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour 'my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise, with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the 'golden round,[a]
Which Fate and metaphysical[b] aid now seek[c]
To 'have thee crowned withal.—[An Attendant enters.] What is your tidings?

Att. The 'King comes here, 'to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt 'mad to say it!—
Is not thy master 'with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for 'preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true: our Thane is 'coming:
One of my fellows had the 'speed of him;
Who, almost 'dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make-up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings 'great news. [Exit Att.] The raven himself 's not hoarse[d]
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under 'my battlements. Come, you Spirits
That tend on mortal[e] thoughts, 'unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

---

[a] the crown. [b] supernatural. [c] O. R. doth seeme.
[d] O. R. the Rauen himselfe is hoarse. [e] murderous.

Of direst 'cruelty! make 'thick my blood!
Stop up the access and passage to 'remorse,—
That no compunctious visitings of nature
'Shake my fell purpose, nor keep 'peace between
The 'effect and 'hit! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for 'gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever, in your sightless substances,
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall[a] thee in the dunnest smoke of 'hell!
That my keen knife 'see not the wound it makes,
Nor 'Heaven peep through the blankness[b] of the dark
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Macbeth enters.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
'Greater than 'both, by the "All-hail" 'hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present; and I feel e'en now
The 'future, in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love, Duncan comes 'here, to-night.

Lady M. And when goes 'hence?

Macb. ... To-morrow,—as he 'purposes.

Lady M. O, never shall sun 'that morrow see!
Your face, my Thane, is as a 'book, where men
May 'read strange matters. To 'beguile the time,
Look 'like the time; bear 'welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: 'look like the innocent 'flower,
But 'be the 'serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be 'provided-for: and you shall put
This night's great business into 'my dispatch;[c]
Which shall, to all our nights and days to 'come,
Give solely 'sovereign sway and masterdom.—

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up 'clear;
To 'alter favour[d] ever is to 'fear:—Leave all the rest to 'me. [Exeunt.

The royal party are now approaching Macbeth's residence. The King addresses Banquo:

Dun. This Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. But see, our honoured Hostess!—

---

[a] enshroud. [b] O. R. blanket. [c] a speedy execution. [d] look, appearance.

Lady Macbeth enters.

The love that greets[a] us sometime is our 'trouble,
Which still we thank, as 'love.

Lady M. 'All our service
In every point 'twice done, and 'then done double,
Were poor and 'single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our House: for those of 'old,
We rest your hermits.[b]

Dun. Where 's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels; but he rides well;
And his great 'love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your guest 'to-night.

Lady M. Your servants 'ever
Have theirs, themselves, and 'what is theirs, in 'compt,[c]—
Still to return your 'own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host: we love him highly,
And shall 'continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess. [Exeunt.

While the royal banquet is proceeding, Macbeth is distractedly pacing his chamber;

Macb. If it were 'done when 'it is done, 't were 'well!—
It were done quickly, if the assassination[d]
Could trammel-up[e] the 'consequence, and catch,
With his surcease,[f] success! that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all 'here!
'But here—upon this bank and shoal[g] of 'Time—
We 'd jump the Life-to-'come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgement 'here; that we but 'teach
Bloody instructions; which, 'being taught, return,
To plague the inventor. This even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice,
To our 'own lips. . . . He 's here in 'double trust:
First, as I am his 'kinsman, and his 'subject,—
Strong both 'against the deed; then, as his 'host,—

---

[a] O. R. followa. [b] petitioners by prayer. [c] in this reckoning.

[d] These linea are usually printed differently:

O. R. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: If th' Assassination, &c.

Mr. Macready read and made a period after "well." The Editor's reading suggests this paraphrase: "If everything were concluded when the assassination is committed, then all would be well. It would be ended quickly if," &c.

[e] catch as in a trammel net. [f] death. [g] O. R. schoole.

Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself! Besides this, Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like Angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep 'damnation of his taking-off!
And Pity,—like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast; or heaven's Cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,—
Shall blow the horrid deed in 'every eye,
That tears shall 'drown the wind.—I have 'no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting 'ambition,—which o'erleaps its selle,[a]
And falls on the other side.[b]—How now? what news?

Lady Macbeth enters.

Lady M. He has almost supped. 'Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he 'asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. . . . We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me, of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of 'people,
Which should be 'worn now, in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it 'slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy 'love. Art thou 'afeard,
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in 'desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the 'ornament of life,
And live a 'coward in thine own esteem?—
Letting "I 'dare not," wait upon "I 'would,"—
Like the poor cat i' the adage![c]

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a 'man;
Who dares do more, . . . is 'none.

Lady M. What 'beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to 'me?
When you 'durst do it, 'then you were a man;
And to be 'more than what you were, you would

[a] saddle (O. R. it selfe) [b] O. R. falles on th' other. [c] "The cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet." Heywood's "Proverbs," (1566).

Be so much 'more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did 'then adhere,[a] and yet 'you would 'make 'both:
They have made 'themselves; and that, their fitness, now
Does unmake 'you.

Macb. If we should 'fail?

Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the 'sticking-place,
And we 'll 'not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two Chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail[b] so convince,[c]
That memory, the warder[d] of the brain,
Shall be a 'fume, and the receipt of reason
A 'limbeck[e] only: When, in 'swinish sleep,
'Their drenchèd natures lie, as in a 'death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The 'unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy[f] 'officers,—who shall bear the guilt
Of 'our great quell?[g]

Macb. Bring forth 'men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing 'but males! Will it not be received,—
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,—
That 'they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it 'other,—
As we shall make 'our griefs and clamour 'roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away! and mock the time with fairest 'show:
False 'face must 'hide what the false 'heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

The kind-hearted King is much pleased with his reception by the Thane of Cawdor, and, wearied with his journey, retires early to rest.

After the royal festivities, Banquo and his son Fleance are, lighted by torches, passing through the Court-yard within the Castle.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The 'moon is down; I have not heard the 'clock.

Ban. And she 'goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is 'later, sir.

---

[a] join, coincide. [b] salutation in drinking. [c] overpower. [d] guard, sentinel.
[e] an alembick (a vessel used in distilling). [f] full of liquor. [g] murder.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's 'husbandry[a] in heaven;
Their candles[b] are all 'out.—
A heavy summons lies like 'lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
'Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
Gives way-to in repose!—Give me my sword! Who 's there?

Macbeth and Servant (with a torch) enter:

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not 'yet at rest? The 'King 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess[c] to your 'Officers.[d]
This diamond he greets your 'wife withal,
By the name of "most kind hostess;" and shut-up[e]
In 'measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our 'will became the servant to 'defect,
Which, else, should 'free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.—
I dreamt last night of the Three Weird Sisters:
To 'you, they have 'showed some truth.

Macb. . . . I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some 'words upon that business,—
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to 'my consent,[f] when 't is,
It shall make 'honour for you.

Ban. So I 'lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to 'you. [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Macbeth is stealthily approaching the door of the King's chamber, forgetful of his Attendant—whom he hastily dismisses:

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink[g] is ready,
She strike upon the bell. . . . Get thee to bed.— [Exit Servant.
. . . Is this a 'dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me 'clutch thee:—
I 'have thee not, and yet I 'see thee still!

[a] frugality, economy. [b] the stars. [c] gifts, gratuities. [d] O. R. offices. [e] retired to his chamber. [f] desire, proposal. [g] cup of spiced wine.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To 'feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the 'mind,—a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? . . .
I see thee 'yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
. . . Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use! . . .
Mine eyes are made the 'fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: . . . I see thee 'still;
And, on thy blade and dudgeon,[a] gouts[b] of 'blood,
Which was not so before. . . . There 's 'no such thing!
It is the bloody 'business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now, o'er the one half-world,[c]
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper:[d] Now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's[e] offerings; and withered Murder,—
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure[f] and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way[g] they walk,—for fear
Thy very 'stones prate of my whereabout!
And 'take the present horror 'from the time,
Which now suits 'with it!—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words, to the heat of 'deeds, too 'cold breath gives.—
[A bell rings.
I go, and it is 'done! the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons 'thee—to heaven, or to hell! [Exit.

A few words in the progress of the Scene reveal a startling picture. When all the inmates of the Castle are supposed to be asleep, then Lady Macbeth, alone, with a dagger, enters the King's chamber; for she fears that her husband's resolution may fail. The two grooms are intoxicated with the potent draught she has prepared; the venerable King has sunk into gentle slumber—dreaming, perchance, of that hospitality now armed against his life: this fiendish woman approaches—her arm is raised to strike the sacrilegious blow, but is arrested by the resemblance of her victim to her aged father: and filial affection robs her of power to injure aught that bore a father's image:—she cannot proceed.

Increased draughts of wine enable her to return:

Lady M. That which hath made them 'drunk, hath made
'me 'bold;

[a] handle. [b] large drops (gouttes). [c] over one hemisphere. [d] O. R. sleep.
[e] the Queen of hellish enchantments; known as Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate or Proserpina in hell (O. R. Heccats). [f] O. R. sowre.
[g] O. R. which they may walke.

What hath quenched 'them, hath given me 'fire.—
Hark!—Peace!—
It was the 'owl that shrieked—the fatal bellman.
Which gives the 'stern'st good-night.—He is about it!...
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge[a] with snores: I have 'drugged their possets,[b]
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who 's there?—what, ho!

Lady. ... Alack! I am afraid they have 'awaked.
And 't is not 'done:—the 'attempt, and not the 'deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid 'their daggers ready;
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My 'father as he slept, 'I had done 't.—My husband!

Macbeth returns, smeared with blood:

Macb. I have 'done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a 'noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you 'speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight! [Showing his hands.

Lady. A 'foolish thought, to say a 'sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did 'laugh in 's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their 'prayers, and addressed them
'Again to sleep.
One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other,
As they had seen 'me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear.—I could not say "Amen,"
When 'they did say "God bless us."

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But 'wherefore could not 'I pronounce "Amen"?
'I had most need of blessing, ... and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat!

Lady. These deeds must not be thought on
After 'these ways: so, it will make us 'mad.

---

[a] make light of (neglect) their duty. [b] drinks (milk curdled with wine).

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does 'murder sleep,—the innocent sleep:
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave[a] of care;
The death of each day's life; sore labour's bath;
Balm of hurt minds; great Nature's 'second course;
Chief nourisher in life's feast;"—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore 'Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—'Macbeth shall 'sleep 'no 'more!"

Lady M. 'Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So 'brain-sickly of things. . . . Go, get some water,
And 'wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers 'from the place?
They must lie 'there: go, carry them; and . . . smear
The sleepy grooms with blood!

Macb. I 'll go no more!
I am afraid to 'think what I have done;
'Look on 't again I dare not!

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give 'me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as 'pictures; 't is the eye of 'childhood
That fears a 'painted devil. If he do bleed,
'I 'll gild the faces of the 'grooms withal,—
For it must seem 'their guilt.—

As Lady Macbeth enters the chamber of the murdered King, some of the royal Attendants are heard at the outer gate:

Macb. . . . 'Whence is that knocking?—
How is 't with 'me, when every noise 'appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's 'ocean wash this blood
'Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous[b] seas 'incarnadine,[c]
Making the green—one red.[d]

Lady Macbeth returns:

Lady M. My 'hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a 'heart so white. [Knock repeated.] I hear a knocking
At the south entry;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water 'clears us of this deed:

[a] entangled mass (like unwrought silk). [b] seas with countless waves. [c] become bloody or red-stained. [d] O. R. making the Greene one, Red.

How 'easy is it then!—Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.— [Knock.] Hark! 'more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And 'show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my 'deed, 't were best not know 'myself. [Knock.
Wake 'Duncan with thy knocking!—Ay![a] would thou 'couldst! [Exeunt.

The gate-Porter admits two of the King's Officers, Macduff and Lennox, who are immediately met by the wary Macbeth:

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. . . . Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call 'timely on him;
I have almost 'slipped the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a 'joyful trouble to you;
But yet ''t is one.

Macb. The labour we delight-in physics pain.—
. . . This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited[b] 'service. [Exit Macduff.

Lennox addresses Macbeth:

Len. Goes the King hence 'to-day?

Macb. . . . He does;—he did 'appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
'Lamentings heard i' the air,—strange screams of death!
Some say, the 'earth was feverous, and did 'shake.

Macb. ''T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A 'fellow to it.

Macduff is heard exclaiming, as he returns:

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot 'conceive, nor 'name thee!
Confusion now hath made his 'masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious 'murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The 'life o' the building.

[a] O. R. I would thou couldst. [b] appointed.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his 'majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a 'new Gorgon.[a] Do not bid 'me speak:
'See, and then speak 'yourselves. [Macb. and Len. rush out.
Awake! Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder! treason!
Banquo! and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!
Shake-off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death 'itself! Up, up, and see
The Great Doom's[b] 'image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your 'graves rise up, and walk like 'sprites,
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.

Banquo enters.

O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master 's 'murdered!

Macbeth returns with Lennox:

Macb. Had I but died an hour 'before this chance,
I had lived a 'blesséd time: for, from 'this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality;
All are but 'toys; renown and grace are dead;
The 'wine of life is drawn, and the mere 'lees
Is left this vault to brag-of.

Malcolm and Donalbain enter.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. 'You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the 'fountain of your blood
Is 'stopped; the very 'source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father 's 'murdered.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all 'badged with blood;
So were their 'daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows: they stared, and were distracted!
No man's life was to be trusted with them!

Macbeth interrupts: hoping, perhaps, to conceal one crime by confessing another:

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did 'kill them.
Macd. 'Wherefore did you so?
Macb. ... Who can be wise, amazed; temperate, and furious;
Loyal, and neutral, in a 'moment? 'No man.
The expedition of my violent 'Love

[a] a fabled monster, three-headed, serpent-haired. [b] the Day of Judgement.

Outran the pauser 'Reason.—'Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a 'breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: 'there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade; their daggers
Unmannerly breeched[a] with gore. Who could 'refrain,
That had a 'heart to 'love? and 'in that heart
'Courage, to make his love 'known?

Ban. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of 'God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence[b] I 'fight,
Of 'treasonous 'malice.

Macd. . . . And so do 'I.

All. So 'all.

Macd. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the 'hall together.

All. Well contented! [Exeunt all.

When morning came, Macbeth and his wife hid their own guilt by implicating the blood-besmeared grooms. The flight of the King's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain,—who feared that the murderous shaft had not yet lighted, and that their safest way was to avoid the aim—dispelled the fears of the regicide with regard to his succession. By the law of Scotland, at that time, if the King died during the minority of his children, the crown descended to the next in blood, if fitted to guide in peace and command in war. Macbeth stood in this relation to the throne, and hastened to Scone,[c] (the time-honoured scene of Scottish coronations,) where he was solemnly invested with the regal dignity.

Banquo alone suspects the means by which the royal seat has been attained:

Ban. Thou hast it 'now! 'King, 'Cawdor, Glamis;—'all,
As the Weird Women 'promised; and I fear,
Thou play'dst most 'foully for 't: Yet it was said
It should not stand in 'thy posterity;
But that 'myself should be the root and father
Of 'many kings. If there come 'truth from them,
(As upon 'thee, Macbeth, their speeches 'shine,)
Why, by the verities on 'thee made good,
May they not be 'my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

---

[a] foully clothed, covered. [b] intention.
[c] a village in Perthshire, Scotland, near the city of Perth. In the palace there the ceremony of the coronation was performed on the Stone of Destiny, (carried off from Scone by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey, in 1296).

A sennet[a] is sounded. Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants. The King addresses Banquo:

Macb. Here 's our 'chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been 'forgotten,
It had been as a 'gap in our great feast,
And all-things[b] unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn 'supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
'Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are, with indissoluble tie, for ever knit.
Macb. . . . 'Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice
In this day's Council; but we 'll take 'to-morrow. . . .
Is 't 'far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill-up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the 'better,
I must become a borrower of the 'night,
For a 'dark hour, or 'twain.[c]
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. . . . We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not 'confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange 'invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of State
Craving us 'jointly. 'Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. . . . Goes 'Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.—
[Exeunt Ban. and Flea.
Let every man be master of his time
Till 'seven, at night; to make 'society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself,
Till-supper 'time, alone; while then, heaven be with you.

All withdraw except Macbeth.

. . To be 'thus, is 'nothing;
But to be 'safely thus! Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and, in his royalty of nature,

[a] a set of musical notes (different from a flourish). [b] O. R. all thing. [c] two.

Reigns that which 'would be feared; and under him
My Genius is rebuked;—as, it is said,
Marc Antony's was by Cæsar.[a] He 'chid the Sisters
When first they put the name of King upon 'me,
And bade them speak to 'him: then, prophet-like,
They hailed 'him—father to a 'line of kings:
Upon 'my head they placed a 'fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,—
No son of 'mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's 'issue have I 'filed[b] my mind;
For 'them, the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for 'them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,[c]
To make 'them 'kings! The seed of 'Banquo kings?
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the outrance![d]

Macbeth then hires Two Murderers to slay Banquo and Fleance on their way to the banquet. The father is slain, but the son (Fleance) escapes; and becomes the direct ancestor of that long line of unfortunate Kings, the Stuart family: who, first governing Scotland, succeeded to the thrones of England and Ireland—the "two-fold balls and triple sceptres" of later history.

While the blow is preparing which is to rid him of his rival, Macbeth is addressed by his remorseless Queen:

Lady M. How now, my lord? Why do you keep 'alone?
Of sorriest[e] fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have 'died
With them they think-on! Things without 'remedy
Should be without 'regard: 'What 's done, 'is done.
Macb. We have 'scotched[f] the snake, . . . not 'killed it:
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
'Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, 'both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in 'fear; and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible 'dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be 'with the dead—
Whom we, to gain our place,[g] have sent to 'peace,—
Than, on the torture of the mind, to lie
In restless ecstasy.[h] 'Duncan is in his grave:

[a] See Julius Cæsar, Act 4, Scene iii. [b] defiled. [c] Satan. [d] last extremity, (O. R. utterance). [e] most dismal. [f] cut slightly (O. R. scorch'd). [g] O. R. peace. [h] delirium.

After life's fitful fever, 'he sleeps well:
Treason has done his 'worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch 'him further!

Lady M. Come on: Gentle my lord.
Sleek-o'er your 'rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your 'guests to-night.

Macb. . . . O, full of 'scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, 'live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not 'eterne.

Macb. 'There 's comfort yet! they 'are assailable:
Then be thou 'jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne[a] beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,—
There shall be done a deed of 'dreadful note!

Lady M. 'What 's to be done?

Macb. . . . Be innocent of the 'knowledge, dearest chuck,[b]
Till thou applaud the 'deed.—Come, seeling 'night!
Scarf-up the tender eye of pitiful 'day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky[c] wood;
Good things of 'day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles 'night's black agents to their prey do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words; but . . . hold 'thee still!
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill. [Exeunt.

At supper, Lady Macbeth—now Queen—on whom the weight of royalty sat with easy dignity, conversed with the utmost affability: and Macbeth had the art to hide his treacherous new crimes with smiles. He thus addresses the assembled nobility of Scotland:

Macb. You know your own degrees,[d]—sit down:
To[e] first and last, the hearty 'welcome.

Lords. 'Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the 'humble host.
Our hostess 'keeps her state;[f] but, in best time,
We will require 'her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it 'for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my 'heart speaks, they 'are welcome.

---

[a] carried along by sheathed wings. [b] a term of endearment. [c] abounding with rooks (crows). [d] differences of rank (precedence). [e] O. R. at. [f] remains in her chair of state.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with 'their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit, i' the 'midst.
Be 'large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.

Here one of the Murderers comes to the door of the banquet-chamber; and, while Macbeth checks him, the Ghost of the murdered Banquo appears in the vacant chair which Macbeth intended for himself.

. . . There 's blood upon thy face!

Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than him within.
'Is he dispatched?

Mur. My lord, his throat is 'cut; that 'I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the 'best o' the cut-throats; yet he 's 'good,
That did the like for 'Fleance: if thou didst 'it,
Thou art the nonpareil![a]

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. . . . Then comes my fit 'again; I had else been 'perfect;
Whole as the 'marble, founded as the 'rock,
As broad and general as the casing[b] air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But 'Banquo 's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a 'ditch he bides,
With 'twenty trenchéd gashes on his head;
The 'least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the 'grown serpent lies; the 'worm[c] that 's fled,
Hath nature that in 'time will venom breed,
No teeth for the 'present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear—ourselves—again.— [Exit Murderer.

The Queen advances, to recall Macbeth's attention to his guests:

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the 'cheer. The feast is 'sold,[d]
That is not often vouched, 'while 't is a-making,
'T is 'given with 'welcome: To 'feed, were best at 'home;
'From thence, the sauce to meat is 'ceremony;—
Meeting were 'bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

---

[a] the unequalled one. [b] surrounding. [c] the young serpent (Fleance).
[d] *i. e.*, not given, but bought.

Here had we now our country's honour 'roofed,
Were the graced person of our 'Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for 'unkindness,
Than pity for 'mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his 'promise. Please it your highness
To grace 'us with your royal company?

Macb. The table 's 'full.

Len. 'Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.—What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. . . . Which of you have done this?
Thou canst not say, 'I did it: never shake thy gory locks at 'me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is 'often thus;
The fit is 'momentary. If 'much you note him,
You shall offend him, and 'extend his passion;[a]
'Feed, and regard him not. [Aside to Macbeth.] Are you a 'man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one; that dare look on 'that
Which might appal the 'Devil!

Lady M. O proper 'stuff!
This is the very painting of your 'fear:
This is the 'air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to 'Duncan. O, these flaws,[b] and starts,
Impostors true to fear,[c] would well become
A 'woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
When all 's done, you look but on a 'stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! How say you?—
Why, what care 'I? If thou canst 'nod, 'speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, 'back, 'our monuments
Shall be the maws of 'kites. [The Ghost disappears.

Lady M. What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I 'saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed 'ere now, i' the 'olden time;
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;[d]
Ay, and 'since too, murders have been performed

---

[a] prolong his suffering. [b] sudden emotions. [c] O. R. imposters to true fear.
[d] purified the community (common-weal).

Too 'terrible for the ear: The time 'has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would 'die,
And there an 'end; but 'now, . . . they rise again,
With 'twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our 'stools!

Lady M. My worthy lord, . . . your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. . . . I do forget.—
Do not 'muse[a] at me, my most worthy friends;
I have . . . a strange infirmity,—which is nothing
To those that 'know me. Come, love and health to all;
'Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine: fill 'full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, . . . whom we miss;

At the mention of his name the Ghost again rises.

'Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all. . . .
Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth 'hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast 'no speculation,[b] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of 'custom; 't is no other;
Only it spoils the 'pleasure of the time.

Macb. What 'man dare, 'I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan[c] tiger;
Take any shape but 'that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If, trembling, I inhibit thee,[d] protest me
The 'baby of a 'girl! Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal! mockery! hence! [Ghost disappears.]—Why, so; being gone,
I am a 'man again.—'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. 'Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,

[a] think wonderingly. [b] power of vision. [c] belonging to Hyrcania (a district of Ancient Asia, south of the Caspian sea, famous for its wild animals).
[d] O. R. I inhabit then.

'Without our special wonder? . . . You make me strange,[a]
Even to the 'disposition that I owe,[b]
When now I think 'you can behold such sights;
And keep the natural ruby of 'your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with 'fear.

Ross. 'What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question 'enrages him: At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the 'order of your going,
But go at 'once.—A kind good night to all! [Exeunt Guests.

The King and Queen are alone.

Macb. It will have 'blood! They say, blood 'will have blood!
'Stones have been known to 'move,[c] and trees to 'speak;
Augurs,[d] and understood relations,[e] have,
(By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,) brought 'forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with 'morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff 'denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you 'send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the 'way; but I 'will send.—
There 's not a Thane[f] of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.—I will to-morrow,
And 'betimes I will, to the Weird Sisters:
'More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the 'worst means, the 'worst. For mine own good
'All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped-in so far, that, should I wade no more,
'Returning were as tedious as go-'o'er.
Strange things I have in 'head that will to 'hand;
Which must be 'acted, ere they may be scanned.[g]

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep! . . . My strange and self-abuse
Is the 'initiate[h] fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but 'young, in 'deed![i] [Exeunt.

---

[a] *i. e.*, you make me a stranger. [b] possess. [c] incite to action. [d] auguries.
[e] stories of cause and effect related in the language of birds. [f] O. R. ons.
[g] minutely examined. [h] first experienced. [i] action.

In accordance with this resolution to know the future of his destiny, Macbeth proceeds to the Pit of Acheron[a]—a deep cave, in the middle of which a cauldron is boiling. Here the Witches who had greeted him on the heath, are—directed by Hecate their queen—preparing new charms and incantations.

1 *Witch.* 'Thrice the brinded[b] Cat hath mewed.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the Hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch.* Harpier[c] cries:—'T is time, 't is time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.—
Toad, that, under the cold stone,
Days and nights, hast, thirty-one
Sweltered[d] venom, sleeping got,—
Boil thou 'first i' the charmèd pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble!
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble!
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork,[e] and blind-worm's[f] sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a 'hell-broth, boil and bubble!
All. Double, double toil and trouble!
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble!
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf:
Witches' mummy; maw,[g] and gulf,[h]
Of the ravening[i] salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;—
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[j]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble!
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble!
2 *Witch.* 'Cool it with a baboon's blood:
Then the charm is firm and good.
. . . By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something 'wicked this way comes: [Knocking.
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

[a] among the old poets, Acheron was the name of a river and lake in Hell
[b] streaked. [c] an attendant imp. [d] oozed as sweat. [e] two-pronged tongue.
[f] a small viper. [g] mouth. [h] stomach. [i] O. E. ravin'd. [j] entrails.

Macbeth stands before them:

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! . . .
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,—
(Howe'er you come to 'know it,) 'answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins[a] tumble all together,
Even till Destruction sicken;—'answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *W.* Speak. 2 *W.* Demand. 3 *W.* We 'll answer.

1 *W.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from 'our mouths,
Or from our 'masters'?

Macb. Call them: let me 'see them.

1 *W.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath 'eaten
Her 'nine farrow: grease that 's sweaten
From the 'murderer's gibbet, throw into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[b] show!

Thunder. An armed Head appears, and warns him:

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.
[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped[c] my fear aright. But one word more—

1 *W.* He will not be 'commanded. Here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. The apparition of a bloody Child rises and encourages him:

2 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I 'three ears, I 'd hear thee.

2 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to 'scorn
The power of 'man; for none, of 'woman born,
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then 'live, Macduff: What 'need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance 'double sure,

[a] seeds of life (O. R. Germaine). [b] fittingly, quickly. [c] sounded as on a harp-string.

And take a 'bond of fate:—Thou shalt not 'live!
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

The apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, emboldens him.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a 'king;
And wears, upon his 'baby-brow, the round
And top of sovereignty?

3 *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be,—until
Great Birnam[a] Wood to high Dunsinane Hill[b]
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will 'never be!
Who can impress[c] the forest? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet my heart
Throbs to know 'one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—'shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I 'will be satisfied: 'deny me this,
And an eternal 'curse fall on you! Let me know!...
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Wild music.

1 *W.* Show! 2 *W.* Show! 3 *W.* Show!

1 *W.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like 'shadows, so depart.

Here several Visions, like Kings, (the long line of the House of Stuart; the last carrying a reflecting mirror, denoting the continuance of their rule,) pass before Macbeth.

Macb. Thou art too-like the Spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear[d] mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou 'other gold-bound brow, is like the first!—
A third is like the former!—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch-out to the crack of doom?[e]
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the 'eighth appears,—who bears a glass,
Which shows me 'many more; and some I see,

[a] Birnam Hill is close to the town of Dunkeld, in Perthshire. [b] The Dunsinane Hills are about twelve miles distant. The remains of Macbeth's Castle appear now like the vestiges of a vitrified fort. [c] impel into service. [d] dry up. [e] dissolution of nature.

That 'two-fold balls and 'treble-sceptres[a] carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, do I see, 't is 'true;
For the blood-boltered[b] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for 'his.—What! is this so?
[Wild music. The Witches vanish.
... Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurséd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there! Lennox! [Lennox enters.
Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not 'by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride!—I heard
The galloping of horse: Who was 't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled—to England.

Macb. Time, thou 'anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty 'purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the 'deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my 'heart shall be
The firstlings of my 'hand. And even now,
To 'crown my thoughts with 'acts, be it thought and done:—
The 'castle of Macduff I will 'surprise;
Seize upon 'Fife;[c] give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a 'fool;
This deed I 'll 'do, before this purpose cool.
But no more 'sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, 'bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

Macbeth instantly issues orders for the ruthless butchery. The castle of Macduff is sacked—his wife and children are barbarously murdered.—Macduff himself had previously escaped to England—that he might rouse the young Prince Malcolm to deliver Scotland from its murderous tyrant.

The Thane of Ross hastens to England, and is thus the bearer of these unhappy tidings. Before his arrival, Prince Malcolm is in earnest conversation with Macduff:

Mal. Let us seek-out some 'desolate shade, and there
'Weep our sad bosoms empty.

[a] denoting the future union of England, Scotland, and Irelaud. [b] daubed with blood (blood issuing from many wounds). [c] Macduff himself (the Thane of Fife).

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal 'sword, and, like good men,
'Bestride[a] our down-fall'n birthdoms.[b] Each new morn
New 'widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the 'face,—that it resounds
As if it felt 'with Scotland, and yelled-out
'Like[c] syllable of dolour.

Mal. This tyrant, (whose sole 'name blisters our tongues,)
Was once thought 'honest; you 'have loved him well;
He hath not touched 'you yet.

Macd. I have 'lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my 'doubts.—
Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without 'leave-taking?—Yet you may be just,
Whatever I shall 'think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness 'dares not check thee! Fare thee well:
'I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.[d]

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute 'fear of you.
'I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is 'added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in 'my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I 'offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,—
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword,—yet my poor country
Shall have 'more vices than it had before;
More 'suffer, and more sundry 'ways than ever,
By him that shall 'succeed.

Macd. What should 'he be?

Mal. It is 'myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as 'snow; and the poor State
Esteem him as a 'lamb, being compared
With 'my 'confineless[e] harms.

---

[a] control (as a rider his horse). [b] birth-rights (O. R. our downfall Birthdoms).
[c] similar. [d] in addition, besides. [e] unlimited.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be 'fit to govern, speak:
I 'am, as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to 'govern?
No, not to 'live.—O nation miserable,
When shalt thou see thy 'wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his 'own interdiction stands accurs'd! Thy royal 'father
Was a most 'sainted King; the 'Queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her 'knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. But fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon 'thyself,
Have banished 'me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope 'ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
'Wiped the black scruples,—reconciled my thoughts
To thy good 'truth and 'honour. Even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
'Un-speak mine own detraction; here 'abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
'For strangers to my nature. What I 'am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command. . . .
Why are you silent?
Macd. Such 'welcome and 'un-welcome things at once,
'T is hard to reconcile.

The Thane of Ross approaches.

See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I 'know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin! Welcome hither.
Mal. I know him 'now. Good heaven, betimes remove
The means that make us 'strangers?
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our 'mother, but our 'grave; where nothing,—
But who 'knows nothing,[a]—is once seen to 'smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are 'made, not 'marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy;[b] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for 'whom; and good men's lives

[a] *i. e.*, an idiot. [b] a fashionable hysteria.

Expire before the 'flowers in their caps,—
'Dying, or ere they 'sicken.
Macd. O relation,[a] too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the 'newest grief?
Ross. That of an 'hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each 'minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. . . . Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. . . . Well, too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at 'their peace?
Ross. No; they were 'well-at-peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a 'niggard of your speech: 'How goes it?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have 'heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were 'out![b]
'Now is the time of help! 'Your eye in Scotland
Would 'create soldiers,—make our 'women fight,
To doff[c] their dire distresses!
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are 'coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier, none
That 'Christendom gives-out.
Ross. 'Would I could 'answer
This comfort with the 'like! But 'I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[d] them.
Macd. What concern they?
The 'general cause? or is it a 'fee-grief,[e]
Due to some 'single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's 'honest
But in it shares 'some woe; though the 'main part
Pertains to 'you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; 'quickly let me have it!
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,—
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Ha! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is 'surprised;[f] your wife, and babes,
Savagely 'slaughter'd: to relate the 'manner,

---

[a] recital of facts [b] slain. [c] throw off. [d] lay hold of them. [e] personal (like property held in fee-simple). [f] suddenly attacked.

Were, on the quarry[a] of these murdered deer,
To add the death of 'you.

Prince Malcolm exclaims:

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow:
Give sorrow 'words! the grief, that does not 'speak,
'Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it 'break!
Macd. . . . My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be 'from thence! . . My 'wife killed too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great 'revenge
To 'cure this deadly grief.
Macd. 'He has 'no children.—'All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O hell-kite![b]—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it[c] like a 'man.
Macd. I 'shall do so;
But I must also 'feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things 'were,
That were most precious to me.—'Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? . . . Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck[d] for 'thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their 'own demerits, but for 'mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to 'anger; blunt not the heart, 'enrage it.
Macd. O, I 'could play the 'woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission.[e] Front to front
Bring thou this 'fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Then Heaven 'forgive him too!
Mal. 'This tune[f] goes 'manly.
Come, go we to the King: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers 'above
Put-on 'their instruments.[g] Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long, that 'never finds the day. [Exeunt.

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[a] slaughter. [b] fiendish bird of prey. [c] contend with sorrow. [d] destroyed (as by lightning). [e] intervening time. [f] O. E. time. [g] agents of punishment.

The Scene returns to Macbeth's castle at Dunsinane. The excitements of successful crime, and the awful slaughter which her husband now remorselessly directs, have overthrown Lady Macbeth's mind. In her sleep, the Doctor and a Gentlewoman in waiting overhear some startling disclosures: The Doctor says:

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no 'truth in your report. When was it she 'last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and 'return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. . . . Lo you! here she comes. Observe her: stand close.

Lady Macbeth enters with a taper.

Doct. How 'came she by that light?

Gent. She has light by her 'continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open!

Gent. Ay, but their 'sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does 'now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Lady M. . . . Yet here 's a spot. Out, damnéd spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 't is 'time to do 't.—"Hell is 'murky?"—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear 'who knows it, when none can call our power to 'account? . . . Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much 'blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. . . . The Thane of Fife 'had a wife: where is she 'now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to! you have 'known what you should not.

Gent. She has 'spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: 'Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. . . . Here 's the 'smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! . . . oh! . . . oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in 'my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's 'buried; he cannot come out of his grave. To bed, to bed: there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come!

come, give me your hand:—What 's 'done cannot be
'un-done:—To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit.

Doct. 'Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural 'troubles: infected[a] minds
To their deaf 'pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the 'divine than the physician.—
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
I 'think, but dare not 'speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

The measure of Macbeth's wickedness is now filled. Prince Malcolm, Macduff, and others who had found refuge in England, enter Scotland at the head of a large army—augmented by ten thousand English soldiers—to dethrone Macbeth. He is now shut up in Dunsinane Castle, which he has fortified against the hourly-expected assault. Annoyed by the rumours which his Officers are ever bringing of the defection of his adherents—yet strong in his belief of the Weird Sisters—he thus silences the messengers of fresh ill-tidings:

Macb. Bring me no 'more reports:[b] Let Thanes[c] fly 'all:
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was 'he not "born of woman?" The Spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounced me thus:—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that 's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on 'thee."—Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures!
The mind 'I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag[d] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

A Soldier hurriedly enters.

Thou cream-faced loon![e] where gott'st thou that 'goose-look?

Serv. There are ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. 'Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, paint thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily'-livered boy! What soldiers, patch?[g]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are 'counsellors to fear. 'What soldiers, whey-face?

[a] guilty. [b] tidings of desertion. [c] O. R. them. [d] stagger. [e] base fellow, [f] white. [g] a term of contempt (alluding to a Fool's party-coloured dress).

Serv. The 'English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Soldier.]—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair[a] me ever, or disseat[b] me now.
I have lived long enough: my 'May[c] of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the 'yellow leaf;
And that which 'should accompany old age,—
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,—
'I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
'Curses,—not loud, but deep; 'mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain 'deny,—and dare not.—
Seyton!—[Seyton enters.]
Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is 'confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be 'hacked.
Send out 'more horses, skirr[d] the country round;
'Hang those that 'talk of fear.—
[The Doctor enters.] 'How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so 'sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming 'fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. 'Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a 'mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted 'sorrow?
Raze-out the written troubles of the 'brain?
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul[e] bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the 'heart?
Doct. Therein the patient must minister to 'himself.
Macb. . . . Throw physic to the dogs, 'I 'll none of it.—
Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—.
If thou couldst, doctor, find my land's disease,
And cleanse it to a sound and pristine 'health,
I would applaud thee to the very 'echo,
That should applaud again—
What rhubarb, senna,[f] or what purgative drug,
Would scour these 'English hence? 'Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
'Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring my armour on!—

[a] enthrone (O. R. chaire). [b] unseat. [c] O. R. way. [d] scour, override. [e] O. R. stuffe. [f] O.R. cyme.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam-forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt.

The English forces, under the command of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, have joined the Scottish troops, headed by Malcolm, near Birnam Wood—when the Prince issues a strategic order:

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a 'bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we 'shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in 'report of us.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps 'still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting-down before 't. The time approaches,
That will, with due decision, make us know
What we shall say we 'have, and what we 'owe.[a]
Thoughts 'speculative their unsure 'hopes relate,
But 'certain issue 'strokes must arbitrate:[b]
Towards which advance the war! [Exeunt.

Within Dunsinane Castle, Macbeth is making preparations to resist the expected attack.

Macb. Hang-out our banners! On the 'outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to 'scorn: there[c] let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up!
Were they not 'forced[d] with those that 'should be 'ours,
We might have met them 'dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [A cry within.] What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of 'women, my good lord. [Exit.

Macb. I have almost 'forgot the taste of fears.
The time 'has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell[e] of hair
Would, at a dismal 'treatise, rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped 'full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. [Seyton re-enters.] 'Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is 'dead.

Macb. . . . She 'should have died 'hereafter:
There 'would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

---

[a] what we possess, and to whom we owe allegiance. [b] determine.
[c] O. R. here. [d] strengthened, reinforced. [e] scalp, covering.

To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our 'yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out? out? . . . brief candle!
Life 's but a walking 'shadow;—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then . . . is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an 'idiot,—full of sound and fury,
'Signifying 'nothing!

Now the equivocations of the Weird Sisters first begin to startle the guilty King. A Sentinel, amazed at the sight of an apparent impossibility, hastily approaches Macbeth:

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story—quickly!
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I 'saw,
But know not 'how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir!
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam; and anon, methought,
The wood began to 'move!
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess Let me 'endure your wrath if 't be 'not so.
Within this three mile may you 'see it coming;
I say, a moving 'grove.
Macb. . . . If thou speak'st 'false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang, 'alive,
Till famine cling[a] thee: if thy speech be 'sooth,
I care not if thou dost for 'me as much.—
I pall[b] in resolution; and begin
To doubt the 'equivocation of the fiend,
That 'lies, like 'truth: "Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
'Comes toward Dunsinane!—Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, 'does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.—
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the 'world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness[c] on our back. [Exeunt.

The Scene is now on a Plain before the Castle. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their soldiers carrying boughs of trees.

[a] shrivel thee up. [b] fail (lose power), O. E. pull. [c] armour.

Mal. Now, near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you 'are.—You, worthy uncle,
Lead our 'first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what 'remains to do,
According to our 'order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power 'to-night,
Let us be 'beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our 'trumpets speak; give them 'all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

Alarums continued. The confusion of the battle brings the leaders before us in quick succession. Macbeth enters:

Macb. They have tied me to a 'stake; I cannot 'fly,
But, bear-like, I must 'fight the course.—What 's he
That was 'not born of woman? 'Such a one
Am I to fear, or 'none. [Exit.

In the midst of new alarums, Macduff wildly enters:

Macd. 'That way the noise is.—Tyrant, 'show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of 'mine,
My wife's and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched 'kerns,[a] whose arms
Are 'hired to bear their staves: either 'thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an 'unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.—Let me 'find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit.

The Castle has surrendered. Macbeth returns:

Macb. Why should 'I play the 'Roman fool,[b] and die
On mine 'own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon 'them.

Macduff rushes through the gateway.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided 'thee:
But get thee back! My soul is too much charged
With blood of 'thine already.

Macd. I have no 'words;
My voice is in my 'sword; Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

The first fury of Macduff's attack is vain, and the confident tyrant reveals the secret of his strength:

Macb. Thou 'losest labour:

[a] common soldiers. [b] Brutus (who committed suicide).

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant[a] 'air
With thy keen sword impress, as make 'me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on 'vulnerable crests;
'I bear a 'charméd life,—which must not yield
To one of 'woman born.

Macd. 'Despair thy charm;
And let the 'angel,[b] whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee,—Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely 'ripped.

Macb. . . . Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath 'cowed[c] my better part of mau!
And be these juggling fiends no 'more believed,
That palter with us in a 'double sense;
That 'keep the word of promise to our 'ear,
And 'break it to our 'hope.—I 'll not fight with 'thee.

Macd. Then 'yield thee, 'coward!
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer 'monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the Tyrant."

Macb. . . . I 'll 'not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited[d] with the rabble's 'curse.
Though Birnam wood 'be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the 'last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay-on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

With these frantic words the combat is renewed; and, after a fierce conflict, Macbeth is slain. Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, the lineal heir, is then, amid the acclamations of the nobility and the soldiers, addressed by the conquering Macduff:

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. The time is 'free!
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,[e]
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [Flourish.

Mal. What 's 'more to do, by the blest grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone. [Flourish. Exeunt.

END OF MACBETH.

[a] not capable of being wounded. [b] the Evil Spirit. [c] subdued with fear.
[d] excited to madness. [e] ornaments (the assembled nobility).

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The story of "Timon of Athens" is an old one; it is found in Lucian's "Dialogues"—in Plutarch's "Life of Marc Antony"—and in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure." There is also a manuscript play (lately printed) which had been performed before 1600; having, however, a partial resemblance to the later work of the Stratford dramatist.

It is generally conceded that this drama was constructively founded on an older play;[a] and that the poetic embellishments, and new developments of the character of the misanthrope, belong to Shakespeare. His Timon is not the Timon of Plutarch—an ordinary cynic, angry with all men and trusting none; nor like the Timon of Paynter—a beast only,—"living a beastly and churlish life;" but rather like the Timon of Lucian (whose account Shakespeare must have *heard*, but he could not have *read*—for there was as yet no translation,)—a man of truth, probity, humanity, charity, and benevolent liberality; changed, by the ingratitude of those whom he had befriended, to become a bitter despiser of men and all their assemblies and conventionalities.

The dual representation of misanthropy is wonderful—in the contrasted "similarities" of Timon and Apemantus; the latter, a vile, ever-growling cynic, deformed in body and debased in mind; while Timon, even in his greatest calamities, retains, with his deep disgust for society, the unyielding dignity of a noble soul.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *Lords, and flatterers of Timon.*
VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*
FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*
Poet, Painter, Jeweler, and Merchant.
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, *Servants to Timon.*
Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.
Lords, Senators, Thieves, Attendants, etc.

Scene.—Athens and the Woods near that city.

Lord Timon is a nobleman of great wealth, whose military bravery in early life had been conspicuous in Athens, but who is

[a] One line, in "Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine," (1601,) alludes to this old play:

"Come, I 'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens."

now only ambitious of benefiting his friends with most ostentatious liberality; so that there are few, even of the aristocrats of the city, who have not been largely indebted to his bounty. The Artist, anxious for a purchaser, took to the wealthy nobleman his speaking canvas,

"Which tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in his touches livelier than life."

The needy Poet, sighing for a patron and a dedication fee, was sure of success; the Jeweler, who had a valuable diamond of the purest water—or the Merchant, desirous to dispose of his most costly wares,—sought out the wealthy Timon; nor were there wanting fawning poetasters, daubing painters, lying tradesmen, needy lords, and impecunious ladies, to solicit his aid.

The Scene discloses a Hall in Lord Timon's house, with many sycophantic applicants in waiting. The Poet says to his time-serving associates:

Poet. You see how 'all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery natures,[a] as
Of grave and 'austere quality—tender-down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large 'fortune,
(Upon his good and gracious 'nature hanging,)
Subdues and properties, to his love and tendance,
'All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced 'flatterer,[b]
To 'Apemantus—that few things loves better
Than to abhor 'himself;—even 'he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace—
Most rich in Timon's 'nod.[c]

This Apemantus is one of those old Grecian cynics and snarlers, who believe in the pessimistic doctrine, that guilt, and not goodness, is the governing principle of mankind; and who therefore visit society either to decry it or to curse it. Could the noble Timon have any sympathy with this snarling abortion?

Surely, no: Timon is at 'heart one of Nature's 'noblemen—always ostentatious, but ever benevolent; and many debts, contracted by spendthrift prodigals, were fully and freely paid by the large-hearted, open-handed Timon.

As Lord Timon enters his hall (in conversation with a Messenger from the needy Ventidius), he is met by the crowd of sycophants and self-interested solicitors.

Tim. 'Imprisoned is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents[d] is his debt.
Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well; 'I am not of 'that feather
To shake 'off my friend when he most needs me.[e]
Commend me to him; I will 'send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him 'come to me.

[a] O. R. creatures. [b] reflecting the looks of his patron. [c] recognition.
[d] The Attic talent was worth £243 15s. ($1,179.75). [e] O. R. when he must neede me.

'T is not enough to 'help the feeble 'up,
But to 'support him 'after.—Fare you well. [Exit.

An old Athenian approaches:

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. 'Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius?
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, 'call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!
Luc. [Coming forward.] Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon,—this thy creature,[a]—
By 'night frequents my house. I am a man
That, from my 'first, have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate 'deserves an heir, more raised
Than one which holds a 'trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only 'daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may 'confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, (o' the youngest for a bride,)
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man[b] of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to 'forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore will well be with him,[c] Timon:
His honesty rewards him in 'itself;
It must not bear my 'daughter.
Tim. Does 'she love 'him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our 'own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in 'youth.
Tim. [To Luc.] 'Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she 'accepts of it.
Old Ath. If, in her marriage, 'my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the 'beggars of the world,
And 'dis-possess her 'all.
Tim. How shall she be endowed
If she be mated with an 'equal husband?
Old Ath. 'Three talents on the present; in future, 'all.

[a] a term of contempt. [b] servant. [c] O. R. therefore he will be.

Tim. This 'gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune, I will 'strain a little,
For 't is a 'bond in men. 'Give him thy daughter:
What 'you bestow, in him I 'll 'counterpoise,
And make him weigh with 'her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your 'honour, she is 'his!
Tim. My 'hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

The happy lover expresses his gratitude:

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to 'you! [Exeunt Luc. and Old Ath.

The Poet approaches with his latest rhymes:

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have 'you there, my friend?

The Artist replies:

Pain. A piece of painting,—which I do beseech
Your lordship to 'accept.
Tim. Painting is 'welcome.
The 'painting is almost the 'natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's 'nature,
He 's but 'outside; these 'penciled figures are
Even such as they give-out.[a] . . . I 'like your work;
And you shall 'find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare 'you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs 'dine together.—[to Jeweller.] Sir, your jewel
Hath 'suffered under praise.
Jew. What, my lord! 'dis-praise?
Tim. A mere 'satiety of commendations:
If I should pay you for 't as 't is 'extolled,
It would undo[b] me quite.
Jew. You 'mend the jewel by the 'wearing it.
Tim. Well mocked.

The Merchant smilingly interrupts:

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the 'common tongue,—
Which 'all men speak 'with him.

While he thus is surrounded by fawning parasites and flattering swindlers, even misanthropic Apemantus is kindly addressed:

Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

---

[a] appear. [b] O. R. unclew.

Apem. Till I 'be gentle, stay for 'thy good morrow—
When thou art Timon's 'dog, and these knaves honest.[a]
Tim. 'Why dost thou call them 'knaves? thou 'know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not 'Athenians? Then I repent not.
Tim. . . . Thou art 'proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am 'not like 'Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an 'honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt 'die for.
Apem. Right!—if doing 'nothing be death by the law.

The Painter advances:

Tim. How likest 'thou this picture, Apemantus?
Wrought he not 'well that painted it?
Apem. 'He wrought better that made the 'painter; and yet he 's but a 'filthy piece of work.

The indignant Painter exclaims:

Pain. You are a 'dog!
Apem. Thy mother 's of my 'generation: what 's 'she, if I be a dog?

Timon kindly interposes:

Tim. Wilt 'dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not 'lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger 'ladies.

The Jeweller jauntingly approaches:

Tim. How dost thou like this 'jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain dealing,—which will not cost a man a doit.[b]
Tim. What dost thou think 't is 'worth?
Apem. 'Not worth my 'thinking. How now, poet?

The smirking Poet comes forward:

Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest!
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie 'not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou 'liest: look in thy 'last work, where thou hast feigned Timon a 'worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's 'not feigned; he 'is so.

[a] *i. e.*, never. [b] any coin of the smallest value.

Apem. Yes! he is worthy of 'thee, . . . and to 'pay thee for thy labour: he that 'loves to be 'flattered, is 'worthy o' the flatterer. O, that I were a 'lord!

Tim. What wouldst do 'then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does 'now—'hate a lord with my heart!

Tim. What, thyself? Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so wronged my wit[a] to 'be a lord.—

He turns to another hanger-on:

Art not 'thou a 'merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. 'Traffic confound thee, if the 'gods will not!

Mer. If 'traffic do it, the 'gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's 'thy god;—and thy 'god confound thee!

This ill-natured conversation is interrupted by music without, and a Servant enters.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.[b]

Tim. Pray, 'entertain them; give them 'guide to us.—[Exit Attend.
You must needs 'dine with me.—Go not 'you hence
Till I have 'thanked you;—and, when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Alcibiades, with his Officers, enters.

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.

Apemantus contemptuously snarls at the new arrivals:

Apem. So, so; there!—
May aches contract[c] and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small 'love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this 'courtesy! The strain[d] of 'man 's bred-out[e]
Into baboon and monkey!

Alcibiades courteously addresses Lord Timon:

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right 'welcome, sir:
Ere you depart, we 'll share a 'bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you let us in. [Exeunt all but Apemantus.

As Timon and his new parasites withdraw, Two Lords—also invited guests—enter and address the Cynic:

1 *Lord.* What time o' 'day is 't, Apemantus?

---

[a] O. R. that I had no angry wit. [b] fitted to be companions. [c] O. R. achés contract.
[d] lineage, race. [e] degenerated.

Apem. Time to be 'honest.
1 *Lord.* 'That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursèd thou, that still 'omitt'st it.
2 *Lord.* 'Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill 'knaves, and wine heat 'fools.
2 *Lord.* . . . Fare thee well, fare thee well!
Apem. 'Thou art a fool to bid me farewell 'twice.
2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to 'thyself,—for I mean to 'give thee none.
1 *Lord.* Hang thyself!
Apem. No:—I will do nothing at 'thy bidding; make thy requests to thy 'friend.
2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll 'spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, 'like a dog, the heels o' the 'ass. [Exeunt.

The Scene opens on the Banquet-chamber, resonant with music, brilliant in decorations, and crowded with its attendance. The chief guest is Alcibiades, the great Athenian general, and successor to Lord Timon in that high office. The cynical Apemantus seats himself, discontentedly, apart from the others. After the music has ceased, Ventidius, who had been ransomed from well-deserved imprisonment for debt, rises:

Ven. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone 'happy, and has left me 'rich:
Then,—as in grateful virtue I am bound
To 'your free heart,—I do 'return those talents,
('Doubled with thanks and service,) from whose help
I derived liberty.
Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you 'mistake my love:
I gave it 'freely, 'ever; and there 's none
Can truly say he 'gives, if he 'receives:
If our 'betters play at that game, we must not dare
To 'imitate them: 'Faults that are 'rich, are 'fair.
Ven. A 'noble spirit!

The fawning guests, who were most of them indebted to the generosity of their host, all stand up and bow ceremoniously:

Tim. Nay, my lords,
'Ceremony was but devised, at first,
To set a gloss on 'faint deeds, 'hollow welcomes:
But where there is 'true friendship, there needs 'none.—

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my 'fortunes,
Than my fortunes are to 'me. [They sit.

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have 'confessed it.

Apemantus, vexed, perhaps, that no notice has been taken of him, audibly chuckles:

Apem. Ho, ho! confessed it? 'hanged it, have you not?

Tim. . . . O, Apemantus!—you are . . . welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make 'me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out-of-doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl! you 've got a humour[a] there
Does not become a 'man,—'t is much to blame.—
They say, my lords, that *Ira furor 'brevis est;*[b]
But yond' man, he is 'ever angry. . . .
Go, let him have a table by 'himself;
For he does neither 'affect company,
Nor is he 'fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril,[c] Timon:
I come to 'observe;—I give thee 'warning on 't.

Tim. I take no 'heed of thee. Thou 'rt an 'Athenian; therefore, 'welcome. I myself would have 'no power; pr'ythee, let my 'meat make thee silent.

Apem. I 'scorn thy meat; 't would 'choke me, for I should ne'er 'flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat 'Timon, and he sees 'em not!
I wonder, men dare 'trust themselves with 'men;
Methinks, they should invite them 'without knives;[d]
Good for their 'meat, and safer for their 'lives.
There 's much 'example for 't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now—parts bread with him,
And pledges the breath of him in a 'divided draught,—
Is the readiest man to 'kill him: it has been 'proved.
If I were a 'huge man, I should fear to 'drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's 'dangerous notes:
'Great men should drink with 'harness[e] on their throats.

Tim. [To a Lord who drinks to him.] My lord, in 'heart;[f] and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow 'this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow 'this way! A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. 'Those healths will make 'thee, and thy 'state, look 'ill, Timon. [Taking up a bowl.
'Here 's 'that, which is too weak to be a sinner,—
Honest 'water! which ne'er left man i' the mire:

[a] temper. [b] *i. e.*, that anger is a short madness. [c] O. R. at thine apperill.
[d] in those days each guest brought his own knife. [e] any kind of protection.
[f] heartily, with sincerity.

This, and 'my food, are equals; there 's no odds:
'Feasts are too 'proud to give thanks to the gods.

Then Apemantus says his own quaint grace:

Immortal gods, 'I crave no 'pelf;
I pray for no man but 'myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond[a]
To 'trust man, on his oath or bond;
Or a 'woman, for her weeping;
Or a 'dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a 'keeper, with my freedom;
Or my 'friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
'Rich men sin, and 'I . . . eat root. [Eats and drinks.

One of the guests regrets that they may not have any opportunity of displaying their gratitude by helping Lord Timon in return. He replies:—

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I 'shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends 'else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my 'heart? O you gods, think I, what need we have 'any friends, if we should never have 'need of them? They would most resemble sweet instruments hung-up in 'cases, that keep their sounds to 'themselves. Why, I have often wished myself 'poorer, that I might come 'nearer to you. We are 'born to do benefits; and what better, or properer, can we call our own, than the riches of our 'friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away[b] ere 't can be 'born! Mine eyes cannot hold-out water,[c] methinks:—To forget 'their faults, I drink to you.—[A flourish is sounded.] What means that trump?—How now?

A Servant enters.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain 'ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a 'forerunner, my lord, who bears that office to 'signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

[a] foolish. [b] being changed into tears. [c] refrain from tears.

To the pleasures of wine, are now to be added the charms of beauty. A masque is to be presented—explained by the roguish boy, little Cupid, the god of love:

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,[a]
Taste, touch, smell, 'all pleased from thy table rise;
'They 'only 'now come but to feast thine 'eyes.
Tim. They 're welcome, all: let them have kind admittance:
Music, make 'known their welcome![b] [Exit Cupid.

Cupid returns, followed by a number of Ladies disguised as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing. Apemantus has now fresh fuel for his cynicism.

Apem. Hey-day! what a sweep of 'vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are 'mad women.
Like 'madness is the 'glory of this life,
As 'this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves 'fools to disport ourselves.
Who lives, that 's not 'depravèd, or 'depraves?
Who dies, that bears not 'one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that 'dance before me now
Would one day 'stamp upon me: It 'has been done;
Men shut their doors against a 'setting sun.

The guests rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men and women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease. The delighted Host feels the full force of this flattering "surprise":

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies;
Set a fair 'fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not 'half so beautiful and kind;
You 've added 'worth unto 't, and lively lustre:
I am to 'thank you for 't. Ladies, there is an idle[c] banquet
Attends you. Please you dispose yourselves.
All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

The gratified Timon now scatters his wealth among his visitors. One man alone (except Apemantus) is displeased. This is my lord's honest steward, Flavius, who, on many occasions, has endeavoured to check his master's lavish prodigality.

Flav. [Aside.] What will this 'come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,—

[a] O. R. There taste, touch, all, &c. [b] O. R. make their welcome. [c] unworthy.

And all out of an 'empty coffer:
Nor will he 'know his purse; or yield me this,—
To 'show him what a beggar his 'heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes 'good.
His 'promises fly so beyond his 'state,
That what he speaks is all in 'debt,—he owes
For every 'word! Well, 'would I were 'gently
Put-out of office, before I were 'forced-out!
Happier is he that has no 'friend to feed,
Than such as do even 'enemies exceed. . . .
I bleed 'inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Timon has been continuing his lavish gifts:

Tim. I take your 'all and 'several[a] visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not 'enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal 'kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom 'rich:
Wealth comes in 'charity to 'thee; for all 'thy living
Is 'mongst the 'dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a tented[b] field. All good wishes to you!—
Lights, lights! more lights!.
1 *Lord.* The 'best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with 'you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his 'friends. [Exeunt Alc., Lords, &c.

As the Guests depart, Apemantus says:

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks,[c] and jutting out of hands!
I doubt whether their legs be 'worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of 'dregs:
Methinks, false 'hearts should never have sound 'legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on 'courtesies!

Timon turns to the cynic:

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to 'thee.
Apem. No, I 'll 'nothing: for if 'I should be bribed too, there would be none left to 'rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away 'thyself, in paper,[d] shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

[a] O. R. all and your several. [b] O. R. pitched. [c] nods.
[d] in becoming security.

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on 'society once, I am sworn
'not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with
'better music. [Exit.

Apem. So, so! thou wilt not 'hear me 'now,—
Thou 'shalt not 'then,—'I 'll lock thy heaven[a] 'from
thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To 'counsel deaf, but not to 'flattery! [Exit.

The monetary difficulties of Lord Timon soon become generally known; and his creditors do not hesitate to dun his Steward, and to make their demands on himself—even when he is in company with his most distinguished friend Alcibiades. He has at last an explanation with his faithful Steward:

Tim. You make me 'marvel! Wherefore, 'ere this time,
Have you not 'fully laid my state before me,—
That I might so have rated my 'expense,
As I had leave of 'means?

Flav. O my good lord!
At 'many times I brought-in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say you found in them[b] mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much,[c] I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, 'prayed you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not 'seldom nor no 'slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the 'ebb of your 'estate,
And your great 'flow of 'debts. My dear-loved lord,
Though you hear 'now, (too late!) yet now 's a time:
The 'greatest of your having[d] lacks a 'half,
To pay your 'present debts.

Tim. Let all my 'land be sold.

Flav. 'T is all engaged! some, forfeited and gone;
And what 'remains, will hardly stop the 'mouth
Of present dues. The 'future comes apace:
What shall defend the 'interim? and, at length,[e]
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon 'did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a 'word:
Were it 'all yours, to give it in a 'breath,
How 'quickly were it gone!

---

[a] thy supreme happiness in listening to flatteries. [b] O. R. found them in.
[c] an indefinite sum. [d] present possession. [e] at the final settlement.

Tim. . . . You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,[a]
And set me on the 'proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our 'offices[b] have been oppressed
With riotous feeders; when our 'vaults have wept
With drunken spilth[c] of wine; when every 'room
Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy,
'I have retired me from a wasteful tap,[d]
And set mine 'eyes at flow.
Tim. Pr'ythee, no more!
Flav. "Heavens," have I said; "the 'bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits[e] have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is 'not Lord Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
'Great Timon! noble, worthy, 'royal Timon!" . . .
Ah! when the 'means are gone that 'buy this praise,
The 'breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-'won, fast-'lost! One cloud of 'winter-showers,
These flies are couched.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No 'villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
'Unwisely, not 'ignobly, have I given. . . .
Why dost thou 'weep? Canst thou the 'conscience lack,
To think I shall lack 'friends? Secure thy heart:
If I would broach[f] the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[g] of hearts by 'borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly 'use,
As I can bid thee 'speak.
Flav. 'Assurance bless your 'thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these 'wants of mine are crowned,[h]
That I account them 'blessings; for by these
Shall I 'try friends. You shall 'perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes. I am wealthy in my 'friends.—
Within there, ho! Flaminius! Servilius!

Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants enter:

I will despatch you 'severally.—'You [To Servilius.] to Lord Lucius.—[To Flaminius.] To Lord Lucullus 'you; I hunted with his honour to-day.—[To another.] You, to Sempronius.

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[a] persons employed to arrange accounts. [b] apartments allotted to guests.
[c] spilling. [d] O. R. to a wasteful cock. [e] dainty morsels. [f] open as with a tap.
[g] evidence, proof. [h] are so rewarded.

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that
my occasions have found time to 'use them, toward a
supply of money: let the request be 'fifty talents.
[To another.] Go 'you, sir, to the Senators,—
(Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing,)— bid them send, o' the instant,
A 'thousand talents to me.

Flavius interposes:

Flav. 'I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most 'general way,)
To them to use your 'signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and 'I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. . . . Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now 'they are at fall—want treasure—cannot
Do what they would; are sorry!—You are 'honourable—
But yet they could have wished—they know not—but—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—'would all were well—'t is pity!—
And so (pretending[a] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,[b]
With certain 'half-caps[c] and 'cold moving nods,)
They 'froze me into 'silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. 'These old fellows
Have their 'ingratitude in them 'hereditary:
Their blood is 'caked, 't is cold, it seldom 'flows:
'T is lack of kindly warmth 'they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows 'again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey—dull and heavy.
[To Serv.] Go to Ventidius.—[To Fla.] 'Pr'ythee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest: ingenuously[d] I speak;
'No blame belongs to thee.—[To Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he 's stepped
Into a 'great estate: when he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him, with five talents: 'Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some 'good[e] necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered

[a] arranging (O. R. intending). [b] slight civilities; fragments of sentences.
[c] caps touched, but not taken off. [d] O. R. ingeniously. [e] great (not ignoble).

'With those five talents. [Exit Serv.] [To Fla.] That had,[a] give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant[b] due. Ne'er speak, or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his 'friends can 'sink.

Flav. I would, I could 'not think it: 'That thought 's bounty's foe;
Being free[c] itself, it thinks all 'others so. [Exeunt.

Flaminius at once proceeds to Lord Lucullus, whom he finds "at home":

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord 'Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius? honest Flaminius! you are very respectfully[d] welcome, sir. And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His 'health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right 'glad that his health is well, sir.—And . . . what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an 'empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to 'supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your 'lordship to furnish him; nothing 'doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la!—"Nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! A 'noble gentleman 't is,—if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to 'supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace 'no counsel, take no 'warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and 'liberality[e] is his: I have 'told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him 'from 't.—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a 'bountiful gentleman; but thou art 'wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to 'me, that this is no time to 'lend money,—especially upon bare 'friendship, without 'security. Here is three solidares[f] for thee: good boy! 'wink at me, and say thou saw'st me 'not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible the world should so much differ?
Fly, sordid baseness, to him that worships thee!
[Throwing the money away.

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[a] being obtained. [b] instantly, immediately. [c] liberal. [d] O. R. respectively.
[e] O. R honesty. [f] small pieces of money (of Shakespeare's coinage).

Lucul. Ha! now I see 'thou art a fool—and fit for thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these 'add to the number that may scald thee!
Let 'molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou 'disease of a friend, and not 'himself!
Has friendship such a faint and 'milky heart,
It turns[a] in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my 'master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour has my lord's 'meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to 'nutriment,
When 'he is turned to 'poison?
O, may diseases only work on 't! and when
He 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my 'lord paid for, be of any power
To 'expel his sickness, but 'prolong his hour![b] [Exit.

Lord Lucius thus welcomes Lord Timon's Messenger:

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! 'what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord! he 's 'ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And 'what has he sent 'now?

Ser. He has only sent his present 'occasion, now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. [Presenting a note.

Luc. . . . I know, his lordship is but 'merry with me:
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents![c]

Ser. But in the meantime he wants 'less, my lord. If his occasion were not 'virtuous,[d] 'I should not 'urge it half so fervently.[e]

Luc. Dost thou speak 'seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my 'soul, 't is 'true, sir.

Luc. . . . What a wicked 'beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself 'honourable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase, the day before, for a 'little part, and undo a 'great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not 'able to do it; the more 'beast, I say!—I 'was sending to use Lord Timon myself; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it 'now. Commend me bountifully to his good

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[a] becomes sour. [b] duration of suffering. [c] See note [d], p 403.
[d] for a good purpose. [e] O. R. faithfully.

lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no 'power to be kind:—And tell him this from me,—I count it one of my greatest 'afflictions, say, that I 'cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine 'own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look 'you out a 'good turn, Servilius. [Exeunt.

Sempronius proves even a more ungrateful sycophant.

Sem. Must he needs trouble 'me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others?
He 'might have tried Lord Lucius,—or Lucullus;—
And 'now 'Ventidius is wealthy, too,
Whom he redeemed from prison: all these three
Owe their estates to 'him.

Serv. My lord, they
Have all been touched,[a] and found 'base metal; for
They 've 'all denied him.

Sem. How! have 'they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus both 'denied him?
And does he send to 'me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgement in him:
Must 'I be his 'last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice[b] give him over: must 'I take the cure upon me?
He has much 'disgraced me in 't: I 'm 'angry at him—
He might have known 'my place. I see no 'sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd 'me 'first;
For, in my conscience, 'I was the first man
That e'er received a gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it 'last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I, amongst the lords, be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of 'thrice the sum,
He had sent to 'me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage[c] to do him good. But now return,
And, with 'their faint reply, 'this answer join:—
Who 'bates mine 'honour, shall not know my 'coin. [Exeunt.

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[a] tried, as with a touchstone. [b] O. R. thrive.
[c] an ardent desire.

The insolvency of Lord Timon having now spread throughout Athens, his house is so beset with clamorous creditors, that with difficulty he forces his way through the eager crowd:

Tim. What! are my 'doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever 'free? and must my house
Be my retentive 'enemy, my 'gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an 'iron heart?

The Creditors rush around him, severally exclaiming—

Cred. My lord, here is my bill.—Here 's mine.—And mine, my lord.—And ours, my lord.—'All our bills![a]

Tim. Knock me down with 'em! cleave me to the girdle!
Cut my 'heart in sums! Tell out my 'blood!

Cred. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?
Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

As Timon drives the harpies away, Flavius enters:

They have e'en put my 'breath from me, the slaves!
Creditors?—devils!—I 'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; 'all:
I 'll once more 'feast the rascals!

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A 'moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in 'thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them 'all: let-in the tide
Of knaves once more! My cook and I 'll provide. [Exeunt.

In the meantime, difficulties have arisen within the Athenian Senate. Alcibiades is pleading before the Senators in defence of a friend who had incurred their displeasure to such a degree that his life is in danger: Alcibiades appeals for him the more earnestly, and at last so angers them by his persevering intercession that he is himself sentenced to banishment. The undaunted General angrily ejaculates:

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old![b] that you may live
Only in 'bone,—that none may look on you!
I 'm 'worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

[a] "bill" has the double meaning of an account or a battle-axe.
[b] O. R. old enough.

While 'they have told[a] their 'money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large 'hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I 'hate not to be banished:
It is a cause worthy my 'spleen and 'fury,
That I may 'strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for 'hearts.[b]
'T is honour, with most lords[c] to be at 'odds;
'Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as 'gods. [Exit.

The invitations to Lord Timon's new banquet are joyously received: all men of note in Athens are now assembled in his festive hall. Lord Lucullus comes—Lord Lucius comes—Ventidius, Sempronius, and the rest. Who more sorry now than they? for they conclude that this honourable lord's late poverty was but pretence, and that the other day he did but try them. When Lord Timon enters the reception-chamber, they crowd around to welcome his returned prosperity.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the 'best, hearing well of your 'lordship.

2 *Lord.* The 'swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves 'winter; 'such summer-birds are 'men.—[To them.] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your 'ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly. On the trumpet's[d] sound, we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an 'empty messenger?

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, 'I am e'en sick of 'shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so 'unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. 'Think not on 't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours 'before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Loud and merry music rouses the assembly: The doors are thrown open, and a most magnificent banquet is displayed. One of the aldermen (as it were) of the aristocracy, smacks his lips as he joyously looks around:

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[a] counted. [b] lay (or play) for the affections of the people. [c] O. R. lands.
[d] O. R. so harshly o' th'.

2 *Lord.* All 'covered dishes!
1 *Lord.* 'Royal cheer, I warrant you.
3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.
1 *Lord.* How do you? What 's the news?
3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is 'banished: Hear you of it?
1 *Lord.* Alcibiades 'banished! I pray you, upon what?
3 *Lord.* I 'll tell you more anon. . . . Here 's a 'noble feast toward!
2 *Lord.* Ah! This is the 'old man still.
3 *Lord.* Uh! Will 't 'hold? will 't hold?
2 *Lord.* It does; but 'time will—and so . . .
3 *Lord.* . . . I do conceive.

Lord Timon addresses his astonished guests:

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress:—your diet shall be in 'all places alike. Make not a 'city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the 'first place: Sit, sit. . . . The gods require our thanks:—

You great Benefactors! sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own 'gifts, make yourselves 'praised: but reserve 'still to give, lest your deities be 'despised. 'Lend to each man enough,—that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to 'borrow of men, men would 'forsake the gods. Make the 'meat be beloved, more than the man that 'gives it. Let no assembly of 'twenty be without a 'score of 'villains: if there sit twelve 'women at the table, let a 'dozen of them be . . . as they 'are.—The rest of your foes,[a] O gods,—the 'Senators of Athens, together with the common lag[b] of 'people,—what is 'amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for 'destruction! For these my present friends,—as they are to me 'nothing,—so 'in nothing bless them! and 'to nothing are they welcome!—Uncover, dogs, and lap!

The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.

May you a 'better feast never behold,
You knot of 'mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water,
Is your perfection. This is Timon's 'last,
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,[c]

[a] O. R. fees. [b] the lowest, the fag-end (O. R. leg).
[c] O. R. spangled you with flatteries.

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces [Throwing water.
Your reeking villainy! Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested 'parasites!
Courteous 'destroyers, affable 'wolves, meek 'bears!
You 'fools of fortune! 'trencher-friends! time's 'flies![a]
Cap-and-knee 'slaves! vapours and minute-'jacks![b]
Of man and beast the 'infinite malady[c]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy 'physic first!—thou too!—and thou!—
[Throws the dishes at them.
Stay, I will 'lend thee money, 'borrow none.—
What! 'all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a 'welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be,
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

The guests are all in amazement and confusion.

3 *Lord.* Psha! . . . did you see my cap?
4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.
3 *Lord.* He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Lord Timon 's mad!
2 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.
4 *Lord.* 'One day he gives us 'diamonds, 'next day 'stones.
[Exeunt.

Ingratitude, "the marble-hearted fiend," has so exasperated the noble, hospitable Timon that he turns from his once-loved Athens and its deceitful lords, with loathing and disgust. We now hear him wildly apostrophizing the scene of his past splendour and his present misery:

Tim. Let me look back upon thee!—O thou wall,
That girdlest-in those 'wolves! live in the 'earth,
And fence[d] not Athens!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate 'from the bench,
And minister in their steads! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render-back, out with your 'knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave 'masters are,
And pillage by the 'law![e] Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire—
With it, beat-out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries,[f] and trades,

[a] insects of the season. [b] mechanical figures on a clock. [c] unnumbered diseases.
[d] defend. [e] O. R. pill by law. [f] intimate knowledge of any employment (a corruption of masteries).

Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding 'contraries,
And yet,[a] 'confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On 'Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
'Cripple our Senators, that their 'limbs may halt
As lamely as their 'manners! Itches, blains,[b]
Sow 'all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general 'leprosy! Breath 'infect breath,
That their 'society, as their 'friendship, may
Be merely 'poison! . . . Nothing 'I 'll bear from thee
But 'nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take 'thou that too, with 'multiplying bans![c]—
Timon will to the 'woods; where he shall find
The unkindest 'beast far[d] kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods 'all,)
The Athenians both 'within and 'out that wall!
And grant, as 'Timon grows, his 'hate may grow
To the whole race of 'mankind, high and low!
Amen. [Exit.

But Lord Timon, though "fallen! fallen! fallen! from his high estate,"

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed"—

has 'one faithful adherent—the good Steward Flavius, who thus soliloquizes:

Flav. O, the fierce[e] wretchedness that 'glory brings us!
'Who would not wish to be from wealth 'exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so 'mocked with glory? or so live
But in a 'dream of friendship?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[f]
When man's 'worst sin is—he does too much good!
Who then dares to be 'half so kind 'again?
For bounty, that makes 'gods, does still 'mar 'men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most 'accurs'd,
Rich, only to be 'wretched,—thy great 'fortunes
Are made thy chief 'afflictions! Alas, kind lord!
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll 'ever serve his mind with my best 'will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his 'steward still. [Exit.

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[a] still. [b] sores. [c] accumulating curses. [d] O. E. more. [e] savagely proud. [f] natural propensity.

We also follow Timon—to a Cave in the woods, where he must live on wild roots to support his embittered life:

Tim. O blesséd breeding sun, draw from the earth
'Rotten humidity! Below thy sister's[a] orb
Infect the air! Touch[b] men[c] with 'several[d] fortunes!
The 'greater scorn the 'lesser! Not kind nature,[e]
(To whom all sores lay siege,) can bear great fortune,
But by 'contempt of nature.
'Raise me this beggar, and degrade[f] that 'lord,—
The 'senator shall bear 'contempt hereditary,
The 'beggar native 'honour.
It is the 'pasture[g] lards the brother's sides,
The 'want that makes him 'lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say "This man 's a flatterer"? If 'one be,
So are they 'all; for every grise[h] of fortune
Is smoothed by that below: the 'learned pate
Ducks to the 'golden fool. All is oblique;[i]
There 's nothing level in our curséd natures,
But direct 'villainy. Therefore, be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable—yea, himself—Timon disdains:
Destruction fang[j] mankind!—Earth, yield 'me roots!
[Digging.
'Who seeks for 'better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant[k] poison!—

As he hungrily digs for his "swine's" portion, his spade strikes against a hidden treasure.

What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
'I am no idle 'votarist.[l] 'Roots, you clear heavens!—
Thus much of 'this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! 'why this?—'what this, you gods?—
Why, this
Will lug[m] your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout[n] men's pillows from below their heads!
This yellow slave
Will 'knit and 'break religions; bless the accurs'd;

---

[a] the moon's. [b] afflict (test). [c] O. R. them. [d] varied. [e] O. R. not nature.
[f] O. R. deny 't. [g] O. R. pastour. [h] step, degree. [i] deviating from rectitude.
[j] pierce as with serpents' fangs (sharp-poiuted tongues). [k] quick-working.
[l] no foolish worshipper of luxuries. [m] drag by the ears. [n] strong.

Make the hoar leprosy[a] adored; place 'thieves,—
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With 'Senators on the bench: This, this is it,
That makes the wappened[b] widow wed 'again!
Her, whom the 'spital[c]-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge[d] at, this embalms and spices
To the April-day[e] again! [A distant march is heard.
Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,[f]
But yet I 'll bury thee: 'thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty 'keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay 'thou out for earnest. [Keeping back some gold.

Timon prudently retains a few pieces of gold. At this moment, the banished general Alcibiades is proceeding, with a large body of soldiers, to make war on Athens. Seeing before him an uncouth-looking savage, he calls:

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A 'beast—as 'thou art.—The canker gnaw thy heart
For showing me 'again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art 'thyself a man?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and 'hate mankind.
For 'thy part, I do wish thou wert a 'dog,—
That I might love thee 'something.
Alcib. . . . I know thee well,
But in thy 'fortunes am un-learn'd and strange.
Tim. I know 'thee too; and 'more than that I know thee,
I not 'desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With 'man's 'blood paint the ground, gules,[g] gules:
'Religious canons, 'civil laws, are cruel;
Then what should 'war be?
Alcib. . . . How came the noble 'Timon to this change?
Tim. As the 'moon does, by wanting light to 'give:
But then, renew 'I could not, like the moon;
There were no 'suns to borrow of.
Alcib. 'Noble Timon! What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None,—but to 'maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. 'Promise me friendship, but 'perform none: if thon wilt 'not promise, the gods plague thee,—for thou art a man! If thou 'dost perform, 'confound thee,—for thou art a man!
Alcib. I 've heard, in some sort, of thy miseries.

[a] white leprosy (elephantiasis). [b] sorrowful and hopeful. [c] hospital. [d] grow sick at. [e] spring-time of life. [f] alive. [g] blood-red.

Tim. Thou 'saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them 'now: 'then was a 'blessèd time.—
'I have but 'little gold of late, brave Timon;
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and grieved,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds,—when neighbour States,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone!
Alcib. I am thy friend, and 'pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. 'How dost thou pity him whom thou dost 'trouble?
I had rather be 'alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well: Here is 'some gold for thee.
[Offering money.
Tim. Keep it! I cannot 'eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. . . . Warr'st thou 'gainst 'Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have 'cause!
Tim. The gods confound them all, in thy 'conquest; and 'thee after, 'when thou hast conquered!
Alcib. Why 'me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast 'born to conquer my country.
Put-up 'thy gold: Go on,—'here 's gold,—go on!
Be as a planetary plague,—when Jove
Will, o'er some high-viced city, hang his poison
In the sick 'air. Let not thy sword skip 'one:
'Pity not honoured 'age for his white beard:
He is a usurer. Strike[a] me the 'counterfeit matron;
It is her 'habit[b] only that is honest.
Let not the 'virgin's cheek
Make 'soft thy trenchant sword. Spare not the 'babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort[c] their mercy:
But 'mince it sans remorse. Swear 'gainst 'all objects:[d]
Put 'armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. 'There 's gold to pay thy soldiers;
Make 'large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be 'thyself! Speak not,—be gone!
Alcib. Hast thou gold 'yet? I 'll take the 'gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy 'counsel.

[a] kill us with lightning. [b] dress [c] O. R exhaust. [d] every thing that can be seen (O. R, swear against objects).

Tim. 'Dost thou, or dost thou 'not, heaven's 'curse upon thee! [Soldiers gather up the gold.
Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man! strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring! Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more 'false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets[a] shrilly! hoar[b] the flamen,[c]
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes, 'himself! Make curled-pate ruffians bald;
Plague all! Ay.—There 's 'more gold:
Do you kill 'others, and let this kill 'you,
And ditches grave[d] you 'all!

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I 'hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm?

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st 'well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou 'that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike! [Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades and soldiers.

Timon is alone; and, feeling more and more famished, again begins to dig for food.

Tim. That Nature, being 'sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be 'hungry!—Common mother, thou,
Yield 'him—who all thy human sons doth hate,[e]—
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor 'root!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful 'man!
O, a root?—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows,[f] vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, so greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration[g] slips!

But who now approaches? It is the cynic Apemantus. We have thus an opportunity of contrasting that double portraiture of mental passion in which Shakespeare delighted to indulge; but, beyond their hatred of mankind, these rival snarlers have nothing in common. Timon growls out:

'More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. . . . I was 'directed hither:—Men report,
Thou dost affect 'my manners, and dost use them.

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[a] legal subtleties. [b] make white (with leprosy). [c] the priest. [d] entomb.
[e] O. R. the human sons do hate. [f] rich vegetable growths. [g] propriety of thought.

Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a 'dog,
Whom I 'would imitate. Consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in 'thee a nature but 'affected;[a]
A poor 'unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.[b] Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy 'flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfúmes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting-on the cunning of a 'carper;[c]
Be 'thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has 'undone thee: 'hinge thy knee,
And let his very 'breath whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow-off thy cap; praise his most 'vicious strain,
And call it 'excellent. 'Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears,—like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves, and 'all approachers: 'T is most just
That 'thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth 'again,
Rascals should have 't. Do 'not assume 'my likeness.
Tim. . . . 'Were I like 'thee, I 'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou 'hast cast away thyself, 'being like thyself;
A 'madman so long, now a 'fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put 'thy shirt on 'warm? Will these mossed[d] trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page[e] thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold brook
Candied with ice, caudle[f] thy 'morning-taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's 'surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose 'naked natures live in 'all the spite
Of wreakful heaven,—whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere 'nature,—bid 'them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool, of 'thee! Depart!
Apem. I love thee better 'now than 'e'er I did.
Tim. I 'hate 'thee 'worse. Thou flatter'st 'misery.
Apem. I flatter 'not; but say, thou art a 'caitiff!
Tim. . . . Why dost thou seek 'me out?
Apem. To vex thee.

[a] O. R. infected. [b] O. R. change of future. [c] fault-finder. [d] O. R. moyst. [e] follow. [f] sweeten, make pleasing.

Tim. Always a 'villain's office, or a 'fool's:
Dost 'please thyself in 't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a 'knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it 'enforcedly: thou 'dst 'courtier be again,
Wert thou not 'beggar.
Thou shouldst desire to 'die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by 'his breath[a] that is 'more miserable.
'Thou art a 'slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasped, but bred a 'dog.[b]
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath,[c] proceeded,
By those 'degrees[d] that this brief world affords,
(To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command,)[e] thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general 'riot; and have never learned
The icy precepts of 'respect, but followed
The sugared game before thee. But myself,—
Who had the 'world as my confectionary;[f]
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and 'hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak,) all[g] with one winter's brush,[h]
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—'I, to bear this,
That never knew but 'better, is some 'burden!
'Thy nature did 'commence in sufferance,—time
Hath made thee 'hard in 't. Why shouldst 'thou hate men?
They never flattered 'thee: what hast thou 'given?
'Poor rogue hereditary! Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been 'born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been still a knave and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud 'yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not 'thee.
Apem. 'I, that I was no 'prodigal.—
Tim. 'I, that I 'am one 'now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in 'thee,
I 'd give thee leave to 'hang it! . . . Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of 'Athens were in 'this!
Thus would I 'eat it. [Eating a root.

[a] sentence, leave. [b] cynic, a dog. [c] baby clothing (infancy). [d] O. R. the sweet degrees. [e] O. R. the passive drugges of it freely command'st. [f] store-house of pleasures. [g] have. [h] a short storm.

Apem. Here; I 'll 'mend thy feast. [Offering food.
Tim. First mend my[a] company—take away thyself!
Apem. So I shall mend mine 'own—by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'T is not 'well mended so, it is but 'botched;
If not, I would it 'were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. 'Thee thither, in a whirlwind! If thou wilt,
Tell them there, I have 'gold;—look, so I 'have. [Showing gold.
Apem. 'Here is no 'use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest;
For here it 'sleeps, and does no 'hiréd harm.
Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that 's above me.—
Where feed'st 'thou o' 'days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I 'eat it.
Tim. 'Would 'poison were obedient, and knew 'my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To 'sauce thy dishes.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy 'flatterers?
Tim. 'Women 'nearest; but 'men,—men are the things 'themselves! What wouldst thou do with the 'world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Apem. Give it the 'beasts, to be rid of the 'men.
Tim. Wouldst thou have thy'self fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast 'with the beasts?
Apem. Ay, Timon.
Tim. A 'beastly ambition—which the gods grant thee to 'attain to! If thou wert the 'lion, the fox would 'beguile thee: if thou wert the 'lamb, the fox would 'eat thee: if thou wert the 'fox, the lion would 'suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the 'ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the 'wolf: if thou wert the 'wolf, thy 'greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the 'unicorn, pride and wrath would 'confound thee, and make thine own 'self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a 'bear, thou wouldst be killed by the 'horse: wert thou a 'horse, thou wouldst be seized by the 'leopard: wert thou a 'leopard, thou

[a] O. R. thy.

wert germane[a] to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were 'remotion,[b] and thy defence, absence. What beast 'couldst thou be, that were not 'subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou 'already, that seest not thy 'loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou 'couldst please me with speaking to me, thou 'mightst have hit upon it 'here:—The Commonwealth of Athens is become a 'forest of beasts.

Tim. . . . How has the ass 'broke the wall, that 'thou art out of the city?

Apem. . . . Yonder come a Poet and a Painter. The plague of 'company light upon thee! When I know not what 'else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but 'thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's 'dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the 'cap[c] of all the fools alive!

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to 'spit upon!

I 'll 'beat thee—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could 'rot them off!

Tim. Away! Choler does kill me that thou art 'alive;

I swoon to 'see thee. Away, thou tedious rogue!

Apem. Beast! toad!

Tim. Slave! Rogue, rogue, rogue! [Apemantus retreats as going away.

I am 'sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere 'necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy 'grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That Death, in me, at others' lives may laugh.—

He again looks at the treasure he has found.

O gold! sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's[d] lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close[e] impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every 'purpose! O thou touch[f] of hearts!
Think, thy slave, man, rebels; and, by thy virtue,

---

[a] akin (having the same germ). [b] removal to a distance. [c] principal (head).
[d] Diana, the goddess of chastity. [e] closely unitest. [f] touchstone.

Set them into 'confounding odds—that 'beasts
May have the world in empire!—Thy 'back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. 'Long live so, and so die!—'I am quit.— [Exit Apem.
'More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Some Thieves, hearing of Timon's concealed wealth, now accost him:

1 *Thief.* 'Where should he have this gold? It is some fragment, some slender ort[a] of his remainder. The mere 'want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, 'drove him into this melancholy.—Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. 'Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. 'Both too; and women's sons.

1 *Thief.* We are 'not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of 'meat.[b]
'Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath 'roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred 'springs;
The oaks bear 'mast,[c] the briers scarlet hips;[d]
The bounteous housewhife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! 'why want?

1 *Thief.* 'We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,—
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts 'themselves, the birds, and fishes;
'You must eat 'men. Yet thanks I must you con;[e]
That you are thieves 'professed,—that you work not
In 'holier shape; for there is boundless theft
In 'limited[f] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the 'grape,
Till the high fever seethe[g] your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the 'physician;
His 'antidotes are 'poison, and he 'slays
More than 'you 'rob. Take wealth and lives 'together;
Do villainy, do, (since you profess[h] to do 't,)
Like 'workmen. I 'll 'example you with thievery:—
The 'Sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast Sea; the 'Moon 's an 'arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun;
The 'Sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The Moon into salt tears; 'each thing 's a thief;
The 'laws, (your curb and whip,) in their rough power
Have 'unchecked theft. Love not 'yourselves; away!

[a] worthless part. [b] animal food. [c] acorns—fruit of the oak. [d] berries—fruit of the brier bush. [e] give. [f] duly appointed, legalized. [g] boil. [h] O. R. protest.

Rob one 'another. There 's 'more gold: cut throats;
'All that you meet are thieves! To Athens, go:
Break-open shops; nothing can you 'steal, but 'thieves
Do lose it. Steal not 'less[a] for this I give you;[b]
And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen. [Goes into the cave.

Timon goes into his Cave, and the Thieves "steal themselves away." Then Flavius, the Steward, who had been for some time watching from a distance, approaches, as Timon returns:

Tim. Away! . . . What art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot 'me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot 'all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a 'man, I 'have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours—
Tim. Then I know thee 'not:
I ne'er had 'honest men about me;—ay, all
I kept were 'knaves, to serve-in[d] meat to 'villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than 'mine eyes for 'you.
Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer: then I love thee,
Because thou art a 'woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind,—whose eyes do never flow,[e]
Except through[f] love and 'laughter. Pity 's 'sleeping:—
Strange times, that weep with 'laughing,—'not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to 'know me, good my lord;
To 'accept my grief; and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.
Tim. . . . 'Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my 'dangerous nature 'mild.[g]
Let me behold thy face. . . .
Forgive my general and 'exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
'One honest man,—mistake me not,—'but one!
How fain would I have hated all 'mankind:
But 'all, save thee, I fell[h] with 'curses!
Thou 'singly honest man,
Here, take:—[giving gold.] the gods, out of 'my misery,
Have sent thee 'treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;

[a] O. R. steal lesse. [b] because I give you this. [c] O. R. vilder. [d] bring in.
[e] O. R. give. [f] O. R. but thorough lust. [g] O. R. wild. [h] knock down.

But thus conditioned:—Thou shalt build 'from[a] men;
Hate 'all, 'curse all: show charity to 'none;
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou 'relieve the beggar: give to 'dogs
What thou deny'st to 'men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing: Be men like 'blasted woods!
And may 'diseases lick-up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and 'comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay 'not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man—and let me ne'er see 'thee! [Exeunt severally.

The report of Timon's wealth is soon spread, and many parasites hasten to fawn and feed on him. The Poet and the Painter quickly repair to his cave, where the misanthrope overhears their selfish conversation. The Painter says:

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be 'far where he abides.

Poet. This breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a 'palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.

Poet. What have you 'now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing, at this time, but my 'visitation; only I will 'promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. 'I must serve him so too; tell him of an 'intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best! 'Promising is the very 'air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: 'performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the 'deed of saying[b] is quite out of use. To 'promise is most courtly and fashionable: 'performance is a kind of will, or testament,—which argues a great sickness in 'his judgement that makes it. [They retire.

As they retire, Timon advances from his Cave:

Tim. [Aside.] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man
So bad as is thyself. . . . O, Gold! Gold! Gold!
What a 'god is gold, that he is worshipped
In a baser temple than where 'swine feed!

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[a] away from. [b] the performance of a promise.

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee 'alone obey!
... 'Fit I 'meet them. [He advances.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon! our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see 'two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted;
Hearing you were retired, your friends fallen off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to 'you, whose star-like nobleness gave influence
To their whole being! I am rapt,[a] and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size[b] of 'words.

Tim. Let it go 'naked,—men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make 'them best seen and known.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. 'Most honest men! Why, how shall I 'requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no?

Both. What we 'can do, we 'll do to do you service.

Tim. You 'are honest men. You have heard that I have gold?
I am 'sure you have; speak truth; you are 'honest men.

Pain. So it is 'said, my noble lord; but 'therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. 'Good honest men!—[To the Painter.] 'Thou draw'st a counterfeit,[c]
Best in all Athens: thou art, 'indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.[d]—[To the Poet.] And, for 'thy 'fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with 'stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine 'art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say, you have a little 'fault.

Both. Beseech your honour to make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it 'ill?

Both. Most 'thankfully, my lord.

Tim. There 's ne'er a one of you but 'trusts a knave,
That mightily 'deceives you.
Ay, and you hear him 'cog,[e] 'see him dissemble,
Know his gross 'patchery, love him, feed him,

[a] amazed. [b] quantity (varnish). [c] portrait, likeness. [d] life-like. [e] lie.

Keep in your bosom; yet remain assured,
That he 's a 'made-up[a] villain!

Pain. We 'know none such, my lord.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll 'give you 'gold:
'Rid me these villains from your companies:
'Hang them, or 'stab them, 'drown them in a draught;[b]
'Confound them by 'some course,—and come to 'me;
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let 's know them.

Tim. You 'that way, and you 'this; not[c] two in company—
Each man 'apart, all single and alone,
Yet an 'arch-villain keeps him company.
[To the Painter.] If, where 'thou art, 'two villains shall not be,
Come not near 'him.—[To the Poet.] If 'thou would'st not reside
But where 'one villain is, then 'him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there 's gold. Ye 'came for gold, ye slaves:
You 'have done work[d] for me, there 's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist,—make gold of 'that. [Giving him a blow.
Out, rascal-dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.

It will be remembered that Alcibiades had, in consequence of the ingratitude and injustice of the people of Athens, taken up arms against them. In their dire distress, the Citizens now think of entreating the aid of Timon—who had, in earlier life, been their General, equally distinguished for bravery and patriotism. They now send a deputation of the most powerful Senators to crave his assistance, and to wait on him in his rude dwelling-place,—to which they are conducted by the faithful Flavius:

Flav. Here is his Cave.—
Peace and content be here!—[Calling] Lord Timon!
Timon!
Look out, and speak to 'friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend Senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon enters:

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hanged:
For each 'true word, a blister! and each 'false
Be as a cauterizing[e] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with 'speaking!

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[a] consummate, complete. [b] drain, sink. [c] O. R. but. [d] O. R. you have work.
[e] burning with hot iron (O. R. cautherizing).

2 *Sen.* The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back . . . the
'Plague—
Could I but 'catch it for them.
1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The Senators, with one consent of love,
'Entreat thee back to Athens; so to repel
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace, and shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. . . . Well, sir, I 'will;—'therefore I will, sir;—'Thus:—
If Alcibiades 'kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,—
That Timon cares not! But, if he 'sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly age'd men by the beards;
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained 'war;
'Then let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,—
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot 'choose but tell him,—that I care not!
And 'let him take 't at 'worst; for their 'knives care not,
While you have 'throats to answer: For 'myself,
There 's not a whittle[a] in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of propitious[b] 'gods,—
As 'thieves to 'keepers!

Flavius sorrowfully turns to the Senators:

Flav. Stay not: all 's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my 'epitaph;
It will be 'seen 'to-morrow. My long sickness,
Of health and living, now begins to 'mend,
And 'nothing brings me 'all things! Go; 'live still:
Be Alcibiades your 'plague,—you 'his,—
And last so, long enough!
1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. . . . But yet I 'love my country, and am not
One that 'rejoices in the common wrack.
'Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
And tell them, that,—to ease them of their griefs,

[a] a clasp-knife. [b] O. R. the prosperous.

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, their losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage,—I will 'some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to 'prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well; he 'will return again.

Tim. . . . I have a tree which grows so near my cave,[a]
That mine own use 'invites me to cut down,
And shortly 'must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens,—in the sequence of degree,[b]
From high to low throughout,—that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,—
Come hither, 'ere my tree hath 'felt the axe, . . .
And 'hang himself!—I pray you, do my greeting.—
Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his 'everlasting mansion
Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood;
Whom, once a day, with his embosséd[c] froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my 'grave-stone be your 'oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
'Graves 'only be men's works, and 'death their 'gain!
Sun, 'hide thy beams! Timon hath 'done his reign.

[Retires to his Cave.

Alcibiades is enabled, by a compromise, to enter Athens as a conqueror; and then, as a magistrate, to entwine the sword of war with the olive-wreaths of peace.— A few days later, a strange tomb is found on the wild sea-beach. Whether Timon had shortened his own life, or sunk slowly under the self-imposed load of misanthropic misery, we know not. The rude inscription on the stone is this:

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my 'name:—a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy 'fill; but pass,—and stay not here thy gait."

END OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

[a] O. R. which grows here in my close. [b] in the order of their rank. [c] foamy.

THE TEMPEST.

The play of the Tempest is considered to be the most original of all Shakespeare's works; the plot and the characters are of his own imagining. (He may, indeed,—or must—have read Jourdan's "Discovery of the Barmudas, the Isle of Divels," (1610,) or an earlier play, now lost, but known to us through its German version, as "The Fair Sidea.") There is no reliable record of its first performance until 1613, but it was not printed till in the folio of 1623. In that work, it is the first in order, but it is believed to be the last of Shakespeare's compositions.

Several annotators have "cudgelled their brains" concerning the locality of the Play. Some would place it in the Bermuda[a] islands, on account of the statement that the wrecked ship was hidden in a nook of "the still vexed Bermoothes:" overlooking the contemporary fact that the rest of the fleet were, at the same time, afloat on the Mediterranean, "bound sadly home for Naples" (see p. 446.) To avoid this difficulty, the small island of Lampedusa, between Malta and the coast of Africa, has been, with even more inconsistency, named. But, without attempting to decide this learned controversy, it may be suggested that there is not only a Physical but a Poetical Geography—including the vast undiscovered country of "No Man's Land," (bounded on the north by No-where, and on the east by Every-where,) to which our untravelled poet has frequently resorted,

> —"giving to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Our author has embodied the principal superstitions of his age in several dramas: Fairies are represented in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—ghostly visitants in "Hamlet"—witches and night-hags in "Macbeth"—aerial spirits and necromancers in "The Tempest."

From this play we learn—the mutability of regal sway, the blessedness of forgiveness, and the happiness of that man who can say—

> "My mind to me a Kingdom is."

[a] The Bermuda, or Somers' Islands, were discovered by Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, in 1522; and colonized by Sir George Somers, an Englishman, who was wrecked there in 1609.

The Characters retained in this Condensation are:

ALONZO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits.*
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

The Scene of the Play is on an enchanted island; localized, by some critics, in the Mediterranean; by others in the Bermudas—a central Atlantic group not far from America.

Though Prospero, Duke of Milan, cannot be charged with either sloth or vice, yet he had neglected the duties of government that he might indulge in study—especially of the Occult Sciences. To gain time for his knowledge of the arcana of Nature, he delegated the ducal authority to his brother Antonio. This brother soon expels the studious anchorite from Milan, and usurps and retains the dukedom. The deposed Prospero and his daughter Miranda, are, by the minions of the usurping brother, reported to be dead; but, almost miraculously preserved, they are cast on an uninhabited island, at some distance from his usurped territory.

One of the persons charged with this expulsion—the good old lord Gonzalo,—being friendly to his late kind sovereign, took care to furnish him with many of his favourite volumes. From these, the banished Prospero acquires such further knowledge of Nature as enables him to render even the elements subservient to his will.

Antonio the usurper—with Alonzo King of Naples, his son Prince Ferdinand, his brother Sebastian, and many Courtiers, had put to sea for the purpose of visiting in Tunis,—a city of Northern Africa,—a daughter of the King of Naples. Prospero, by his art, and by the instrumentality of certain Spirits of the Island,—the chief agent among these immaterial existences being a little tricksy spirit called Ariel,—raises a Tempest; by the violence of which the royal voyagers are thrown upon this lonely island; its only human inhabitants being Prospero and his daughter Miranda. The vessel is stranded—the death-shrieks of the passengers and crew are heard—all appears to be lost—and "a thousand furlongs of sea would be gladly exchanged for an acre of barren ground."

Miranda stands at the entrance of the Cell beside Prospero, watching the effects of the Tempest which his power had thus raised.

Mira. If, by your art, my dearest father, 'you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I 'saw suffer:—a brave vessel,
That had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very 'heart! Poor souls, they perished!
Had 'I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea 'within the earth,—or ere[a]
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting[b] souls within her!

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There 's no 'harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pros. 'No harm:
I have done nothing but in care of 'thee,
(Of thee, my dear one; thee, my daughter,) who
Art ignorant of what 'thou art, nought knowing
Of whence 'I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero,—master of a full[c]-poor cell,
And thy no 'greater father.

Mira. 'More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee 'further.—Lend thy hand,
And pluck my 'magic garment from me.—So: [Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have, with such prevision[d] in mine art,
So safely ordered, that there is no 'loss[e]—
No, not so much perdition as a 'hair,
Betid[f] to any creature, in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st 'cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must 'now know further.

Mira. You have often
'Begun to tell me what I am; but 'stopped,
And left me to a 'bootless[g] inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay: 'not yet."

---

[a] before. [b] carried as freight. [c] very, extremely. [d] O. R. provision. [e] O. R. soul. [g] happened, befallen. [f] profitless.

Pros. The hour 's 'now come:
The very 'minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time 'before we came unto this cell?
I do not 'think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out[a] three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? By any other house? or person?
Of 'anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'T is far off;
And rather like a 'dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That 'this lives in thy mind? What seest thou 'else,
In the dark backward and abysm[b] of time?
If thou remember'st aught 'ere thou cam'st here,
'How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pros. . . . Twelve years since, Miranda,—twelve years since,—
Thy father was the Duke of Milan,
And a Prince of power.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What 'foul play had we, that we 'came from thence?
Or 'blesséd was 't, we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved 'thence—
But blessedly holp[c] hither!

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[d] that I have turned you to,—
Which is 'from my remembrance. Please you, farther?

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a 'brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage[e] of my state;—as, at that time,
Through all the Signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the 'prime duke; being so reputed
In 'dignity; and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,—
The 'government I cast upon my brother,

[a] beyond. [b] unknown abyss, duration. [c] helped. [d] sorrow. [e] management.

And to my state grew 'stranger, being transported
And rapt in 'secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?—having both the key[a]
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased 'his ear; that now he was
The 'ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O, good sir, I do!

Pros. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature: hence his ambition 'growing,
He needs will be
'Absolute[b] Milan. Me,[c] poor man! my 'library
Was dukedom large enough: of 'temporal royalties
He thinks me 'now incapable; confederates
(So dry[d] he was for sway) with the King of Naples—
To give him annual 'tribute, do him 'homage,
Subject his 'coronet to 'his 'crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pros. This King of Naples, being an enemy
To 'me inveterate, 'hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,[e]—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently[f] extirpate me and mine
'Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my 'brother: Whereon,—
A treacherous army levied,—one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
'Me, and thy crying 'self.

Mira. Wherefore did they not that hour 'destroy us?

Pros. Dear, they 'durst not; but
With colours 'fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[g] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat,[h]—not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very 'rats
Instinctively had quit it:—there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea,—that 'roared to us; to sigh
To the winds,—whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but 'loving wrong.

---

[a] implement for tuning. [b] uncontrolled. [c] as for mè. [d] thirsty, eager.
[e] foreknown conditions. [f] immediately. [g] briefly, in few words. [h] O. R. butt.

Mira. Alack, what trouble was I then to you!
Pros. O, a 'cherubim[a]
Thou wast, that didst preserve me. Thou didst 'smile,
(Infusèd[b] with a fortitude from heaven,)
When I have decked[c] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[d] to bear-up
Against what should 'ensue.
Mira. How came we 'ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine!—
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From mine own library, with 'volumes that
I prize 'above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might but ever 'see that man!
Pros. Now I arise. [He puts on his magic mantle.
Sit still, and hear the 'last of our sea sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess[e] can,—that have more time
For 'vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now I pray you, sir,—
For still 't is beating in my 'mind, your 'reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. . . . Know thus far forth:—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady,)[f] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience,
I find my zenith[g] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after 'droop. . . . Here 'cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a 'good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come! I am ready 'now;
Approach, my Ariel. Come!

---

[a] one of the highest order of spirits, a cherub. [b] inspired, possessed. [c] overspread.
[d] stubborn determination. [e] princesses (O. R. princesse). [f] my auspicious guide.
[g] highest degree of fortune.

And, like a ball of fire, Ariel, the gentle and familiar Spirit, wheels down—to give an account of the Tempest, and of his circumspective care for the royal passengers and the crew.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To 'answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds:—to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[a]

Pros. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performed to 'point[b] the Tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the 'King's ship: now on the beak,[c]
Now in the waist,[d] the deck, in every cabin,
I 'flamed amazement: sometime I 'd divide,
And burn in 'many places; on the topmast,
The yards,[e] and bowsprit,[f] would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. 'Jove's lightnings,—the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,—more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune[g]
Seem to 'besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,—
Yea, his dread 'trident shake.

Pros. My brave Spirit!—
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[h]
Would not infect his 'reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But 'felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some 'tricks of desperation. All (but mariners)
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,—
Then 'all a-fire with 'me: the King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the 'first man that leaped; cried, "'Hell is 'empty,
And 'all the devils are 'here."

Pros. Why, that 's my Spirit!
But are they, Ariel, 'safe?

Ari. Not a 'hair perished;
On their sustaining[i] 'garments not a 'blemish,
But 'fresher than before; and, as thou badd'st me,
In troops I 'have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's 'son have I landed by 'himself;—

---

[a] fraternity, power. [b] to the minutest degree. [c] the forecastle. [d] the space next the quarter-deck. [e] poles suspending the sails of a ship. [f] the bolt or spar projecting from the bow (O. E. bore-spritt). [g] god of the sea: his sceptre (trident) had three prongs. [h] confusion. [i] supporting, buoying up.

Whom I left, cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle[a] of the isle; and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[b]

Pros. Of the King's 'ship,
The 'mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in 'harbour
Is the King's 'ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vext Bermoothes,[c] there she 's 'hid;
The 'mariners, all under hatches[d] stowed,—
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep: And for the 'rest o' the fleet
(Which I dispersed,) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote[e]
Bound sadly home for Naples,—
Supposing that they saw the King's ship 'wrecked,[f]
And his great person 'perish!

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. . . . . 'Is there 'more toil? Since thou dost give me 'pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast 'promised,—
Which is not 'yet performed me.

Pros. How now? moody? What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My 'liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? No more!

Ari. Remember, I have done thee 'worthy service;
Told thee no lies; made no mistakings; served
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To 'bate[g] me a full 'year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did 'free thee?
Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze[h]
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost—

Ari. I do 'not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[i]—who, with age and envy,

[a] remote corner. [b] folded as in melancholy. [c] the Bermuda islands.
[d] the closed spaces between decks. [e] wave, flood. [f] O. R wrackt. [g] to abate (to lessen my punishment). [h] mnd. [i] the mother of Caliban.

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot 'her?
Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then 'her servant:
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy[a] and abhorred commands,
'Refusing her grand 'hests,[b] she did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she died,
And 'left thee there,—where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. 'Then was this island
(Save for the 'son which she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honoured with
A 'human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban,[c] her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I 'say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now 'I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make 'wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry 'bears. It was 'mine art,
(When I arrived and heard thee,) that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master!

Pros. If thou 'more murmur'st, I will rend an 'oak,
And peg thee in 'his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master!
I 'will be correspondent[d] to command,
And do my spiriting[e] gently.

Pros. Do so; and, after two days, I 'will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pros. Go, make thyself like a Nymph o' the Sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Hence with diligence! [Exit Ariel.
Awake, dear heart! thou hast slept well; awake! [To Miranda.

Mira. . . . The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on:
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us 'kind answer.—What ho! Slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak!

---

[a] sensual, gross. [b] behests, commands. [c] metathesis of Cannibal.
[d] obedient. [e] O. R. spryting.

Cal. [In the Cave.] There 's wood 'enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's 'other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when? Thou poisonous slave
come forth!

Caliban enters:

Cal. . . . As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed,
With raven's feather, from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you 'both! [To Pros.] A south-west blow on 'you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[a]
Shall, for that vast[b] of night that they may work,
'All exercise on 'thee! thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs,— each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. . . . I must eat my dinner.—
This island 's 'mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest 'first,
Thou strok'dst me, and made'st much of me; wouldst
give me
Water with berries[c] in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light,[d] and how the less,[e]
That burn by day and night: And then I 'loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,—
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile:
Curs'd be I that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For 'I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine 'own king; and here you sty[f] me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros.[g] Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of 'goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all 'ill!—I pitied thee,
Took 'pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst 'gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With 'words that made them known; but thy vile race,
(Though thou didst learn,) had that in 't which 'good
natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou

[a] fairies like hedgehogs. [b] long duration. [c] coffee—then unknown in England.
[d] the sun. [e] the moon. [f] confine as in a pig-sty. [g] O. R. *Mira.*

'Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved 'more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language: and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to 'curse! The red plague[a] rid[b] you
For 'learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer 'other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost 'unwillingly
What I command, I 'll 'rack thee with 'old cramps;
Fill 'all thy bones with aches;[c] yea, make thee 'roar,
That 'beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee!—no!—
[Aside.] I 'must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[d]
And make a vassal of 'him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Now, Ariel, as a Sea-nymph, is about to perform Prospero's commission, and to compel the attention of the rescued Ferdinand. Invisibly, Ariel hovers around the Prince, and sings strange intelligence of his drowned father.

Ari. [Sings.] Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kissed,
(The wild waves whist,)[e]—
Foot it featly[f] here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burden[g] bear.
Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark, hark! I hear
The strains of strutting chanticleer.

Fer. 'Where should this music be? i' the air? or the earth?—
It sounds no more;—and, sure, it waits upon
Some 'god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping 'again the King my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the 'waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it, . . .
Or it hath 'drawn me rather. But 't is gone.—
No, it begins again!

---

[a] erysipelas. [b] destroy, get rid of. [c] The word "aches" was pronounced as a dissyllable (aitches); the word "yea" is inserted to make up the measure.
[d] the supreme deity of the Patagonians. [e] being silenced. [f] nimbly. [g] chorus.

Ari. [Sings.] Full fathom[a] five thy father lies;
Of his bones are 'corals made;
Those are 'pearls that were his 'eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a 'sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember[b] my drowned father.—
This is no 'mortal business, nor no sound
That the 'earth owes.[c]—I hear it now 'above me!—

The enchanted music captivates the young Prince to follow. Ariel conducts him to the Cave, where Prospero and Miranda are now standing:

Pros. The fringéd curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is 't? a Spirit? I might call him
A thing 'divine! for nothing 'natural
I ever saw so 'noble!

Ferdinand stands rapt in equal admiration:

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend:—vouchsafe, O wonder,—
Mira. No wonder, sir; and certainly no goddess.
Fer. My language? Heavens!—
I am the 'best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the 'King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single[d] thing, as I am now; that wonders
To hear thee 'speak of Naples. He 'does hear me,
And that he does, I weep: 'myself am Naples;
Who, with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The King, my father, wrecked: the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pros. The Duke of Milan,
And his much braver 'daughter could confute[e] thee,
If now 't were 'fit to do 't.—[Aside.] At the first sight
They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—But this swift business
I must 'uneasy make, lest too light 'winning
Make the 'prize light.—[To Fer.] One word more: I charge
thee,

[a] a measure of six feet (O. R. full fadom). [b] the words commemorate.
[c] possesses. [d] solitary, lonely. [e] O. R. control.

That thou attend me: thou dost here 'usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a 'spy, to win it
From 'me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man!

Mira. There 's nothing 'ill can dwell in 'such a temple:
If the 'Ill Spirit have so fair a house,
'Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Speak not you for him; he 's a 'traitor!—Come.
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
'Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy 'food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, 'withered roots, and 'husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow!

Fer. No; I will resist 'such entertainment,
Till mine enemy has more power. [He draws his sword, but is charmed from using it.

Mira. O, dear father, make not too 'rash a trial of him,
For he 's 'gentle, and not fearful.[a]

Pros. What! my 'foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a 'show, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: Come from thy ward,[b]
For I can here disarm thee with this 'stick,
And 'make thy weapen drop.

Mira. 'Beseech you, father!

Pros. Silence! . . . One word more
Shall make me 'chide thee, if not 'hate thee. What!
An advocate for an 'impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the 'most of men 'this is a Caliban,
And they to him are 'angels!

Mira. 'My affections are then most 'humble:
I have no ambition to see a 'goodlier man.

Pros. [To Fer.] Come on; obey! . . .
Thy nerves are in their 'infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. . . . So they are!
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound-up.—
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but 'light to me,
Might I but, through my prison, once a day
Behold this maid! all corners 'else o' the earth
Let 'liberty make use of; space enough

[a] noble, and not timorous. [b] posture of defence.

Have 'I, in 'such a prison!

Pros. [Aside.] It works.—[To Fer.] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
'All points of my command.

Ari. To the 'syllable.—

Pros. [To Fer.] Come, follow.—[To Mira.] Speak not for him.—Follow!
[Exeunt.

The spell-bound Prince obeys: willing to endure the imprisonment which is thus inaugurated by Love. But the aim of Prospero almost justifies the temporary wrong. It is by the marriage of Miranda and Ferdinand that he is not only to ensure his own restoration to the dukedom, but to recover for his daughter her lost honours, and to rescue his native land from disgraceful vassalage to a foreign power.

While Prince Ferdinand is thus imprisoned in Prospero's cell, the faithful Ariel is working on the minds of the ship-wrecked passengers and crew. Their hope is that the young Prince has escaped, but the heart-stricken father, King Alonzo, cannot be thus consoled; he feels assured that his son is lost. Lord Gonzalo says:

Gon. Sir, he 'may 'live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he 'trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and 'breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself, with his good arms, in lusty stroke
To the shore;—that o'er his wave-worn basis 'bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. 'I not doubt
He came 'alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he 's gone.
Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

By some mysterious influence, the listeners fall down:

. . . What, all so soon asleep? I wish 'mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my 'thoughts: I find,
They are 'inclined to do so.

The wily Sebastian treacherously advises:

Seb. Please you, sir, do not omit the heavy 'offer:
Sleep seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a 'comforter.

It is Ariel's music which has lulled the shipwrecked men thus. Antonio, the usurping Duke, now enters into a conspiracy with Sebastian to murder his sleeping brother, King Alonzo: but he is saved by the intervention of Ariel; who is especially anxious, by Prospero's command, to protect the life of old Gonzalo. The invisible Ariel approaches the sleeping Lord to give him warning:

Ari. My master, through his art, foresees the danger
That 'you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to 'keep them 'living.[a] [Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

The King and his Courtiers are thus suddenly aroused, and the conspiracy is thereby defeated. Alonzo in amazement asks:

Alon. Why, how now? Awake? Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

The baffled Sebastian tells his story:

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing.
O, 't was a din to fright a 'monster's ear,—
To make an 'earthquake! Sure, it was the roar
Of a whole 'herd of lions.
Alon. Heard 'you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a 'humming,
And that a strange one too. There 'was a noise,
That 's verity: 't is best we stand upon our guard.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [Exeunt.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

The hatred of Caliban is greatly increased by his threatened punishment. In the midst of a thunderstorm, he is dragging along a heavy burden of wood, and groaning out his spite and revenge:

Cal. 'All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on 'Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a 'disease! His Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs 'must curse. But 'they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand in the dark,
Out of my way, unless 'he bid them; but
For every 'trifle are they set upon me;

[a] to preserve their lives.

Sometime, like 'apes,—that moe[a] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like 'hedge-hogs,—which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their quills at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound[b] with 'adders—which, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into 'madness. . . . Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat;
'Perchance he will not mind me.

Caliban lies down, and carefully covers himself with his skin cloak. Trinculo, the Jester of the King of Naples, enters, looking for shelter:

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub to bear-off any weather at all, and 'another storm brewing; I hear it 'sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[c] that would 'shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to 'hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by 'pailfuls.—What have we here? a man, or a fish? Dead, or alive? A fish: he 'smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.[d] A 'strange fish! Were I in 'England now (as once I was), and had but this fish 'painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: 'there would this monster 'make[e] a man: 'any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a 'doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out 'ten to see a dead Indian.—'Legged, like a man! and his fins like 'arms! Warm! o' my troth! . . . I do now let 'loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is 'no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [Loud thunder.] Alas! the storm is come 'again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[f] there is no 'other shelter hereabout: . . . Misery acquaints a man with 'strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

As Trinculo creeps under Caliban's skin-cloak, Stephano, the drunken butler, enters singing, and carrying a bottle from which he frequently and freely imbibes:

Ste. [Sings.] I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—

[a] make mouths. [b] wrapped around. [c] a large vessel for holding drink.
[d] a coarse large fish—the hake. [e] enrich. [f] a coarse outer garment.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here 's my comfort. [Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,[a]
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let 'her go-hang for a witch.[b]

This is a scurvy tune too; but here 's my comfort. [Drinks.

Caliban moans out:

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. . . . What 's the matter? Have we 'devils here? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs.

Cal. . . . The Spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some 'monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an 'ague. Where should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee! I 'll bring my wood home 'faster!

Ste. He 's in his 'fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine 'afore, it will go near to 'remove his fit. 'Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat! Open your mouth: this will 'shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly:—you cannot tell who 's your friend:—Open your chaps again.

And Caliban drinks with a relish! Trinculo, in great trepidation, speaks from the other end of the cloak:

Trin. . . . I should know that voice. It 'should be—but he is drowned, and these are 'devils! O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and 'two voices! a most 'delicate monster. His 'forward voice, now, is to speak 'well of his friend; his 'backward voice is to utter 'foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will 'help his ague. Come!—I will pour some in thy 'other mouth.

Trin. . . . Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth 'call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a 'devil, and no monster: I will leave him; 'I have no long spoon.[c]

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[a] twang; loud, disagreeable sound. [b] a substituted rhyme. [c] alluding to the proverb: A long spoon to eat with the devil.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou 'beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou 'beest Trinculo, come forth. I 'll pull thee by the 'lesser legs: if any be 'Trinculo's legs, these are they. . . . Thou 'art very Trinculo indeed!—But art thou not 'drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. . . . And art thou 'living, Stephano? O Stephano! 'two Neapolitans 'scaped!

As they embrace, Caliban looks on admiringly:

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not Sprites!
That 's a brave 'god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. 'I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard. Swear then how 'thou escap'dst.

Trin. 'Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I 'can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. [Gives him the bottle.] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a 'goose.

Trin. . . . O Stephano,—hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from 'heaven?

Ste. Out o' the 'moon, I do assure thee: I was the 'Man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have 'seen thee in her, and I do 'adore thee:
My mistress[a] showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, 'swear to that; kiss the book: [Gives him the bottle.] I will furnish it anon with 'new contents: swear.

Cal. I 'll show thee every 'fertile inch o' the island,
And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my 'god.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Cal. I 'll show thee the best 'springs; I 'll pluck thee 'berries;
I 'll 'fish for thee, and get thee 'wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

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[a] Miranda.

I 'll bear 'him no more sticks, but follow 'thee,
Thou wondrous man!

The sober Jester says in amazement:

Trin. A most 'ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs[a] grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset:[b] I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts; and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young sea-mells[c] from the rock. 'Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, 'we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle, monster.—Fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sbouts uproariously and sings drunkenly.] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch-in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a 'new master—get a new 'man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.

Prince Ferdinand—whom his father supposes to be drowned—is still employed in Prospero's cell. For Miranda's sake, he submits to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water:

Fer. There be some 'sports are 'painful, and their labour
'Delight in them sets-off:[d] This my mean task
Would be as 'heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress whom I serve 'quickens[e] what 's dead,
And makes my labours 'pleasures! O, 'she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's 'crabbèd;
And he 's 'composed of harshness. I must remove
Some 'thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
'Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

[a] crab-apples. [b] a small monkey. [c] sea-gulls, (O. E. scamels).
[d] counter-balances. [e] revives.

Had never like exécutor. . . . I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even 'refresh my labours,
Most busy-less when I do it.[a]

Miranda enters; (Prospero observes at a distance).

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the 'lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will 'weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will 'set, before I shall discharge
What I 'must strive to do.

Mira. If you 'll sit down,
'I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give 'me that;
'I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature!
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than 'you should such dishonour undergo,
While 'I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become 'me
As well as it does 'you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is against.—O, you look 'wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh 'morning with me,
When 'you are by at 'night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. . . . O my father,
I have broke your hest[b] to say so.

Fer. 'Admired Miranda,
Indeed the 'top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the 'world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and, many a time,
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for 'several virtues
Have I liked several 'women; never any
With so full soul, but some 'defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest 'grace she owed,
And put it to the foil:[c] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's 'best!

[a] O R. most busie lest, when I doe it. [b] command. [c] to disadvantage by contrast.

Mira. I do not know
'One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call 'men, than thou, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are 'abroad,
I am skilless of; but by my modesty,
The 'jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world—but 'you!
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to 'like of. . . . But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. 'I am, in my condition,
A 'prince, Miranda; I do think, a 'king;
(I would, not so!) and can no more endure
This 'wooden 'slavery!—Hear my 'soul speak:
The very instant that I 'saw you, did
My heart 'fly to your service; there 'resides,
To make me slave to 'it: and for 'your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. . . . 'Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound;
And crown what I profess with 'kind event,
If I speak 'true; if 'hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to 'mischief!
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
I love, prize, honour 'you!

Mira. I am a fool,
To 'weep at what I am 'glad of.—

Fer. 'Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness. Hence, bashful 'cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy 'innocence!
I am your 'wife, if you will marry me;
But I 'll be your 'servant, whether you will or no.

Fer. My 'mistress, dearest! And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of 'freedom: here 's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my 'heart in 't! And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! [Exeunt Ferd. and Mira.

As the now plighted lovers separate, Prospero, who, unseen, had observed them, advances:

Pros. So glad of this as 'they, I cannot be,

Who are surprised with all; but 'my rejoicing
At nothing can be 'more. I 'll to my book;[a]
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

On another part of the Island we again find Trinculo, Stephano, and Caliban—all very drunk and very quarrelsome, plotting to destroy Prospero. The invisible Ariel, occasionally audible, hovers around: The island-monster says:

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a 'tyrant; a sorcerer, that, by his cunning, hath cheated 'me of the island.

Ari. (Thou liest!)

Cal. . . . 'Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would, my valiant master would 'destroy thee! I do 'not lie.

Ste. . . . Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said 'nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more!—[To Cal.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by 'sorcery he got this isle;
From 'me he got it. If thy greatness 'will,
'Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou 'dar'st—
Thou shalt be 'lord of it, and I 'll serve 'thee.

Ste. How now shall this be 'compassed? Canst thou 'bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. (Thou liest; thou 'canst not.)

Cal. . . . What a pied[b] ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch![c]—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him 'blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but 'brine; for I 'll not show 'him
Where the quick freshes[d] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a 'stock-fish[e] of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. ('Thou liest.)

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[a] of magical studies. [b] having various opinions: [c] (alluding to the Jester's party-coloured dress). [d] running springs of water. [e] an unsalted fish, dried in the sun

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes Trinculo.] As you like this, give me the lie 'another time.

Trin. I did 'not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A plague o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee, stand farther off.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st 'brain him,
Having first seized his 'books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand[a] with thy knife. Remember,
'First to possess his 'books; for without 'them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they 'all do hate him
As rootedly as 'I. Burn but his books.
But 'that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; I ne'er saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But 'she as far surpasseth 'Sycorax,
As greatest does the least.

Ste. Monster, I 'will kill this man. His daughter and I will be King and Queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys.—Dost thou 'like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent!

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but . . . while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him 'then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. (This will I tell my master.)

Cal. Thou mak'st me 'merry: I am 'full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch[b]
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do 'reason, 'any reason. Come on, Trinculo, 'let us sing.

[Sings.] Flout 'em, and scout 'em;
And scout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free!

Cal. That 's not the 'tune.

The concealed Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.—Stephano and Trinculo are very much afraid.

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[a] windpipe (throat). [b] a song in parts taken up by different singers.

Ste. . . . What is this same?

Trin. 'This is the tune of our catch,—played by the picture of Nobody!

Ste. . . . If thou beest a 'man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a 'devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that 'dies, pays all debts: I defy thee!—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Be 'not afeard; the isle is 'full of noises,—
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes, a thousand twangling 'instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime, 'voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep 'again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would 'open, and show riches
Ready to 'drop upon me,—that, when I waked,
I 'cried to dream again!

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to 'me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is 'destroyed.

Ste. That 'shall be by-and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and, after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would, I could 'see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

The drunken trio follow the music of the invisible Ariel, who entices them onward to their punishment.

The King of Naples and his friends have now given up all hope of the Prince's safety. While they are hungry and exhausted, Prospero causes a magnificent banquet to be brought to their 'sight; but when they are about to partake, the luscious feast vanishes, and Ariel, like a harpy, tells them 'why they are so treated:

Ari. You are three men of sin! whom Destiny
(That hath to instrument[a] this lower world
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you, 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live!

They angrily draw their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows

[a] to regulate as by machinery.

Are Ministers of 'Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud 'winds, or, with bemocked-at stabs,
Kill the still-closing 'waters, as diminish
One 'dowle[a] that 's in my plume: my fellow-Ministers
Are 'like[b] invulnerable. If you 'could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that 's my 'business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The Powers,—delaying, not forgetting,—have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the 'creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
'Lingering perdition, (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall, step by step, attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but 'heart's 'sorrow,
And a 'clear life ensuing.

Ariel vanishes in thunder; the wretched Alonzo exclaims:

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the 'billows spoke, and told me of it;
The 'winds did sing it to me; and the 'thunder,
(That deep and dreadful organ-pipe,) pronounced
The name of 'Prosper: it did bass[c] my trespass!
'Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded! and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit Alonzo, followed by Seb. and Ant.

We have again before us the Magician's Cell, and Prospero addressing Ferdinand and Miranda:

Pros. If I have too 'austerely punished you,
Your 'compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[d] of mine 'own life,
Or that for which I live. All thy vexations
Were but my 'trials of thy love; and thou
Hast strangely 'stood the test! Here, afore Heaven,
I 'ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,

[a] a particle of a feather. [b] equally. [c] formed a deep-toned accompaniment.
[d] O. R. third.

Do not smile at me that I 'boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip 'all praise,
And make it 'halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it, against an 'oracle.

Pros. Then, as my 'gift, and thine own acquisition
'Worthily purchased, 'take my daughter!
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine 'own.—

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel?

Ariel enters

Ari. What 'would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such 'another trick. Go, bring the 'rabble,[a]
(O'er whom I give thee power,) here, to this place:
Incite them to 'quick motion; for I must
Bestow, upon the eyes of this young couple,
Some vanity[b] of mine art: it is my 'promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.[c]
Do you love me, master?—no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me 'call. [Exit Ariel.

Soft music is immediately heard.

No tongue, all 'eyes! Be silent.

Vain of the magical arts in which he excels, Prospero proceeds to give to Ferdinand a practical display of his incantations. The regions of mythology are unveiled:—Ceres, the bounteous harvest-goddess; Iris, the many-coloured messenger of heaven: and Juno herself—the Queen of celestial existences—appear in visioned forms of exquisite beauty before the enraptured lovers; and promise, amid the dazzling splendours of fairy land and with all the charms of song,—

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long contiuuance, and increasing;
'Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessing on you!

---

[a] crew—common sailors. [b] illusive display. [c] scythe.

Ceres. Earth's increase, and foison[a] plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very 'end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
'Ceres' blessing 'so is on you!

While the spectacular display of magic power is proceeding, Prospero suddenly starts up:

Pros. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the 'minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done!—Avoid:—no more!
Fer. This is strange! Your father 's in some 'passion
That works him 'strongly.
Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.[b]
Pros. . . . You do look, my son, in a 'moved sort,[c]
As if you were 'dismayed: be 'cheerful, sir.—
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were 'all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[d]—shall dissolve,
And 'like this insubstantial 'pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[e] behind. 'We are such stuff
As 'dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded[f] with a sleep.—Sir, I 'am vexed:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with 'my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.[g]
Fer., Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

Pros. . . . Come with a 'thought;—I thank thee, Ariel: Come!

Ariel enters:

Ari. Thy thoughts I 'cleave[h] to. What 's thy pleasure?
Pros. We must 'prepare to meet with Caliban.
Say again, 'where didst thou leave these varlets?

---

[a] abundance. [b] ruffled, disturbed. [c] manner. [d] all who possess it.
[e] thin, cloudy vapour. [f] ended. [g] throbbing brain. [h] attend to closely.

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they raised their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they 'smelt music. 'So I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, stinging goss,[a] and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to their chins, in the foul lake.

Pros. This was well done, my bird!
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery[b] in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[c] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit Ariel.

Pros. . . . A devil! a 'born devil! on whose nature
Nurture[d] can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost!
And as, with age, his 'body uglier grows,
So his 'mind cankers. I will plague them all
Even to roaring.

Ariel returns laden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come hang them on this line.

While Prospero and Ariel remain invisible, enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet and covered with mud.

They suddenly see the splendid garments, and, forgetting their murderous intention, (notwithstanding Caliban's remonstrances,) proceed to load him with the regal finery,—when a noise of hunters is heard. Divers Spirits enter in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo are thus driven out: and Prospero gives Ariel directions for their punishment:

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With agéd cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard[e] or cat-o'-mountain.[f]

[a] gorse. [b] showy dresses. [c] bait, decoy. [d] education. [e] leopard. [f] lynx.

Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly.[a]—At this hour
Lie at my mercy 'all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel, are again before us outside the cell:

Pros. Now does my project gather to a 'head:
My charms crack[b] not, my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[c] How 's the day?
Ari. On the 'sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should 'cease.
Pros. I 'did say so,
When first I raised the Tempest. Say, my Spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?
Ari. Confined together,
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all are prisoners, sir;
They cannot 'budge till your release. The King,
'His brother, and 'yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you termed, sir, "'The good old lord, Gonzalo:"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so 'strongly works them,
That, if you 'now beheld them, your affections
Would become 'tender. 'Mine would, sir, were I 'human.
Pros. . . . And mine 'shall.
Hast 'thou, which art but air, a touch,[d] a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not 'myself,—
One of their kind,—be 'kindlier moved than 'thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,[e]
Yet, 'with my nobler 'reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In 'virtue than in 'vengeance. They being 'penitent,

---

[a] thoroughly. [b] fail, (fracture). [c] burden of events. [d] slight sensation. [e] the most sensitive part of the body.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a 'frown further. Go, 'release them, Ariel.
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be 'themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pros. . . . Ye elves[a]—of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;—
And ye that on the 'sands, with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back;—you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites;—and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms;[b]—that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew;—by whose aid,
('Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimmed
The noon-tide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And, 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given 'fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs[c] plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves, at my command,
Have 'waked their sleepers, 'oped, and let them forth,
By my so potent art! But this rough Magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly 'music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon 'their senses that
This airy charm is for,—I 'll 'break my staff,
'Bury it certain[d] fathoms in the earth:
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll 'drown my 'book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel; after him, Alonzo, with frantic gestures, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio, in like manner. They all enter the circle which Prospero has made, and there stand charmed.

"Forgiveness" is the only remaining talisman. The yet unrecognized Prospero addresses them, each in turn; promises reward to the good old lord Gonzalo, and pardon to his unnatural brother. Then he sends for his ducal robes; and Ariel, helping to attire him, breaks forth into happy song:

Ari. [Sings.] Where the bee sucks, there lurk[e] I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live 'now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[a] fairies. [b] O. R. mushrumps. [c] roots. [d] an indefinite number. [e] O. R. suck.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall 'miss thee,
But yet thou 'shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, 'enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I 'drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Prospero now presents himself as the wronged Duke of Milan; and, after some remissness, his title is recognized by his usurping brother. Even this act of justice is not to pass without an immediate reward:—the entrance to the cell is magically thrown open, and the lost Prince Ferdinand is discovered playing at chess with Miranda. Alonzo in astonishment exclaims:

Alon. If 'this prove a 'vision of the island,
One dear son shall I 'twice lose!

Ferdinand rushes forward:

Fer. . . . Though the seas 'threaten, they are 'merciful:
I have cursed them without cause! [Ferd. kneels to Alon.

Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Miranda timidly advances:

Mira. O wonder!
How 'many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous 'mankind is! O brave 'new world,
That has such people in 't!

Alon. What is this maid?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the 'goddess, that hath severed us,
And brought us thus 'together?

Fer. Sir, she is 'mortal;
But, by 'im-mortal Providence, she 's 'mine!
I chose her, when I could not ask my 'father
For his advice,—nor thought I 'had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,—
Of whom so often I have 'heard renown,
But never 'saw before; of whom I have
Received a 'second life: and second 'father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. [To Ferd. and Mir.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace 'his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Ariel re-enters, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

Gon. O look, sir, look! here are more of us. What is the news?

Boats. The 'best news is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company! the 'next, our ship
Is tight and yare,[a] and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea!

Pros. Come hither, Spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Ariel returns, driving in Caliban, with Stephano, and Trinculo, drunk; all dressed in stolen apparel.

Pros. Mark but the 'badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be 'true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the Moon: these three have robbed me;
And this demi-devil had plotted with them
To take my 'life: 'two of these fellows 'you
Must know, and own; 'this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge 'mine.—[To Cal.] Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a 'god,—
And worship 'this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away! [Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.
Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, (part of it,) I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go 'quick away;—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn,
I 'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every 'third thought shall be . . . my 'grave!

Alon. I 'long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

[a] ready.

Pros. I 'll deliver[a] all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is 'thy charge; then to the elements!—
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.
[Exeunt.

The Epilogue, spoken by Prospero, is supposed to be the last dramatic utterance of Shakespeare's.

Now my 'charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine 'own;
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here 'confined by you,
Or sent to 'Naples. Let me not,—
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver,—dwell
In this bare island, by 'your spell;
But 'release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[b]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails—
Which was, to please. 'Now, I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is 'despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,—
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As 'you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set 'me free.

END OF THE TEMPEST.

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[a] relate. [b] applause.